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“Mr. W. & I”



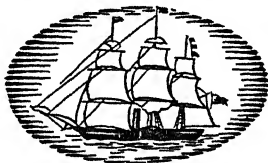
CAROLINE LE ROY WEBSTER

“Mr. W. & I”

Being the

AUTHENTIC DIARY
of

Caroline Le Roy Webster



during a Famous Journey with the

Hon^{ble} Daniel Webster

to Great Britain and the Continent

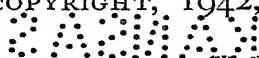
IN THE YEAR

1839



With an Introduction by **CLAUDE M. FUESS**
and Published by **IVES WASHBURN**

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Introduction

In the 1870's, in New Rochelle, New York, there lived in the house of Mrs. Robert W. Edgar an old lady known in the family as "Aunty" Webster. She was, to say the least, peculiar,—rather over-dressed for her age and that community, excessively garrulous even with strangers, and full of interminable reminiscences of her past. To her grandnieces and grandnephews she seemed at times to be light-headed. Indeed she was once found by one of them watering his pet green, red-crested parrot from a large pitcher; and when he remonstrated with her, she testily told him not to be impertinent,—that it was a red geranium which needed sprinkling badly. The children regarded her with amused toleration, unaware that as Caroline Le Roy Webster, second wife of the "God-like Dan'l" Webster, she had once moved securely among the great and the near great, at the courts of queens and kings. She must have been a pathetic figure in those days as she wandered about in a world of her own memories, a world of which the people around her knew little or nothing. One of the grandnieces has said that, as a child, it never occurred to her that Daniel Webster was not a humorous character because of his

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relationship to such an irresponsible person as "Aunty."

When "Aunty" Webster died in 1882, at the age of eighty-five, her personal belongings, such as silver and furniture, were left to her niece, Mrs. Edgar. The living descendants of her husband had ignored her, and she had been quite content to go her way without their help. So it was that the family papers passed on from one generation to another, presumably gathering dust, down to Mrs. Emmet Hall, of Ashfield, Massachusetts, the great-great-grandniece of Caroline Le Roy Webster.

At this point enters an element of the unexpected. Mrs. Hall's daughter, Helena, home in 1941 on one of her vacations from college, was ransacking the Ashfield attic and came upon a manuscript diary in a trunk. She started to read it, and then, with some appreciation of its importance, brought it downstairs for her mother's edification. The next fortuitous event was the appearance at the house as a visitor of Mr. Ives Washburn, who was told of the discovery and with a publisher's proper intuition, recognized its value as history. Of the authenticity of the manuscript there can be no doubt. It is in Mrs. Webster's unmistakable handwriting; the dates and events correspond with those in the journals of two other members of the party; and the minor details are easily verifiable from many existing sources. So it is that, almost sixty years after her death and more than a cen-

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tury after the words were written down, Mrs. Webster's account of her journey, prepared originally only for her family, reaches a larger public.

In the spring of 1839, Senator Daniel Webster, then in his fifty-eighth year, was probably our best-known American statesman. First elected to Congress in 1812 from his native state of New Hampshire, he had served two terms, but had then moved from Portsmouth to Boston to practice law. The Dartmouth College Case, in 1818, brought him national distinction as an advocate, and he was soon retained in other momentous litigation involving constitutional law. His *Plymouth Oration* (1820), followed by the *Bunker Hill Address* (1825), and the *Commemorative Discourse on Adams and Jefferson* (1826), had established his reputation as our foremost living orator. Elected to Congress in 1822 from Massachusetts, he was five years later chosen as United States Senator, the position with which he was long to be identified. Beginning as a Federalist, he was later a National Republican and ultimately one of the founders of that heterogeneous and somewhat negative political organization known as the Whig Party.

In the Senate, Webster had earned lasting fame by his ringing replies, in January, 1830, to the States' Rights doctrine of Senator Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, and by his defiant answer in 1833 to Calhoun's theory of nullification. In the eyes of the

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North, he was the champion of "Liberty and Union,"—with emphasis on the "Union,"—and the gallant "Defender of the Constitution." On the issue of nullification he had courageously joined his political enemy, President Andrew Jackson, in declaring that the Union must be preserved. His record was clear-cut, consistent, and distinguished.

Webster had hoped to be the presidential candidate of the National Republicans in 1832, but had been obliged to yield to his formidable rival within the party, Henry Clay. In 1836, Webster had once more been openly an aspirant for the nomination, but his campaign did not progress satisfactorily; at any rate, no one could have defeated Martin Van Buren, the heir to Jackson's potent authority. For the ensuing four years, during the Van Buren administration, Webster was the recognized Whig leader, opposing the Democrats on almost every issue. His own plans for the future were uncertain. In the summer of 1838 he was "fagged with hard work," and had hoped, by way of respite, to be appointed as a special commissioner to Great Britain to settle the Northeastern Boundary dispute. When President Van Buren proved to be unenthusiastic on the matter, Webster resolved to take a trip to England "in a private character." He had just been re-elected, in January, 1839, as United States Senator, and therefore was free to move as he pleased. He badly needed rest and recreation, but he also had some prospect of disposing of his

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extensive real estate holdings in the Middle West. Improvident though he was in financial matters, he could never resist a new vision of opulence. At any rate, no time could have been better for leaving his cares and worries behind.

Now for the author of the Diary! Webster's first wife, Grace Fletcher Webster, had been a clergyman's daughter and a schoolteacher in New Hampshire,—a very good influence indeed on her naturally convivial husband. She died on January 21, 1828, leaving him with three children,—Daniel Fletcher, Julia, and Edward,—the youngest only eight years old. Webster was only too aware that he needed a head for his household, and on December 12, 1829, after a short courtship, he married Caroline Le Roy, daughter of Herman Le Roy, formerly Dutch Consul at New York, and afterwards member of a prosperous mercantile firm in that city. Caroline Le Roy was then in her thirty-third year, seventeen years younger than her husband. Although not beautiful, she was slender and graceful, with some resemblance to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, curls and all. Webster described her to one of his friends as “amiable, discreet, prudent, with enough of personal comeliness to satisfy me, and of the most, excellent character and principles.” This is certainly not the language of a passionate lover. In all probability Webster married for unromantic reasons,—because he was lonely and needed a mother's care for his children. As a matter of fact,

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Caroline Le Roy Webster was a woman of the world, accustomed to balls and formal dinners, who encouraged her husband in his fondness for good living. Some biographers have noticed a gradual deterioration in Webster's habits following his second marriage, and it is undeniably true that she exercised little restraining influence upon him. Vivacious and temperamental, she was quite unlike the rather puritanical Grace Fletcher, the wife of Webster's youth.

The Diary as here printed, without expurgations or alterations except to preserve consistency in proper names, was written by Caroline Le Roy Webster, as her personal account of her trip to England and the Continent from May 18 to December 29, 1839. The members of the party, outside of "Mr. W. and I," were Webster's daughter, Julia, and Mrs. James W. Paige, the wife of Webster's brother-in-law, who seems to have been taken along as Julia's companion. The three women,—Caroline, aged 42, Julia, aged 31, and Mrs. Paige, aged 30,—all kept journals. If Daniel Webster himself wrote any account of his adventures or impressions, it has not been found. Mrs. Paige's diary has already been published under the title, *Daniel Webster in England, Journal of Harriette Story Paige, 1839*, but is now out of print. Julia's diary, which I have had the privilege of reading, is in the possession of the Armistead family, her descendants.

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The Webster party were in England at an unpromising period, for several sources of controversy were endangering the relations between the Anglo-Saxon countries. Many English investors owned Pennsylvania securities, which had recently defaulted their interest obligations; and other states, embarrassed by the panic of 1837, were considering the repudiation of their bond issues. The price of raw cotton had risen to as high as sixteen cents a pound, with the consequence that British looms were idle. The continuing disputes over the boundary lines of Maine and Oregon had not promoted a friendly feeling between London and Washington. Furthermore some discourteous English visitors to the United States, especially Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope, had published unflattering descriptions of our habits and manners. All this Webster knew; and he did exceedingly well, under the circumstances, in removing through his tact and simplicity the traditional British prejudice. John Kenyon, the minor poet and friend of the Brownings and also one of Webster's earliest hosts in London, was delighted to find him "so affectionate, so little of a humbug." What kind of barbarian Kenyon expected to meet he did not specify.

Although Webster was invited to several public gatherings, he wisely excused himself, fearing that he might be regarded as a spokesman for the United States government. He did reply to a toast offered by Earl Spencer at the Triennial Celebration of the

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Royal Agricultural Society, held at Oxford on July 18, and touched briefly on the unfortunate disputes between the two countries: "Some little clouds have overhung our horizon,—I trust they will soon pass away. I am sure that the age we live in does not expect that England and America are to have controversies carried to the extreme, upon any occasion not of the last importance to national interests and honor. . . ."

This was, of course, conventional language, well-meant but not thrilling. No one realized at the time that, before two years had gone by, Daniel Webster would be Secretary of State and that, within a little more than three years, he and Lord Ashburton,—whom he first met in London,—would negotiate successfully the Treaty of Washington, adjusting many controversial matters.

It is strange that the most eloquent of American orators should have spent some weeks in England without delivering a single notable public utterance. London did, however, have an opportunity of seeing and appraising him as a man, and he measured up to the test. No American visiting England up to that time had been a more striking specimen of "Yankee." Franklin, Jefferson, and John Adams had been there on special missions; Edward Everett and Washington Irving and Caleb Cushing and George Bancroft,—scholars and gentlemen, judged by any standard,—had been received as private citizens; but Daniel

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Webster, more than any one of them, had the outward marks of genius. Everybody is familiar with Carlyle's description of "the tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face, the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth, accurately closed." Disraeli, also a keen observer, was struck by Webster's "fine brow, lofty, broad, and beetled, deepset eyes, and swarthy complexion." Henry Crabb Robinson observed that Webster displayed "an air of imperial strength, such as Caesar might have had." Even the most sophisticated Englishmen were moved by his stern and portentous dignity, and recognized his essential greatness. He looked what a statesman ought to be.

Webster's fame had preceded him, and London society was gracious. "All the great folks," as Mrs. Webster called them, asked the travellers to breakfasts, dinners, and soirees, and they found themselves soon in a mad whirl of engagements. "Our heads are a little turned at present," wrote Webster to a friend, "but we hope to get right soon." It is not strange that he should have been overcome, for, as the Diary will show, he was asked to meet Wordsworth, Samuel Rogers, Hartley Coleridge, "Tom" Moore, Lockhart, Hallam, Palmerston, Melbourne, Peel, Wellington, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Milman, and Dickens,—in short, virtually every distinguished Englishman then in the city. He dined with the Duke of Buckingham

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and visited the law courts under the tutelage of Lord Brougham. The climax came when he and his party were presented to the young Queen Victoria at a royal ball and later had the privilege of chatting with her less formally. No Americans, we are told, ever had a warmer reception in London. The New Hampshire farmer's son had gone a long way.

This Diary is written from a woman's viewpoint and, for that reason, includes some intimate details which a man would neglect. Mrs. Webster sometimes wearied of it all, as when she refused to go to the Hallams,—“Mr. Webster accepts and I decline, for I cannot stand this round of dissipation.” Furthermore the damp climate stirred up her rheumatism and often kept her in her apartments. “It is impossible to describe the confusion and excitement we endure daily,” she wrote after she had been in London little more than a week. But one gets the impression that she rather enjoyed it just the same. She was an inveterate sight-seer, leaving no castle or cathedral or gallery unvisited. Furthermore she reported accurately what she saw, without animus (except regarding the weather), and with a full understanding of what was worth while recording.

Some of her comments have an engaging frankness. Invited for dinner on July 4 with the Duke of Sussex, she writes: “We are engaged at Lord Powerscourts, and how we shall manage it I know not. Mrs. S. says

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we must give up every other engagement for a *Royal invite*. What Mr. W. may say is another thing."

At Blenheim, as at other private galleries, her hosts did not offend her modesty: "The Titian room we did not visit, as Mr. K. said they were not genuine, and the subject not suited to ladies: the subject is 'The Loves of the Gods,' I believe."

When she dined at the royal palace and was shown to the dressing room, she recorded: "I washed my hands to show that I knew the use of the scented water and napkins, and then left the room."

But such items are better read in the context, in the Diary itself. From these pages we learn, from a woman who moved in the best society in her own country, how Londoners lived during their "season,"—their meal hours, menus, unusual dishes, table decorations, gowns, and peculiar customs. If Webster had kept a journal, we should doubtless have been told of party rivalry, of the attitude of political leaders towards America, of the opinions of distinguished Englishmen on Negro slavery,—topics which Mrs. Webster does not discuss. On the other hand, we should have missed many trivial details which it would have been a pity to lose.

The Webster party followed a carefully planned schedule which has since become almost standardized, but which, in 1839, had not been advertised as one of the tours of Thomas Cook and Sons. After their weeks of gaiety in London, they set out for Oxford, War-

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wick, and Stratford, thence to Wales and the English Lakes, up to Scotland, and back through the eastern counties and the cathedral towns of Durham, Ripon, York, and Lincoln. Along the way they were entertained, often lavishly, by members of the nobility to whom they had introductions. When they returned to London, Julia Webster and Samuel A. Appleton,—who had meanwhile arrived in England,—were married on September 24 at the historic St. George's Church in Hanover Square, after which the entire party, except Webster himself, crossed the Channel for a few weeks on the Continent. Webster rejoined his family on October 19, in Paris, where they were the guests of Lewis Cass, his old school friend, who was then our Minister to France. Modern travellers will read with some astonishment the account of their return voyage from Portsmouth to New York, which consumed thirty-five days and was so rough as to be not only uncomfortable but actually dangerous. The story ends with the taking on of the pilot off Long Island and the news that General William H. Harrison had been nominated by the Pennsylvania Whigs for the Presidency of the United States.

Mrs. Webster's Diary, along with those of Julia and Mrs. Paige, must have delighted many of their Washington friends. Foreign travel was less common then than it is today, and people had not been satiated with descriptions of Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral. It would have been apparent to the

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audience that it contained no brilliant writing, no scandals or indiscretions, no important philosophical observations, no ventures into psychology or character analysis. But it did give a faithful picture of what a group of exceptionally well-informed Americans found to see and do in the England, Germany, and France of the 1830's. It is still an important historical and sociological document, fortunately resurrected.

Webster's most useful days, perhaps, were still ahead of him. He never repeated his journey into "foreign parts," but he was to be twice Secretary of State, once under Harrison and Tyler and once under Fillmore. He was to deliver, on the seventh of March, 1850, a speech in favor of the Great Compromise,—a speech which probably averted civil war for a decade. Finally, after one last disappointment regarding the Presidency, he died on October 24, 1852, at Marshfield, Massachusetts. He was in his seventy-first year.

Daniel Webster had no children by Caroline Le Roy Webster. Nor, indeed, was he gratified in his wish to establish a dynasty. His last male descendant died within less than eighteen years after his own death, and the only family representatives today have come down through the children of his daughter Julia, whose wedding this Diary describes. As for Caroline Le Roy Webster herself, she led a lonely life after her husband had gone. Granted the right to reside at the Marshfield estate whenever she wished, she soon

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tired of its isolation and moved to New York, where she kept house for many years on 33rd Street. For a few hours she emerged from obscurity on November 25, 1876, at the dedication of a statue to her husband in Central Park; but she was not in good health, and soon afterward she went to live with her niece in New Rochelle. There she died of pneumonia on February 26, 1882, having survived her husband almost thirty years. He had provided in his will for her to rest by his side at Marshfield, but there was no one to carry out his wishes, and she lies buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

And so we come back to the nervous, not altogether rational old lady at New Rochelle,—the lady who had talked with Dickens and Macaulay, who had almost been the mistress of the White House. She had settled down to a very quiet ending after the days when her husband was the idol of the American people. Among her possessions only this Diary remained to tell of the position which she had held. And even that might never have been revealed if a girl had not investigated an attic and a shrewd publisher had not been there to understand the value of the prize.

CLAUDE M. FUESS

September 15, 1942
Andover, Massachusetts

“Mr. W. & I”

Great Britain



ON THE 18th of May, 1839, embarked on board the Liverpool at New York for England, Capt. Fayrer our Commander. Had a delightful voyage—not a single storm, or gale of wind during the passage; and every comfort and accommodation—suffered from sea sickness for the first ten days—revived after that period, and enjoyed our fellow passengers society, and the sea air very much. Arrived at Liverpool on Sunday the 2nd of June at 10 o'clock. Rejoiced to get on shore. Was carried by Capt. Fayrer to the Adelphi Hotel, where we remained until Wednesday morning.

We received many visitors on Sunday, and dined with Mr. Humphrey's—a dinner of 20—only lady, Mrs. Giar. At ten o'clock passed the evening with Capt. Fayrer and Lady—*had tea & muffins*. Visited the town-hall—it contains three beautiful rooms, the suite of the Mayor. The Cemetery. The Tunnel of the Railway & the town in some parts is very pretty. St. Luke's church in Lisse St. gothic and very beautiful. On Wednesday morning crossed the ferry to Cheshire.

Great Britain

A *cab* with two horses awaited us, and we proceeded to Chester—distance 16 miles.

I forgot to mention Kno[w]sely Park 7 miles from Liverpool the residence of Lord Derby—father to Lord Stanley, M.P. The hall and grounds were beautiful—an Aviary, and a Menagerie—with a collection of animals from all parts of the world. The run of the *Kangaroo's* amused us greatly. The present Lord D. has had two strokes of paralysis. He politely sent his servant to say he was too ill to see us, but desired we should return to the house and take some refreshment. We did so, and then returned to our lodgings—dined at 5 o'clock. Mr. W. dined with Mr. Giar at the Waterloo House—a very pleasant dinner.

On our arrival at Chester we took another carriage and horses and visited Eaton Hall (Lord Grosvenor's) seat, now Marquis of Westminster. To describe the hall is beyond my power—too grand to have any conception of its style of architecture &c. &c. The libraries were modelled after the oldest Cathedral in England (St. Werburgh Abbey) which we visited in Chester, part of which was erected in the reign of Ethelred. The grounds of the Park not so pretty as Kno[w]sely. The Castle stands on the banks of the *Dee*, out of which river they catch fine salmon. A round Altar which stands in the centre of a summer-house is very ancient, and is quite a curiosity.

The Green-house was quite small. Mr. W. stopped to look at his famous breed of horses. Lord G. was

A Lovely Country

offered twenty thousand dollars for one of them, but refused it. We spent three hours and then returned to the *Royal Hotel*, a nice place. After dinner—about seven—visited the Cathedral, St. Werburgh, spoken of above. The Chapter-room was the most beautiful I could conceive of—the seats for the Clergy where under a canopy and each one raised like a shelf and a carved device under it. The seats let down, and when raised, cushions were put upon them. The Nuns appeared in the gallery above the seats, through small arches. We saw a tablet of the time of Maximil[i]an. The Palace of the Bishop's connected with the Cathedral. We then saw a subterranean passage of two miles, where the nuns sometimes passed through to the Cathedral. The old Town was originally walled, and on the remains of it, we walked *two* miles. About 9 o'clock still twilight, we returned to our lodgings and took tea.

On Thursday morning, we took the cars for London, passed through a lovely country and dined at Birmingham. Arrived at Park Crescent, Portland Square, a lovely situation. Met a kind reception from Mr. and Mrs. Jaudon * (Thursday Evening) where we remained until Saturday, Mr. Jaudon finding it difficult to procure such lodgings as would suit us, on account of the City's being so full (Parliament at that time being in session) and the prices so extrav-

* Alphabetically arranged, brief notes on principal persons encountered in the Diary will be found on page 245 ff.

Great Britain

agant. But the next morning Mr. Webster was enabled to secure lodgings at the Brunswick Hotel, Regent St., Hanover Square; we took possession on Saturday. Mr. Watson the keeper of the hotel, very competent person, and he made us as comfortable, as we should have been at our own fireside.

We dined on Friday (the day after our arrival) at Mrs. Wiggins. Drove previously however in the Park and saw the Queen. Mr. & Mrs. Bates called upon us. Mr. Webster received a letter from Paris from Mr. Denison, M. P., who was there on account of the illness of his wife's Uncle. Mr. D. states to Mr. W. that he had ordered his Coach and Servants and three horses to be brought to London for our express use: we felt extremely grateful for the attention, and accepted the kind offer: he stated that it would confer a favor on him by our using them and left it to our choice, as to a Chariot, Coach, or any other vehicle. Mr. Denison had been in America, and was intimately acquainted with Mr. W. and had corresponded with him previous to our being in England.

Friday Midnight. Returned from dinner at Mrs. Wiggins. Had a very handsome dinner, service of silver, with the exception of plates—in the centre of the table was a gold Candellabra and vases. The Drawing-rooms furnished very superbly in the old style; sofas and chairs covered with mosaic, made of the richest velvet and satin—for my taste a little *too*

Fashion and Ruin

gaudy. The party not well selected, more ladies than gentleman: Mr. & Mrs. Bates, Mr. & Mrs. Tim Wiggins and Mr. & Mrs. Cryder and sister of Providence, they (Mr. & Mrs. C.) have resided here for seven years.—The day has been rainy but after lunch we drove out to visit the shops. Magnificent indeed. Saw beautiful articles of every kind, and very little in advance of our prices for French goods. Supurb Carriages all arranged in lines on both sides of the street, and as much ceremony in alighting from your coach, as if paying a private visit. At these shops, you are received by a servant in livery. A few yards behind another rings the bell before you ascend the stairs, which brings one of the *fair damsels* to receive you and introduce you to their rooms (fashion and ruin). On leaving, your carriage is called as if at the Opera. I saw today Mrs. Stevenson. She lives in Portland Place, in a very small house. We sent our cards there today. Invited this evening to a party at Mr. Archibalds, an acquaintance made in America. Mr. W. not remembering him, did not accept. He politely offered us his carriage and Servants.

The Bishop [of] Salisbury, brother of Mr. Denison, called upon Mr. Webster before sending our letters of introduction. Also Christopher Hews, Sir Charles Baggot, and Kenyon the Poet with whom we breakfast on Sunday next at 10 o'clock. Tomorrow my husband breakfasts with the Rev. Sydney Smith, who wrote "The Ballot" &c. &c. Dines on Tuesday

Great Britain

with Kenyon and will meet Boz. We hope as Kenyon calls tomorrow to see us, that he will invite Boz (the author of *Pickwick*) to meet us.

Saturday, 8th of June. Have been to the Coleseum, saw a Diorama of London, drove through the City, and took possession of our lodgings this day, and dine here at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 o'clock. Mrs. S. Wallace invited Mr. W. and myself to dine with her on the 12th at 7—but we were engaged at Mrs. Jaudons. She then asked us to dine with her on Monday at 4 o'clock in Regent's Park until 7 and then return home to dine. Not American hours.

June 9th, Sunday. Breakfasted at Kenyon's at 10 o'clock. Met all the *Lions*, which I will name in an especial page—Poets, Historians, Novelists, Counts, Naval Officers, &c. &c. Remained until one. Miss Rodgers and myself the only ladies present. Mr. Duer was also there. From there we went to Babbages and saw his Mathematical Instruments, and were highly gratified—but they were beyond my comprehension. We also saw a figure which could move every limb, bow and curtsy—open and roll the eyes—breath and sigh—it was quite wonderful. We partook of a lunch and arrived home at 3 o'clock. Had numerous visitors; not one moment to ourselves since breakfast. At 5 o'clock in company with Mr. & Mrs. Bates drove to Hyde Park and walked in Kensington Gardens. Saw a throng of the most splendid Equipages I ever be-

The Iron Duke

held. The Park was magnificent. The Duke of Sussex's Palace, is in Kensington Garden—where none are allowed to drive. We saw the Queen, her Cousin and two maids of honor, and also her guards. Her carriage was drawn by four bay horses—not very handsome. She excites but little interest. We saw the Duke of Wellington walking in his garden with a companion. His fence was thronged with persons. He usually shows himself in that way on Sundays and never looks to the multitude, but walks through his avenues regardless of all lookers on.

We drove until seven, returned to our lodgings, dressed in five minutes and then drove to dinner at Mrs. Jaudon's. At half past ten in the evening went to Miss Rogers *Soiree* and saw a fine collection of paintings and all the great folks. Remained until half past eleven, and then returned home fatigued beyond expression.—We saw the historian Hallam, Lyell the geologist, Moore the poet, Lockhart, Kenyon, Babbiges, Rogers and many others. Miss Coutts to whom I was introduced, asked to be allowed the pleasure of calling on me. Lady Chantry wife of the sculptor, Sir Humphrey Davy's widow, A. Van Buren & Lady, Mr. Stevenson and Rush his Attaché, were also there.

Monday, June 10th. Called upon Mrs. Stevenson agreeable to appointment about my Court dress, and she kindly offers to call for me to-morrow, to go and procure the materials, and to get a person to make the

Great Britain

dress. She says it will cost forty or fifty pounds. I intend to have it handsome but neat. The materials cost much more here than at home and the train, ostrich feathers and lappetts are very expensive. At four, I drive in Hyde Park with Mrs. Wallace, until 7 and then return to dinner.—Had a nice drive. Mrs. W. is a very fine woman. The Park was thronged with magnificent coaches, &c. &c. Met the Queen and her suite, she was on horseback as usual. Mr. Webster took a chop at four and went with our Minister and President Duer to the House of Commons. The Speaker wrote a letter to Mr. Stevenson, requesting him to say to Mr. W. that when he was disposed, he could obtain a seat on the floor; orders were given to that effect. I was at Mrs. S. when he received the letter, and was the bearer of it with a note from Mr. S. to my husband. I do not expect him home until midnight.

Tuesday, 11th. Went with Mrs. Stevenson to look for our Court dresses and ordered one for *20 guineas*—and have the use of her lappetts and feathers. It will be a white satin under dress, neatly trimmed with blue flowers and ribbon, and over it a rich blue striped silk. I spent last evening at Kenyons and found very many agreeable persons. Boz was there. Lady Chatterton and Sir John were also of the party—the lady an authoress, wrote some little book of travels in the *south of Ireland*. We returned home at eleven, after

Genteel but Dull

spending a very pleasant evening. Very many intellectual persons were assembled. Miss Weston one of them enquired very particularly for Mrs. Lloyd an intimate friend of her mothers. I promised to recollect her remembrances to her.

12th. We dine at Mrs. Jaudon's there will be a great party. I presume. 13th, we dine at Mrs. Bates en famille (to morrow) to be introduced to their daughter and son in law. Mrs. Denison invites me to name a day to dine. I have mentioned Thursday the 21st. Mrs. D. is the mother of the member of Parliament, spoken of before. Mrs. Austin's husband is ill; we do not go to Richmond Hill today.—12 o'clock at night, just got myself undressed, and am quietly seated at my table after the dinner party at Mrs. Jaudon's—20 persons there—very genteel, but not very animated. Mr. & Mrs. A. Van Buren & a Mr. Guthries who had a long argument with Mrs. P. upon the *words* used by Americans. Mrs. P. would not yield to him. I thought it was really impolite—altho' Mr. G. has seen a great deal of the world. Mr. & Mrs. Cowel and Mr. and Mrs. Murray of N.Y. dined there.

I have literally been on my feet all day and feel wearied enough at this moment. Mr. W. asleep. We visited the Tower this morning, it is asserted by some to have been built in the time of Julius Cæsar, but the strongest evidence of its being marked out and a

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part first erected by William the Conqueror, with a view to secure to himself a safe retreat in case of the English having recourse to arms to recover their ancient possessions and lost liberties. It was completed by William Rufus, his son—as the Conqueror died years after the fortress was begun. A deep moat surrounds it, which is filled with water from the river Thames. Henry the 3rd built a strong gate in 1240, and made several other additions. He also ordered the original Tower to be white-washed from which it took the name of the White Tower. Edward 4th enlarged it. Charles 2nd in 1663 had the ditch cleaned and widened, and the walls of the White Tower repaired, and various buildings added. You enter through heavy gates open from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M. You cross the ditch by a strong stone bridge; it has a port-cullis to let down, and is guarded not only by soldiers but also by the warders of the Queen. The Duke of W. has command of this tower, but seldom goes to it.

The tower was a palace for half a century, until the accession of Elizabeth. You see the dagger of Gloucester. The room which was occupied by the two Princes Edward the 6th and the Duke of York, who were the victims of their ambitious Uncle, cannot now be entered, as the stairway which leads to it, and in which they were found, is now walled up on account of its delapidated condition. The Church is of Saxon architecture, in a good state of preservation

Had by Rote

and was dedicated to St. Peter in chains—it is in the portion built by Edward the 3rd. We visited the White Tower, Governors House, Bloody Tower, Jewel Office, Queen Elizabeth's Armory &c. &c. The Horse Armory a room 150 feet by 33, contains the armour, which the several Kings wore when alive. They are mounted and arranged in chronological order, and the favorite Lord of each is by his side in the armour of their respective periods. It begins with Edward 1st 1272 and ends with James the 2nd 1685. The most splendid of the whole, is that of Charles 1st. It is gilded entirely over. The walls and ceiling are covered with pieces of armour, arms and weapons of all kind, with the date of each period attached. You are attended by a Warder, who gives you a history of each King, but it is a lesson, which he has by *rote*, and therefore not of much interest; we were fortunate enough to fall in with a very intelligent gentleman, which made it much more interesting. We entered the prison-room of Sir Walter Raleigh. The room under the Chapel of the White Tower is very much embellished, in the Norman style of the period in which it was built. Elizabeth's Armory was formerly called the Spanish Armory as it was supposed to contain the spoils of the "*Invincible Armada*" but that is not now believed.

At one end of a room, which is decorated with weapons of various kind sits Queen Elizabeth on a Cream colored horse, supported by a Page. She is in

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a dress similar to the one she wore in the procession to St. Pauls, where she went to return thanks in great state for deliverance from Spanish thralldom. By special favor we were permitted to visit the prison room of Anne Boleyn—it is now used by the Fussilliers for a Mess-room—and the window from which she was taken to be executed. We also visited the prison in which Queen Elizabeth was confined by the orders of her sister Bloody Mary—also the block and axe which were used to behead the wives of Henry 8th and the spot on which they suffered.

The Jewel Room is worthy of attention. It contains the golden urn fountain, used at the Coronation Banquets; the ancient imperial crown, which was laid aside at the Coronation of George 4th; a golden orb with a cross, all of jewels—it is held in the left hand at the coronations. The Queens crown is all of diamonds of the largest size. It was made for Mary of Modena, consort of James 2nd. The Prince of Wales crown is of plain gold; it is usually placed on a cushion, when there is an heir apparent, before his seat in the House of Lords. The crown of William the 3rds Queen was of pearls and diamonds. The Queens Orb is smaller than that of the King's. Then there is a Gold Eagle which contains the holy oil, used at the coronations—it has always been venerated as the actual gift of an angel from heaven—also a golden spoon of equal antiquity and into which the oil is poured; the Sacramental service of plates and tank-

Precious Jewells

ards; the golden chalice; two swords of justice, one Ecclesiastical and Temporal, the other Custana or sword of Mercy; and two golden salt cellars all used on this great occasion. Also the font at which the issue of the Royal Family are baptised. It is of gold, and four feet high.

There are six other salt cellars, and the sceptres of the King and Queen, the latter has a dove of white onyx. Staffs Spurs, &c. &c. The great Salt-cellar revolves, showing the precious jewells. A walking cane of Henry 8th. The new Imperial Crown is very magnificent, it was made for George the 4th. In front is a large Jerusalem cross, frosted with brilliants, in the centre a sapphire two inches square: this crown also revolves, and you see all the jewels.

I have said all I can, it is now *two* o'clock and I must retire. We came home and lunched, and then drove to leave cards. Dine with Mrs. Bates to-morrow *en famille* and go to the Opera in the evening; we are to have a box only two or three from the Queen—I hope she will be there. While dressing yesterday for Mrs. Jaudons, Mrs. Stevenson called & desired to see me. I declined at first, as I was not in a state to enter the parlour. She said that she must see me, and I requested her to come into my room, and while she sat I went on dressing: she came to see me about dining with them as we could only give her a certain day, she found that she could not get persons to meet us; *short* invitations in London will not answer, but they must

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be of three or four weeks. We have promised to give her the 28th or 29th. I find her a very nice woman, and disposed to be all that we could desire.

13th. This morning we go to the British Museum and afterwards with Mrs. Bates to leave cards. Sir W. Baring & Lady invite us to dine on the 27th. We have accepted. Mr. Hallam & wife have invited us for the 26th. Mr. W. accepts, and I decline, for I cannot stand this round of dissipation. Breakfast, Dinners, Lunches, &c. &c. The *Green* party all arrived yesterday (12th) from the Continent, and are staying at this Hotel, the Brunswick. Mr. Derby and Lady called upon us yesterday.

Went to the British Museum and spent three or four hours, saw the old records and ancient books, among which was a testament of Ann Boleyn; Elgin Marbles, Birds, Beasts, Mummies, Etruscan Vases, Portland Vase dug out of [?] &c. &c. There are public rooms for the use of Gentlemen and Ladies, and are used indiscriminately. A Librarian in command and forty to assist him in the labor. We saw the first Bible ever printed, and divers other things: have promised to go again, if we have a chance. Dined at Mrs. Bates at 6, and went to the Opera of "Lucretia Borgia"—second a scene from the "Bride of Lammermoore" and then saw Taliognes performances, but was disappointed with her dancing. Mrs. Van Der Weyer (daughter of Mrs. Bates) and husband were of the

Only Great Folks

party; we had a pleasant time—it was *Persiani* Benefit.

14th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Senior—Lord Lovelace, who married Byron's daughter, "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"; Lord Shelburne son of the Marquis of Landsdowne, Mr. W. Clay, M.P., Mr. Fasaker and wife, Sir W. Baring. Had a nice time—dine there on the 29th. Lord Lovelace calls for me to go to the House of Lords this evening. The Marchioness Lansdowne and daughter called this A. M. Sent us cards for the concert on the 26th—all the Italians will be there. We dine with the Countess of Selkirk on the 27th, with Mrs. Stevenson the 28th. Mr. Ellice invites us to dine on the 2nd of July—but my visitors can be known from my list, and my engagement book tells of all likewise.

Mr. Murray of the Queens household sent us tickets to admit us to the Kings Chapel on Sunday, where the Queen goes; fine music. At 3 o'clock Mr. Villiers, Mr. Kenyon and others take us to the Zoological Gardens in Hyde Park, more to see the company than the animals—*only great folks* are admitted on that day. We are not to go with tickets, but by admission—drive direct to the gate. I shall ever feel gratified for the hospitalities received.

15th. Went with Mrs. Stevenson to the Agricultural Exhibition at Chiswick—a tremendous throng. Mrs.

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Bates came down in her open carriage. Mr. & Mrs. Archibald in theirs, and Mrs. Stevenson took me, and our chariot followed in the train: we had a tremendous time through the crowd, & were not much gratified—I never saw anything like it after getting there. The fruits, Pines, Cherries, strawberries and melons, were not so good as ours in Boston. The day damp and threatening rain—we all had new hats, and retired very soon. The Robertsons in company. Met Mrs. Derby. I had the arm of Mr. Duer. Came home, and then was obliged to go to my mantua-maker to get a dress for the Queens Ball on Monday Evening, 10 o'clock—an honor I did not expect before being presented at Court. We have an invitation also from Lord Morpeth to a five o'clock dejeuner. We have an invitation from Lord & Lady Powerscourt & Viscountess Powerscourt. We were to have gone to the Opera, but returned home so late.—Mrs. Bates asked us to dine there to-morrow, alone with her family, but I have so many invitations to dine for three weeks to come, that I declined—they are very kind.

Mr. W. is going to a drawing room of the Queens & is preparing for it—he dined at the Clarendon to-day, and goes up to Mr. Bates at 10 to night to consult with him about a dress. I shall be *ruined* if I stay here any longer, with buying dresses, &c. &c. We are alone this evening. After dinner, which is 9 or 10 o'clock, you are alone, unless you go to the Opera, Theatre or a Party. We enjoy the quiet, and are en-

The Lord Chamberlain is
commanded by The Queen,

to invite

Mrs. Mrs and Miss Leboter,

to a Ball on Monday the
17th June at 10 o'clock

Buckingham Palace

Full Dress

Beasts and Birds

abled to write a little. Mrs. Stevenson invited me to come and take a quiet cup of tea with her on Sunday evening, whenever inclined. I find her a very agreeable person and very attentive. It is impossible to describe the confusion and excitement we endure daily. I scarcely know where my head stands.

Sunday, June 16th I was all dressed to go the Kings Chapel, when a note was sent from Mr. Murray, from the palace, saying, that the *Queen* would not be there, and of course the hour being 12 o'clock we could not go. I was disappointed beyond expression—we have been here two Sundays and not attended church. Drove for an hour, then came home, and Mr. W. took the Chariot to return his calls. At a $\frac{1}{4}$ before 3 we drove with Capt. Stockton to Mr. Kenyons and he invited us in to Lunch, and there we found Mr. Ogilby, Capt. Jones and Mr. Cook in readiness to accompany us to the Zoological Garden; we drove to the gate and alighted. Saw Beasts and Birds of every description, among them three beautiful Giraffe's. The walks were beautiful being decorated and ornamented in splendid taste. Saw the *élite* of London: subscribers only can be admitted on this day. It is an enchanting place; we walked for three hours and then jumped in our coach and drove to Hyde Park, and returned home at 7 o'clock to dinner—greatly obliged to Capt. Stockton for his civilities. I was introduced to Sir Francis Chantry in the garden, he seemed sur-

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prised to learn my name: Lady Chantry I knew having met her at a party. Mr. W. dines at Sir W. Rolf[e]s and we declined Mrs. Bates invitation to eat a Sunday dinner with her.

On my return home I found a letter from the Earl of Lovelace, and the Countess had called and left a card for me. The Earls was an invitation to attend the House of Lords with him to-morrow night, but my engagement at the Queens Ball will oblige me to write a refusal. The Marquis of Lansdowne sat with Mr. W. this morning; he said his wife would call upon me to-morrow *if I would allow her to*; he said we must be sure to come to his concert, and asked Mr. W. for a day to dine, but we are engaged until the middle of July. Lord Holland sent a note to Mr. W. asking him to dine on Wednesday with Lady Holland, as he had been ill for a month with the gout, and has not been able to go to his own table; only two Americans have ever before been inside of his house—it seems Lady Holland controls everything. Holland House was formerly occupied by Addison. On Tuesday Capt. Stockton takes a box for us at the Opera. Mr. W. dined yesterday (Saturday) at the Clarendon with Sir Montague Chapman a M.P.

Monday Night. At ten left our lodgings in company with Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson & Mr. & Mrs. Vanderpool for the Queens ball at Buckingham Palace—a splendid one it was. We entered in due form—I fol-

The Young Victoria

lowed Mrs. S. who by the by with Mr. Stevenson are very kind. We entered the saloon, and there awaited her Majesty. When she entered the Foreign Ministers and Royal Family were all awaiting her. The Duchess of Cambridge, Kent and Sutherland entered with her, and also the Duke of Sussex, who is a perfect Goliath in size. The Queen looked very young—was attired simply and very graceful. Our introduction was between the Quadrilles. We all assembled in one room, but *she* escaped us & danced the second time which was an unusual thing. After this Mrs. S. curtseyed to her and introduced me. She asked me how long I had been in the country and how I was pleased. I bowed and went on. Julia and Mrs. P. did not keep in train and consequently gave Mrs. S. the trouble of presenting them afterwards. The entrance door was a splendid looking-glass; in truth you were completely surrounded with mirrors. The gallery was a magnificent one—fine paintings—splendid Grand Piano. All of gold inlaid—superb indeed.

All the Nobility of Europe I should think were present—it was a most imposing scene. The supper superb, and the gold on the side board of every device and enough to dazzle one. I ate and drank as if I had been among my friends, but confess in other respects felt very insignificant. I never care to witness such a pageant again. We were kept three hours in the saloon, before we could get our carriage. I walked to Mr. Rush's chariot, the whole length of the green, and as

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I passed the gate, the day was quite bright—4 o'clock in the morning—never kept such hours before. This evening (Tuesday) go with Capt. Stockton to the Opera—invited to the Marchioness [of] Westminster, a ball for the Queen. Mr. W. breakfasted with Mr. Milne's—had a nice time and brought me a delicious peach. Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Lascelles son of Lord Harewood, Carlyle the author,* Mr. Hallam, C. Buller, Professor Whewell who wrote one of the Bridgewater treatises, were there.

18th. No reviews by the Duke of Wellington yesterday—troops scattered. The Duke had a magnificent dinner. We all went to the Opera (Mr Gilson with us) and under the protection of Capt. Stockton. Delightful music and Taglioni danced the Spanish dance with *castanets*, most divinely.

Wednesday. Dined with Mrs. Grote and remained the evening, at least until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11—then went to

* "Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen, you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman; such limbs *we* make in Yankee land! As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown*, the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed—I have not traced as much of silent Bersirkir-rage, that I remember of, in any other man."—CARLYLE to EMERSON.

A Misfortune

Mrs. Seniors, where we found all persons going off. We then went to Mrs. Stevensons, where we spent an hour very agreeably. I saw many very agreeable persons. Miss Sedgwick was there.

Thursday, 20th. At 2 o'clock went to the Drawing Room with Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Bronson, Miss Murray, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Jaudon, Mrs. A. Van Buren, Miss Low and Mrs. Paige. We had the greatest confusion—my hair dresser kept me waiting; we all then assembled at Mrs. S. where we found Mr. Duer and the Robinsons & Mrs. James Murray, &c. On arriving at the *Palace* our coachman entered at the wrong gate and we were not aware of the fact, on alighting. One of the officers on guard politely assisted us out of the coach. Mrs. Paige, Mrs. Robinson and myself quietly ascended the great stair case of St. James Palace. In the second landing we felt a little doubtful, and enquired which way we should go. The Wardens asked who we were with, and we replied the American Minister. He said, you take that *course*. On arriving in a long gallery we began to feel a little fearful we had *mistaken* our direction, or had separated from our party, but the officers assured us that the Minister and suite had entered the anteroom, and we thought we would proceed and join them—but the crowd appeared great and we were in a complete fidget, thinking how strange it was on the part of Mrs Stevenson. Finally she made her appearance, and exclaimed,

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where did you come from Mrs. W.: Mr. S. is looking everywhere for you. I then learnt that our coachman had entered in the Ambassadors Court & Mr. S. had directed we should drive to a particular gate (name forgotten) where he would await us. Finally he came into the room and began to relate all the difficulties. After an explanation from us, he found the mistake to be with our coachman.

Mrs. Van Buren and Miss Low arrived after our introduction to the Queen. After some persuasion Mr. S. asked permission of the Queen to introduce them. The ceremony was very imposing—we remained as long as we pleased and then retired. Lady Duro, the daughter in law of the Duke of Wellington was there, she stood before me, and was dressed like a bride, and had splendid diamonds. The Marchioness of Londonderry was positively covered with them, in truth I never saw such a display—there were too many—a perfect load of them. We came home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, dined with Mrs. Denison, saw the Bishop of Salisbury, her son, a very agreeable person; Baron and Lady Parke, Mr. Dundas from Scotland, Mr. Wood of the Admiralty. In the evening a party at the Marquis of Westminster's—very magnificent—a tent pitched in the garden where we danced; had a refreshment room and a supper. The Queen present, and supped up stairs with the royal family. On alighting from our carriage we entered a covered passage, some hundred yards in length, which

The Abbey

led to the house; the gallery of paintings was very beautiful, &c. &c.

Friday, 21st. Breakfast with Milman, Sub Dean of Westminster. Lockhart and some two or three others there. We visited the Abbey and were truly delighted, saw the cloisters and chapter house—the latter has been fitted up for the reception of the crown records, which are now there, and among them is the Domesday Book, compiled in the 11th century. It is written on vellum, and in fine preservation, and perfectly legible. Adjoining the enclosed Chapels, are monuments of Dryden, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Cowley, and many others. This spot is called the Poets corner, from the number of monuments erected to commemorate poetic genius; it is a spot of exquisite interest to the lovers of the sublime and beautiful. Wits and Statesmen are mingled together. The vaults have received the remains of all the Sovereigns since its foundation, to George the 2nd, except James 2nd, who died in exile and was buried at St. Germain near Paris.

We saw the Chapels of Erasmus, St. John and St. Michael, the latter adorned by a remarkable figure of Lady Nightingale by Roubiliac: also monuments to Handel, Dr. Isaac Watts, the Divine, Sir Isaac Newton, the unfortunate Maj. Andre, executed as a spy during the American War: the former of these was by Roubiliac. We also saw Henry 7ths Chapel.

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It is at the east end of the Abbey-church, with which it communicates; it was erected by the monarch whose name it bears, as a place of sepulture, for himself and family: he died however before its completion, and the merit of design cannot now be traced. The first stone was laid in 1503 & 4, and the whole completed in nine years. In Edward the Confessors Chapel stands the remarkable shrine of St. Edward. Edward the 1st made an offering to it, of the Scotch regalia, with the celebrated stone which monkish superstition relates to have been Jacobs pillar. It was brought from Scone in Scotland, by Edward the 1st in 1267. In fact the reverence the Scotch have for this stone has reconciled them to the union with England: from a prophetic distich cut upon it by King Kenneth as follows:

Where 'er this stone is found (or fates decree is vain)
The Scots the same shall hold, and there supremely
reign.

We also saw "Jerusalem Chamber" where Henry the 4th died; we had every advantage in viewing the building, and spent five or six hours looking about it: services are regularly performed three times a day. I cannot of course describe half I saw. At 5 of the afternoon we went with Lord Lovelace to the House of Lords, saw the Archbishops and Judges with their wigs, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Heard Brougham, Lord Normanby & Duke of Wellington, but only a few words from each. I hope to go again—

Sydney Smith

met five other ladies—the room not large. I saw by the papers of to day that I was honored with a seat in the “Usher of the Black Rods” box, which I was not before aware of.

Saturday night, 12 o'clock. Just returned from Mrs. Bates, where we dined at $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight o'clock; the handsomest dinner I have been to as yet. Lord and Lady Colville; Sir Thomas Baring, Senr.; H. Baring, son of Lord Ashburton; Labouchere; Mr. Cowelle—his wife has very unexpectedly gone to the Continent, on account of the sickness of her father—and Sir Sydney Smith were of the party: the latter told me that Mr. Wainwright when here, went once to the theatre, but insisted that it should be kept a profound secret from his American friends. Mr. Van De Weyer handed me down to dinner; I sat between him and Mr. Senior, a very agreeable position, both were literary men. Julia rides on horseback with him after making a visit to Lady Wellesley. We go to the Queens Chapel in the morning at 12. Julia goes elsewhere with Capt. Stockton, a very kind friend. We have promised to spend Sunday evening with Sir Sydney Smith. Julia could not go to church with us, as she gave her seat to Mrs. Paige, as Mr. Murray wrote us a note offering two seats for ladies and one for Mr. W., the other seats being previously disposed of.

On Monday we are going to see two tables of slate,

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which are being made for Capt. Stockton; they are ornamented with naval devices, and are to be sent to America. We have also agreed to visit St. Pauls with him. Mr. W., Mrs P. and Julia have gone to Mr. Babbages. I left them there, but having been quite ill today, was glad to return home, and get a little rest; Mr. B. has his Saturday evening soirees, very intellectual, and I am told very pleasant.—Julia and Mrs. P. had quite a pleasant time at Babbages—saw Ann Maria Porter, she sent her regards to me, and said she should come and see me—they spent almost an hour. Mr. Harness regretted we were engaged to breakfast on Tuesday with Milnes, as he wanted us. Joanna Baillie and C. Kean the actor are to be there.

Sunday at 12 o'clock. We went to the Queens Chapel, a pretty little house of worship. The appearance was quite Catholic—the chancel and ornaments—the high candle sticks and candles—the desks and the pulpit at the side. I saw the Archbishops, Bishop of Norwich and eight other priests take part in the services, and as many pages, all dressed like the priests—these little fellows ring a bell before they rise from prayer, as in the Catholic churches—the psalter is chanted—the Anthem was fine, and in truth the whole service was excellent, and I was greatly pleased. The Queen sits above facing the *altar*. On both sides are pews, one side filled with the household, and the other reserved for the Royal Family. The Queen Dowager and the

To St. Paul's

Duchess of Gloucester were there. The Archbishops were with the Queen. The ceiling is stuccoed and painted. We had fine seats. Mr. & Mrs. Jaudon were found there—the full service read—the sermon pretty good.

When we returned home, we found Mr. & Mrs. Bates and Kenyon at our lodgings. We then went to call upon the Lady Wellesley—saw her in her boudoir—she is very much out of health—her husband was too ill to be seen. She was very elegant and affable in her manners, and is still a fine looking woman. Her house is neat and comfortable, nothing very striking. This evening Mr. W., Julia, and Mrs. P. have gone to Sydney Smiths to take tea. I did not feel well and therefore declined. Tomorrow Julia rides with Mr. Senior to Richmond Hill and on to breakfast with Mrs. Austin, and from there goes to Hampton Court, and returns home by four o'clock; she is to ride Mrs. Seniors horse.

Yesterday [Monday, June 24th] we went to St. Pauls, went up to the clock about seven hundred steps: visited the whispering gallery, where sounds are enlarged to an amazing degree. Shutting the door sounds like distant thunder—the least whisper is heard round the whole circumference, and a person speaking against the wall appears present to another, altho the distance is 140 feet. The paintings in Dome or Cupola are seen in this gallery—they are chosen

Great Britain

from the remarkable events in the life of St Paul, his conversion near Damascus, &c. &c. In the crypt of the Cathedral are many tombs of eminent men: Lord Nelson, Sir Thos. Lawrence, Reynolds, B. West, and the Presidents of the Royal Academy, also Opie a poet & husband to the celebrated authoress. In a recess under the E window, are a few remains, that escaped the great fire of London, in which the old cathedral was destroyed. Lady Jane Wootter, lady in waiting to Queen Mary, a sitting figure, bronzed. The Cathedral was begun in 1675, and completed in thirty-five years. The architect was Sir Christopher Wren, whose remains are entered in the crypt.

After leaving we went to Runnel & Bridges, and saw the most magnificent sets of gold & silver and jewels—Diamonds belonging to Queen Charlotte, Marie Antionette & J. Bonaparte—and then with Capt. Stockton to see some slate tables, beautifully painted with naval designs, to be sent to America for him. We then dined at 8, at Lady Selkirks—met a very pleasant party. Lord Abingdon, Lady Scarlett and husband and Stratford Canning were present: from there Mr. W. went to the House of Commons. Today [Tuesday, June 25th] we breakfast with Milnes; he has presented me with a book of his poems—we met several literary characters: Rogers, Coleville, Philips, Whewell who translated Niebuhr, Mr. Gascelle, M.P. and lady, Mr. Hope, M.P.

After leaving went to the House of Lords and

Lords and Commons

Commons, saw the Judges and Lawyers—heard them argue a will case, it was that of Lady Henley, who left her fortune to the religious cause, and as far as I could understand, the Unitarians had put in a claim, which was contested. I was introduced to Brougham, Lyndhurst, [the] Lord Chancellor, the Solicitor and several others; it was a very imposing sight. We then went to Westminster Hall, the largest room in Europe, formerly used on great occasions for the Courts. I met Mrs. E. R. Jones, son and daughter at the entrance of the House of Lords. I shall find out where she stays and go and see her if I can. I was perfectly confounded, not expecting to meet them; they were in deep weeds.

We dine at Mr. Archibalds today. Mr W. and myself received an invitation from Marquis and Lady Lansdowne for the 3rd of July to dinner, obliged to decline, and from the Queen to another ball—the night of Mrs. Bates concert, which will be deferred I presume. Mr. W. goes to a Levee tomorrow I expect. Mr. Murray has kindly advised it in a private note. Julia is left out, not having been presented.

Dined with Mrs. Archibald, a pleasant dinner; the Duke of Brunswick, cousin of the Queen was present, the Bishop of Nova Scotia and a Mr. Reynolds who married a Thomas, a relative of our friends at Marshfield, she is said to be very handsome. It was an evening party, but we did not remain for it; came home so tired that we did not go to Lady Normanby's; in

Great Britain

truth, I was not satisfied with the invitation, it came through Mrs. Stevenson. The Marchioness has not called and apparently gave herself no trouble. Julia received a note, some mistake; but still we are enough in society, not therefore obliged *to go* without some little disposition to be civil, and I therefore remained at home. Julia was ill, and Mr. W. agreed with me as to the propriety of my reasons for not accepting.

26th. Mr. Rush called for Mr. W. to go to court; he has just gone, in full dress. Sir Robert Chester advised it, and he goes in the *entrée*. Mr. S. declined going for several reasons; he did not wish to introduce several who applied: our friend D——, for instance.

Mr. W. went, and the Queen said she had seen him at the Chapel. The Ball at Buckingham Palace postponed, also Mrs. Bates concert which was to have been on the same night. The concert at Lady Lansdowne's was magnificent, the music enchanting. The room was arched, and the lights thrown from above; it was filled with statuary, some antique and some of Chantry's. We did not get home until three o'clock this morning—delayed an hour and a half awaiting our carriage. This morning we breakfasted at Sir R. Henry Inglis and met a number of very agreeable persons and very amusing: it was a delightful repast: the names I have given at the end of the book, at least as many as I could remember. We are going to the Polytechnic School today with Sir Robert Wilmot

Blueprints

Horton to see some new discoveries in the way of painting: the paper is prepared with some chemical process, and the flowers or anything you fancy put on it between glasses and cotton, and then placed in the sun, and in ten minutes the impression is perfect. We saw also the diving-bell and some experiments in electricity.

27th. Mr. W. and myself dined at Lady Harriett Barings, met Lord and Lady Stanley, Lady Georgiana Wortley and husband, Lord Ashburton, Lockhart, Dundas, Sydney Smith, &c. &c. In the evening at eleven o'clock we went to Baron and Lady Parkes, a soiree; met many distinguished persons. Met Sir Robert Ogle, a relative of the Virginia family of that name and the Tayloes, I believe.

Invited this evening, 28th instant, through Lady Georgiana Fane to Lady Stepneys to meet the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, but were obliged to decline, being engaged to Mrs. Stevensons where we are to meet the Duke of Sussex, I learn. Julia and Mrs. P. came in the evening. We had a very elegant dinner: Lord Denman, Lord Palmerston, Gen. Sir R. Donkin and Lady Anne Maria, Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecelia Underwood his wife, Mr. Rutherford, Lord Advocate of Scotland and Lady, Mr. Temple and lady, brother to Lord Palmerston Secretary of State for foreign affairs, Mr. & Mrs. Van Buren, Mr. Ellice,

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Sir C. Vaughan. A few came in the evening—Baron Parke and Lady & others. We got home at twelve o'clock.

Saturday. Went to the Goldsmith's Hall, a splendid building: gold and silver articles manufactured in London must be sent to this hall to be *essayed* and examined, under pain of criminal prosecution. We saw some of the gold plate, among which was a goblet of the time of Elizabeth given to one of the Mayors. We visited Guildhall, the seat of City Legislation—the hall 153 ft in length, 48 wide, 55 in height. In this hall are chosen the Mayor, Sheriffs and Member of Parliament to represent the city: the meetings of the livery and Courts take place here, and the City feasts are given. The Queen has been at a banquet there. At the west end are two colossal figures raised on pedestals called Gog and Magog, which are objects of great curiosity to the vulgar; they are said to represent an ancient Briton and Saxon. In the east wing are the city courts of law and opposite is the justice hall, where an Alderman sits daily to hear and decide on complaints &c. &c. We then went to the Mansion House, the Lord Mayors; disappointed in the magnificence of the interior. The honors are held only for one year, we saw the Hall called Egyptian, but why cant say.

We then went to the Tunnel and were very much gratified. This great work projected by Mr. Brunel to

Gog and Magog

form a subterraneous road of communication under the bed of the river Thames, from Rotherhithe to Wapping, it is a square mass of brick work 37 ft. by 22, contains arched passages 16 ft. 4 in each, a path 3 ft in width for pedestrians: length of the tunnel 1300 ft, and the whole brilliantly lighted with gas. The work has been twice interrupted, but the leakage having been stopped, and the grants of money obtained from government, the enterprise is again in full progress, and hopes are entertained of its completion in two years. Brunel was an Architect in America forty years ago; he is a very sensible and intelligent gentleman.

We got home at five, and to our surprise saw Col. Webb and I received letters from my dear father and brother in America. In the evening went to Covent Garden with Capt Stockton and invited Col. Webb to see McCready in Henry 5th; were very much pleased, the scenery beautiful.

July 1st [Monday]. Breakfast with S. Rogers the *poet*, met his sister Mrs. Murray of the Queens household. Sir. Chs. Bagot, Mr. McCauley, ourselves—a very nice breakfast—we had strawberries and *ice-cream*. I mention the latter as unusual at so early an hour.

The house looks directly on St. James Park, the Palace in sight, a beautiful situation; the house a perfect jewel, every thing beautiful. Paintings, Etrus-

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can Vases, &c. &c. and a collection of old manuscripts, among them Dr. Johnsons original diary or journal of his visit to France, Sternes sermons in his own hand writing, a copy of Grays poems in his own hand writing, being the copy sent to the printer: the original assignment by John Milton of his copyright to Simmons for fifteen pounds, of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, witnessed by his servant and some one else. An original deed by John Dryden, and a letter to Mr. R[ogers] from C. J. Fox, an original letter of John Duke of Marlborough, and a letter from Lord Erskine to Mr. R. We saw a vase sent by Mrs. Newton, with leaves of our forest trees—a poor sample I think.

Mr. Owen has just called and told me of an amusing fact: at the exhibition of the London University he saw a Mulatto take the highest prize and heard the Bishops make long speeches against the rival University of Kings Chapel, and the next day heard Brougham make a long speech of the most satirical kind, against the London University. Just have received a third postponement of Mrs. Bates Italian Concert, the first by Lady Lansdowne issuing her cards for the same evening, 2nd, Queens Ball which was afterwards postponed, 3rd, The Queen could not have a concert at the Palace on account of Lady Flora Hastings, and issued her command to the Queen Dowager.* Mrs. B. has now put it off until the 4th.

* In her thirty-fourth year Lady Flora Hastings, lady of

Bedchamber Incident

We have been to the Marquis of Westminster's to admire all his fine paintings by the old masters, & his statuary. We walked through six rooms containing them, besides the hall; spent two hours there; Col. Webb was with us. We then went to Sir W. Newton's gallery of miniatures and cabinet portraits, beautiful faces; saw Mr. Ogdens wife, a beautiful woman. He is consul at Liverpool. From Sir W. N.'s we went to the Bazaar and saw every thing one can conceive of. I bought a little hood for Cornelia, and robes for James and Stuyvesant. I have just returned home, five o'clock.

Dine with Baron Alderston, and have received a note from Mrs. Stevenson inviting me through Mrs. Marryatt where she has been spending Sunday to visit her at Wimbledon House on Wednesday and eat

the bedchamber to Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent (who was not, of course, Queen Dowager, Mrs. W. to the contrary), had died in Buckingham Palace. This terminated one of the several scandals resulting from palace intrigues with which Victoria's reign was plagued at the outset. In January of that year, upon its becoming known that Lady Flora had consulted a prominent physician about an ailment, rumor would have it that she had secretly married. The scandal finally was carried to Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, who failed to take firm action. The agitation continuing, Lady Flora was obliged to submit to examination by two physicians. Their report substantiated her own denials. The Duchess of Kent was satisfied but Dame Rumor was not; and before the lapse of months could give final confirmation to the medical findings, Lady Flora was dead, her ailment having been aggravated by nervous tension and chagrin.—Ed.

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strawberries, and also to say that the Duke of Sussex intends asking us to dinner on the 4th of July. We are engaged at Lord Powerscourts, and how we shall manage it I know not. Mrs. S. says we must give up every other engagement for a *Royal invite*. What Mr. W. may say is another thing.

We have just returned [Tuesday, July 2nd] from a dinner at Mr. Ellices, a very superb house in Arlington St. on Green Park, the ceilings all richly carved and gilded with doors to suit, furniture beautiful, dinner elegant off of silver plates &c. The invited guests were Earl Grey and a single daughter, Lady Georgiana; Lady Durham and daughter (aged 19); Sir George Grey, a nephew, a man of fine talents, and an able orator in the House of Commons; Mr. & Mrs. E. Ellice, Jun., who live with the father—a very rich man, holds a great deal of property in America about Lake George and the little falls, married Earl Greys sister, who is dead—he is now a widower.

Earl Grey said to me, that he understood we meant to visit Scotland, and in so doing must make his house our home. Lockhart has sent us an invitation to breakfast or dinner, as may suit our pleasure, for the next week, and then offers when we visit the Falls of the Clyde to be our cicerone, and further, the hospitalities of his brothers house, which is near this scenery.

We went this morning to Richmond through Hammersmith, and over the suspension bridge across the

The Marchioness of Westminster.

Requests the Honor of

Mrs. Miss Webster. Miss Webster &
Miss Paget
company to a Ball on Thursday 20th June.

to have the Honor of meeting

Her Majesty

Queen's
House

Rock-Str.

A Mr. Cunard

Thames to the Surrey side: the drive agreeable, the country flat, but pretty. We went to the Star & Garter and left our vehicles—chariot and landau—and then visited Mrs. Austin, a very nice person; she accompanied us in our morning rambles on the terrace, where we had a fine view of the Thames. Lord Lansdowne has a fine retreat, and spends a few weeks there; the Park is pretty, a fine drive of six or seven miles—Richmond Park, I mean. We lunched at Mrs. Austins or dined, and came home through Bayswater.

On our return at 4 o'clock, we received a visit from the Bishop of Exeter, a very intelligent man, and also from a Mr. Cunard, who is interested in a line of steamers connected with Boston, Halifax and England; he is one of the principal men. A Mr. Lewis who married a niece of Capt. Thomas called upon us, a very intelligent man.

I forgot to state that Lord Denmore, Lord Palmerston and Lord Lansdowne were to have dined with us at Mr. Ellices, but were detained by a debate in the House of Lords. Mr. W. was there until after the hour of dining, but we were in season. Earl Grey had his order of the garter on his knee, and the star on his breast; he is a perfect sample of aristocracy, and a fine old gentleman.

Wednesday, July 3rd. Drove to Highgate and visited the Cemetery; the arrangement of the Tombs is very imposing. We saw the house in which Coleridge

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died, and in which he had resided for a number of years. It is a singular fact, that Coleridge on his first visit to this place, was so much pleased with it, that he chose it for his residence, and resided there till his death. Mr. W. went into the room in which he lived & died; it was quite small. We passed the residence of the Duke of St. Albans on our way, but being enclosed with a high wall, I could not get a glimpse of it.

We came home through Hampstead—a very beautiful drive—the roads good and the Lodges very beautiful.

We dined at Mrs. Seniors. Lord Glenelg dined with us, and several very nice persons: Mrs. Core & husband, she is a sister of Miss Coutts, & Mr. & Mrs. Curree, he is a M.P. & she a very pretty woman, were among them. We had a large party around the circular table and very pleasant, and in the evening a great party, at which we remained until 11 o'clock, and then went to Lady Corks, a strange person indeed, 94 years of age, with a perfect recollection of all things. Speaks not very distinctly and is a queer person in truth, she is a sister to Gen. Monckton, who fought on the plains of Abraham, with Gen. Wolfe; she has a literary circle about her—Milnes is her nephew. The house is very stylish—she had her Page in attendance. We saw Lady Stepney there, a relative of Lady Georgiana Fanes & Lady Westmoreland, and Jane Porter, a strange looking person in a black hat and feathers; she very politely spoke to me. At midnight

A Queer Person

or after we returned home. Lord Glenelg is a very talkative kind man apparently. I sat next to him at dinner. Julia has gone to ride with Mr. Senior this morning. To day we visit the Club-rooms & the National Gallery with Kenyon.

July 4th. We went with Mr. K. & Mr. Curtis, his brother in law, to see some of the Club Houses; the Travellers, Atheneum & United Service—the later Naval & Military—fine buildings. I expect to see Crockfords. We then went to the British Gallery and passed an hour or two; a private collection. Col. Head, Kenyon, Mr. Curtis & Mr. W. accompanied us. From there Col. Head took us to see some fine paintings in water colors, said to be entirely national—only in England—they want expression, I think. We then went to the “United Service” Museum for a short time—we had cards of admission from Miss Porter, but were at this time introduced by Col. Head. We came home at 5 o’clock, not a little wearied, and was then obliged in company with my husband to dress for a dinner at the Duke of Sussex.

Mrs. Stevenson sent her respects, and said she would call for us—we went in company. The company consisted of Lady Cecilia and His Royal Highness, Sydney Smith, Lord Nugent, Sir Arthur Paget, Mr. & Mrs. S. and three other persons whose names I do not recollect. The Duke honored Mrs. S. and Sir Arthur me: the Duke invited me to sit on his left. He

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was seated in a large easy chair, and all the honors of the table are paid to him first, he is helped to every thing, and then pays great attention to his guests. The dinner off of silver, pretty much as all the others—the plate on the side board rather more extensive. The Duke is quite a literary person, conversed on subjects of a grave order, but is a thorough radical and not very refined. Lady Cecilia is quite a modest person. I liked her much. The Duke drank my health in champagne and took from his *own* plate a fine Strawberry and said he feared he was exceeding all bounds of politeness in so doing, but prayed me to accept it. We left the dinner room nearly two hours before the gentlemen: the Duke smokes his segar always.

We were pleased with the palace—old fashioned low ceilings—fine mirrors. After dinner we went into Lady C. dressing room, all in state, and found every thing in nice order.

After leaving the palace we went to Mrs. Bates concert, a very crowded and elegant party—fine music. Lady Cecilia followed us and remained a short time. I saw Mrs. S. Wallace and the Greer party there. Gen. Devereux, who is blind, came up and spoke to me, and enquired after my noble parent. I saw also a Mr. Rogers, who was from the Continent; he said he had been at my *wedding* visit; he sails in the British Queen for America; I was quite pleased with him. Said one of my nephews had been in his country house—one of the Newbolds, he believed. Lady Cecilia in-

A Thorough Radical

vited me to come and see her some morning, and look at the Dukes portrait, taken by Rand, a Vermonter.

5th of July I did not go out. The Duke of Rutland called upon us, to say he hoped to have a visit from us in September; that after the 12th he will be at home, and desires we will visit him; an exceedingly polite person. He told me of the death of Lady Flora Hastings at Buckingham Palace, on the night of the 4th The Queen has gone to Windsor until the funeral is over.

Mr. Ellice also called, a very nice person, like him much. I felt quite ill all day yesterday, but had to make the exertion to dine with Mr. Justice Vaughan, who had given us a long invitation; he is a brother of Sir Charles. We met Lord Denman, Sir Henry Halford, Lord Chief Justice (Tindal), a nice person, Talford, commonly called Sargeant Talfourd, Lady Lyndhurst & Miss Copely. Lord L. was detained in the House of Lords and also Brougham, who were also to have been guests. Lady St. John is a very nice person. We came home early after coffee. I took Mr. W. to the House of Lords, where he remained until $\frac{1}{2}$ past two in the morning; the debate was on the Education Bill, and was introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Dowager Countess of Richmond remained as long as my husband and retired only upon the division being called, which obliged Mr. W. and all visitors to leave.

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We were invited through Lady Georgiana Wortley this morning [July 6th] to visit Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, but from certain reasons declined. We go at 3 o'clock to an exhibition or rather a preparatory one, a *Tournament*, which is to take place in Scotland at Lord Eglinton's in Sept.—invited by Lady G. Wortley.

Today we dine at home. I am truly glad. Sunday, 7th, dine with Mr. & Mrs. Bates quietly; they are very kind and attentive to us, I like much to go there. At half past four we drove to Lady Georgiana Wortley's to accompany her and Mr. W. to an exhibition of the tournament.

I cannot omit prefacing my remarks by describing a lovely little girl 5 years old that Lady Georgiana brought to the carriage for us to see; we all kissed the little creature, and she was then committed to the care of her nurse. We then sat forth for this exciting scene—three carriages—one with Lady G. & husband & three children & the other with her sister Lady H. Harrowb. We drove about two miles, somewhere in the region of Regent Park. I will still find out the location and describe it. On entering we found a crowd of vehicles, and with difficulty could make our way through the crowd, but finally succeeded. We obtained seats, or a standing, on a platform, but exposed to a very hot sun and directly in our eyes; we managed however to see all the fashionables, some literally in full dress.

Knightly Combat

To return to my impressions of the combat, I must acknowledge my disappointment. In the first place a half acre of ground, perhaps more, was enclosed with a slight railing; at one corner a tent was pitched, to protect the guests from the sun, at the opposite another for the use of the combatants. In the centre was a railway, truly speaking, and on it a figure clad in armour, braced as it were to resist the lance: this figure is advanced to the centre of the railway (which is about 20 yards in length) by the efforts of men pulling on ropes which are attached to it. On the left of this stands an image bidding defiance to the lance, at which the riders strike at in going round the course, and some succeeded in prostrating it. It was then put up again and the running renewed. The centre figure is approached in a straight line and the lance is wielded, and as often strikes the reverse as across the throat.

Lord Craven was very successful, and also Capt. Meynard, who was a fine rider and extremely graceful in the use of the lance. Louis Napoleon was there as one of the warriors, Lascelles another, and one Knight with his visor down, no one knew him, and he intends to remain unknown until after the great event is over. The Herald made a conspicuous figure in his attire, and boldly announced the fight by his bugle.

Lord Eglington who is the promoter of this Tournament was present. I saw him at a distance, at least supposed I did; he was pointed out to me. I expected

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to have seen horse and rider clothed in armour. A line of attendants were in advance of us. It is expected to cost Lord E. 20,000 pounds or \$100,000.

Sunday Evening. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine this morning we went to Westminster Abbey to go to church in the Abbey with Mr. & Mrs. Milman; we arrived there just in season; Mr. Milman preached for us, and gave a good practical sermon; the service was similar to that of the Queens Chapel. A very full church. We sat in the centre of the church, in the Choir as it is called. The Chapel of Henry 7th was beyond us: the whole scene imposing beyond description; the communion service was performed, and I was asked to remain for it, but did not feel authorised, as I feared to detain Mr. W. & Julia. Mrs. P. did not go, went to the Opera the evening before and was too much fatigued; she was attended by Capt. Stockton and Mr. Corbin. Julia came home before the dancing. I did not go.

We lunched at one today & saw Mr. Green & Mrs. Amory; and then at half past two went to St. Pauls by invitation from Sydney Smith. He met us at the north entrance and showed us to his pew in the gallery. Mrs. Villiers was there. She said that Mr. Ticknor had written to her about us; we formed an acquaintance. Mrs. Grote was there; and Mr. W. and Mr. Watson sat side by side in the church. (Trinity, Boston, he preached in, and came once for a short

Contretemps

time during repairs of the church.) Sydney Smith gave us an excellent sermon, on a liberal scale.

We then came home and I expected to dine with Mrs. Bates. Mr. W. first made the engagement for himself and us, through a solicitation from Mr. B. requesting us whenever we were disengaged to come and dine with them, but after this engagement we met Lady Lyndhurst, who regretted for her husband, that he had been unable to see us, and asked if we would come on Sunday. I declined as I preferred Mrs. B's. and Mr. W. said he would go; and wrote Mr. B. to that effect; but still some wide mistake seemed to prevail for Mr. & Mrs. B. told Mr. W. to ask me to come there in the evening. He had only gone there for the purpose of ascertaining the dinner hour and explaining the reason why, after promising to dine with them, he had made another engagement. We were all dressed on his return and no dinner ordered: were obliged to ring and request the favor of a dinner, which we got at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven or eight, an amusing mistake it appears to me.

Tuesday Morning. Last evening we went to C. Bul-
lers, where Mr. W. dined, I declined; saw Danl
O'Connell & Shiel, two distinguished characters.
Miss Sedgwick was there; we remained but for a short
time and then went to Lord Broughams. A great party
—fine house, and all the fashionable in the higher
circles there. Lady Georgiana was there and very

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polite; introduced all the great folks to me. Lady Brougham is not a particularly fascinating person, and the daughter of Lord B. has a disease of the heart and looks most forbidingly, her complexion a copper colour and her lips black. Lord B. I learn is very much devoted to her. We saw Mr. & Mrs. Amory there. Wednesday Evening we go to Prince Easterhazys to a concert.

Dine to day with Mrs. Coutts, Mrs. Paige and myself.—12 o'clock. Mr. W. Mrs. P. and myself have returned home in perfect astonishment at the magnificence of our dinner, and the house was truly splendid. Miss Coutts lives in this house herself. Her father & mother (Sir Francis Burdett & Lady) live elsewhere. She is a fine ladylike woman, modest and retiring; dinner service of plate, and the sideboard was decorated with every article of use & beauty. We were received on entering in the reception room below and dined in the adjoining room. Our guests were Lord Grey and daughter, Lady Georgiana, Lord Templeton, two of her bankers, her aunt Lady Langham, Sir Martin Shee, a distinguished artist, Miss S. & Miss Meredith who lives with her, Miss Rogers, Mr. Harness and one or two others. After dinner we retired to a suite of rooms above stairs; they were fine, superb indeed, furnished with every thing that was costly and grand, and arranged in perfect taste. There was a gold ewer & basin, and boxes for toilette, mirrors in numbers, and every thing that can be thought of;

Dolci & Dow

paintings, a statue of Mr. Coutts by Chantry, and of Lady Coutts in portrait and miniature from whom she inherited her immense wealth.

We had a party in the evening. Philips a fine singer, Potter the pianoist & Miss Sedgwick and her two nieces were present; we had a nice time. Mr. W. has promised to lunch there on Friday—he seems quite smitten with her, she is so calm & modest, not handsome, but very ladylike—one of the most pleasant dinner parties that we have been at in London. Miss Sedgwick leaves for the continent on Thursday. To-morrow we breakfast with Lockhart.

[Wednesday, July 10th.] We had a very pleasant walk in the garden, which is in common to a large range of buildings on Regents Park. Lord Mahon, Lord Ashley, the Misses Alexander, Mr. & Mrs. Milman & sister, Miss Cochell, Miss Rodger, and several other persons were present. After breakfast walked for some time and then came home. Went to see some paintings, among them where six of the Ceasars by Titian; the other six have not yet been found, no trace of them as yet. Also a Carlo Dolci & Gerard Dow, the subject between them a display of the Royal family in Holland, on some Gala Day. We were invited to look at them by Mr. Brett.

Last evening Prince Esterhazy gave a concert. We drove in the Park until near seven & then came home,

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left Julia with Mr. Senior; she was on horseback. Mrs. P. and myself dined alone. Mr. W. with Lord Brougham. After dinner I was very tired and threw myself on some chairs, and slept until the hour arrived for our going to this great fete. Mr. W. returned from dinner and awoke me: I was greatly concerned at my disappointment. Julia & Mrs. P. went, but were not much pleased.

This morning, Thursday, 11th, Mrs. P. & myself were both ill, and were not able to go to Mr. Har- nesses to breakfast. Julia & Mr. W. have just re- turned; the former says she was the only lady. We have now two leisure days before we go to Mrs. Clay's on Saturday. I am truly thankful.

On Saturday, July 13th, at 11 o'clock, we left our lodgings at the Brunswick Hotel, and arrived at Mrs. Clays about 2 o'clock. It is a pretty place on a branch of the *Coln* river, a mere stream. The House, which is in a pretty style and recently fitted up, was origi- nally one of the shooting lodges of James 1st. Mr. & Mrs. Clay & Temple Bowdin (son) received us very hospitably—the day was lovely. We were rec'd in the library, a custom peculiar to England, and never go into the sitting room or drawing room until after dinner. We lunched & then Mr. Clay, Mrs. P. & my- self in one carriage, Mr. W., Julia, Mr. Bowdin and the elder daughter (a girl of sixteen) in another, drove to Hampton Court, through Bushy Park. A

Sarah's Cottage

very interesting drive; saw some extremely fine Chestnut trees—passed the house in which the Dowager Queen Adelaide resides. The Govmt. give her the house, and keep it in repair—she is also allowed one hundred thousand pounds a year. In Queen Annes time, the Duchess of Marlborough (Sarah as she was called) asked for a small piece of ground to build a cottage upon, and the great house or palace, in which Queen Adelaide resides, is what she called her cottage.

The outer quadrangle of Hampton Court was built by Cardinal Woolsey, the one within the second court by William & Mary. In these buildings are *two thousand rooms*. We walked through galleries, presence chambers, Audience rooms, the Queens boudoire and many others, many of which were filled with paintings by the old masters: we saw the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael, purchased by Rubens for Charles 1st and before his death pledged by him to the Dutch Govmt., and redeemed afterwards by Cromwell. We saw the bedsteads & furniture belonging to William & Mary, Queen Anne, George the 1st & 2nd; also two original pictures of Queen Elizabeth, one taken in childhood and the other in mature age; also a painting, or rather a portrait [of] Sir Jeffrey Hudson the dwarf, spoken of in Scots novel of “Peveril of the Peak.”

We then walked to see the famous grape vine, which yields nearly a *ton* of fruit annually. We then went through the Orangery, and also Queen Marys

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bower. The trees which form it are elms; it is very pretty and about a hundred or two yards in extent. There are sixty families of the reduced nobility, who by permission of the Queen have their suites of rooms in this palace. Every Sunday a band of music plays there, and throngs frequent the walks; every class are allowed to enter, a recent law having passed to that effect. The pictures are not seen on that day.

We returned and dined at Mr. Clays at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven; met Mr. & Mrs. Stewart, he a M.P. and a radical, Mr. & Mrs. Murray, Arthur Buller, the Curate of Twickenham, Napleton (his name) and two others. The company all retired about eleven to their respective homes; we remained. Mrs. Clay sang & played for us. The little boys played on violins and the daughter on the harp. After the guests had gone, we had a bottle of porter and a sandwich, which I did not partake of. I went into the Billiard room and saw Mr. Buller & Bowdin play for a little while and then retired.

Sunday, July 14th. Breakfasted at 10 o'clock, a cold rainy day. Julia and myself went to church at Twickenham & heard the *Vicar* preach a sermon; not a very eloquent man. Saw Popes monument. Returned home through a heavy shower—had a lunch of which I did not partake but sat in my room, reading and writing, until half past six, when we dined. Several gentlemen present: Messrs. Parker, Ewer, Strult,

To Oxford

Stowe and a number of others. At 9 o'clock we bade adieu to Mrs. Clay and her little group (eight children, six daughters & two sons) and arrived in London at eleven o'clock at night. I must not omit to say, that we did not see Popes Villa or Strawberry Hill—Horace Walpoles residence.

Monday, 15th. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten sat out for Oxford, with post horses—the country beautiful. We stopped at Beaconsfield and saw in the church there the monument of Edmund Burke, who died in 1797. We also saw Wallers tomb, who died in 1664. I believe the most interesting country was between this and Wycombe—beautiful vallies under full cultivation. The county of Buckinghamshire is undulating, indeed hilly. We lunched at high Wickham 23 miles from Oxford, at which place we arrived at six, and took tea only, as we lunched very heartily. Took lodgings at the Angel Hotel in the vicinity of the colleges. Mr. W. and Julia have walked out. We hope Mr. Kenyon will join us to morrow evening.

Tuesday, 16th. We sat out about 10 or half past with our guide, to visit the colleges, twenty three in number, including halls. We visited Christs College. Magdalene, New College and the Theatre, which are considered most worthy of notice. Each building forms a quadrangle; and the Chapels, painted windows and statues and monuments are very ancient.

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The picture gallery and library are very extensive. Mr. W., Julia & myself walked through the garden of New College and saw a part of the ancient Roman Wall which surrounds the garden; it is in a fine state of preservation. Some of the pictures are very fine, all of which are by the old Artists.

We were opposite the Queens College where the Agricultural dinner was given [Wednesday, 17th]. Lord Spencer presiding and Mr. Handly, Secy. We were invited to go to the *Provosts* (Dr. Knose) to see the tables, and did so—saw the chair & spot where Mr. W. was to sit, fourth from Lord Spencer: he made a speech and I heard Mr. Harcourt son of the Archbishop of York say, that it gave *entire satisfaction*.* Sir John Johnson and Mr. Handly came in during the evening. Dr. Bliss carried us over to the Provosts house, where we were very politely rec^d, but as we had just returned from Blenheim, we excused ourselves, and returned to our lodgings with Mr. Kenyon, to get some dinner & dress, as we were covered with dust. We did not return to hear the speeches, as we feared intruding, but were very agreeably entertained

* “. . . I am sure that the civilized world would hold your country and my country to a very strict account if, without very plain and apparent reason, deeply affecting the independence and great interests of the nation, any controversy between them should have other than an amicable issue.”—Mr. W.’s brief remarks at the Royal Agricultural Society luncheon were the whole of his public discourse while abroad.—Ed.

Mr. W. Speaks

by Mr. Kenyon, who is a very social, intelligent man.

The throng immense in Oxford & at our Hotel; we paid ten shillings for each individuals bed, \$2 50 our money, and a bill of nearly one hundred dollars from Monday evening until Wednesday morning. Servants bad. Oxford University next door to us, the Collegians all absent, it being vacation, which lasts until Oct. Oxford a pretty place. Saw the Thames or Isis river, where the students have rowing matches, with their barges. Addisons walk is very beautiful; it is three quarters of a mile in length, with oaks on each side. Oxford is covered with Colleges, or, as the Emperor of Russia (Alexander) said, with Palaces. The external of these Edifices very beautiful: they are of the Saxon style with round arches not pointed like the Gothic. All the gardens are neatly and beautifully arranged, and each college has its own resources & government, and not connected one with the other.

The entrance to Oxford over the bridge & the Charwell river, is very imposing, and it is a delightful place, and at any other time, with less confusion, we should have been doubly interested. We combined a double interest, however. Mr. W. was enabled to see the Yeomanry of England, and their cattle and implements of farming. I have not said half as much as I desire but it would occupy more time and space than I have.

Mr. W., Julia and myself walked all the afternoon, and saw all we could of these noble colleges. Mrs. P.

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remained at home to write her journal. We took an open carriage and drove to Blenheim a distance of seven miles, with Mr. Kenyon for our guide. The drive there was pretty and the house altho' in a decaying state, is a fine place. The present Duke of Marlborough has limited means, and the grounds are in bad order; he has summer apartments fitted up in fine style in the Basement, and his own private garden is very tastefully arranged. It is situated on a high bluff, which slopes down to an artificial lake, three miles in extent, the part he sees pretty, and the other covered with weeds and stagnant water. The bridge across this lake is said to be a fair representation of the *Rialto* at Venice. The Park is very fine and the trees are still beautiful, but the grass is not like that which we have seen in others.

We walked around and saw every thing, and were taken through the house: the vestibule or hall, very handsome—walls hung with family portraits & fine pictures, the ceiling frescoed: some of the rooms have paintings, and the walls of two of them are hung with the Goblin tapestry in fine order; the colors are still very brilliant, the design historical. The Library is superb—it contains seventeen thousand volumes, and a very fine statue of Queen Anne. The room is very long, with a gallery of the most beautiful carved woods where the books are all arranged in book cases, with stairs to ascend to it.

The Titian room we did not visit, as Mr. K. said

Not for Ladies

they were not genuine, and the subject not suited to ladies: the subject is the "Loves of the Gods" I believe. The China room we omitted as not worth seeing—everything else we saw. Woodstock is a village of some size, but nothing remarkable: the furniture in the palace not very handsome. The property, after the death of the present Duke, goes to his children; it is very large. He is restricted, as his father found he did not value, or expend his money judiciously. He works in his own garden daily, and is a man of 73 years. Blenheim was given to the Duke of Marlborough and Sarah, his wife, by Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne.

Of all the Halls in Oxford, that of Christ Church is decidedly the finest: this college is chiefly dedicated to the nobility. Addison was educated at the Magdalen; we passed the room he occupied. Charles Fox was also educated there. Sir Charles Vaughan's fellowship is in All Souls College, he was educated at Merten.

18th, Thursday Morning. We left Oxford for Windsor—a rainy day, at least showering. After a drive of 13 miles we reached Wallingford, where we remained two hours awaiting fresh post horses, before we could proceed. After the horses arrived we proceeded through a very interesting country, until we arrived at Reading. I ought to mention, that after we left Oxford about five miles, we passed the Archbishop of

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York's lodge, and were invited to make a call but had not time.—After arriving at Reading at the Inn, Mr. Kenyon rec^d a note from Miss Mitford, inviting us to come to her house and dine or lunch—but we were all tired and hungry and preferred to lunch at the Inn, and did so; a very nice place and civil persons. Mr. K. drove in the inside of the coach all day, and recited Wordsworths poems, and tried to impress us with their extreme beauties—he is a very delightful travelling companion.

We left Reading, a place not particularly striking, for *three miles cross*, and visited Miss Mitford. Found her father, aged 73, and herself living together; were rec^d in her little garden, in the midst of her geraniums, for which she has a peculiar passion. She gave one to Mrs. P. or a cutting from it, which she had christened “Dan. W.”; has promised to send me garden seeds, &c. &c. She lives in a small “hut” quoting Mr. Kenyons authority, but seems happy and rec^d us very hospitably: she looks care worn; has recently rec’d from Govt. a stipend of one hundred pounds. She gave us fruit and wine—we made her a visit of an hour, I should think. Passed through the scenery she describes, and which she deserves credit for, as the country itself did not interest me: it is a wild plain, at least overgrown with weeds.

We then continued on to Windsor forest, taking all the cross roads which we passed through. Byngfield where *Popes* father lived, and where he spent a great

Windsor

deal of his time. The drive through these lanes was beautiful; they were richly cultivated & the fields like our prairies, covered with barley, &c. &c. We at last reached Windsor Park, and drove through it—saw the monument of George the 3rd, mounted . . . at the head of a long walk as *they* call it—3 miles in extent facing the Castle. This *road* as I call it, is at least 300 feet wide, and as smooth as driving over a floor, and on each side of you the finest oaks. The Park is well stocked with Deer, and they are continually presenting themselves to view: the whole scene was truly beautiful. The Castle is a noble edifice. We arrived at the Castle Inn at 9 o'clock—took our tea and retired, very comfortable.

Today, 19th July, we visited the Castle. A very unusual day—so cold and such a high wind—but notwithstanding all we walked on the Terrace first, and saw the view from it: the Thames-Datchet Mead where the scenes of the Merry Wives of Windsor were laid, and was told of the Hearn's Oak, where Falstaff met the three witches, or was told he would see them. We looked upon Eaton College or school: saw the Kitchen Garden of the Queen, a strip only, which runs three miles around. We, after looking at the external interests of the Castle and Grounds, were carried to the private apartments of the Queen—first the corridor, where hung an innumerable number of pictures—Sir Thomas Lawrences portraits—fine Busts

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—cabinets of Ebony, and every thing that could be considered interesting. We were then carried through a train of apartments, splendidly and tastefully arranged. Saw all the apartments of the Queen's Mother (Duchess of Kent), the Royal Dining room—breakfast rooms for the Lords & Ladies in waiting—the dressing rooms, writing rooms, morning sitting rooms, drawing rooms, dining rooms &c. &c. The tapestry in the rooms of the Duchess was beautiful. The Queen's own bedroom not shown by her direction, all else we saw: her private terrace and garden which lies below, and which is surrounded by a wall so high that no one can see her, and subterranean passages where she can walk and be private—her green house and orangery &c. &c. very pretty.

We then went into the State apartments & were carried through with a *mixed herd*, by a guide who had no discrimination, and who treated us very cavalierly. We saw all the apartments, however—the two rooms hung with tapestry, sent by Charles 10th to George the 4th, very beautiful: the Audience-room, Presence-chamber, Dining-hall, Ball-room, Armoury-room, the Knights of the Garter Hall, where the Grand Duke of Russia was recently entertained by a dinner given by the Queen, in this Banqueting Hall, just before we arrived. We then came home, very tired having walked and stood four hours. We found an invitation from Dr. Hawtrey, the head-master of Eton College or School, for us to dine at six with him,

Dead and Etherial

as he had given to us the day, as he said, expecting us. We accepted.

In the mean time lunched, and then returned to the Castle to see the Round Tower, went to the top of it, had a fine view—mounted two hundred and fifty steps: saw every point of the Castle to great advantage. Wyattville, the Architect, occupies Winchester Tower—the west end. We saw Lord Melbourne's tower, when he visited the Castle; our guide said it was usually called the Devils Tower. The plate we did not see, with the exception of the wine-cooler of gold; it is of gigantic size—was made by Rundell & Bridge for George the 4th, and cost ten thousand pounds.

We then visited St. Georges Chapel, in which is a beautiful monument of Queen Charlotte*; she is represented as dead, covered with a sheet and four *mourners* at each corner. The figures are very just. Then the Princess is represented as Etherial and on one side is her mother, on the other the nurse, holding the infant; she died in childbed. The interior of the Chapel is very chaste. Many of the Royal Family are buried in it, among whom are Georges 2nd & 3rd, William the 4th and the Princess Charlotte; the

* Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent. As heiress-presumptive to the throne of England, she was married in 1816 to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Kendal, who afterwards became the first King of the Belgians, "the Nestor of Europe." Charlotte's death occurred within a year of their marriage, leaving the ultimate succession to her cousin, Victoria.—Ed.

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painted windows are beautiful. Wyatville has rebuilt the Towers and added others, all in the same good taste as the ancient ones.

After seeing *all* that was to be enjoyed, we returned home, and were glad to rest for short time, as we had to dress for dinner at Dr. Hawtreys at six. We left our lodgings at $\frac{1}{2}$ past five, to enable us to take a drive on the Thames a mile or two, to have a fine view of the Castle. We arrived at the house of our host in good time, and found his sister; and Mr. Coleridge, one of the teachers in the College, came there to dine also, and two young men who had been scholars at Eton school. We had a very pleasant day, a very genteel dinner, and the Dr. a very nice person: he presented Mr. W. with a book called the *Trifolia* of his own translation, three languages, Latin, Greek & English, into Italian—transposed them. We remained there until 10 o'clock and then came home much gratified with our company and dinner.

We go this morning [July 20th] to visit Eton college and the Library and at twelve we leave for London. Mr. W. engaged to dine with the Marquis of Lansdowne. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock we drove to Dr. Hawtreys' agreeably to promise—found the Dr. and his sister in the garden. They met us very cordially, and we accompanied them to the Eton College or School, and saw the room in which Dr. H. presides—the walls all cut in with names of the pupils. G. Canning, C.

The Playing-Fields

Foxe. We saw all the boys playing in the Eaton grounds—five hundred or more, from the age of ten to eighteen. The Dr. left us after the boys entered the school-room, as did also Mr. Coleridge, another master. We saw the Chapel, but did not enter it, as there was nothing very remarkable to be seen in it.

We then went with Miss Hawtrey and visited the *Provost*, a man of eighty (Dr. Goodhill) of fine appearance and very intellectual. He said he had been in the school from 1769, and that he had “vegetated” there for seventy years—he had for a few years out of that time been in Kings College Cambridge. He has now retired and enjoys a pension. He rec^d us most graciously, and carried us through all his apartments, and pointed out the portraits of his early pupils, the Duke of Wellington, Hallam and others. He carried us into the Eaton library and showed us compositions of some of the distinguished Statesmen who had been instructed under him. G. Canning for instance, whose talent for Latin exceeded anyone that he had ever had any knowledge of—the most versatile taste & finest scholar. Dr. G. was full of talk, and so bright and gentlemanly as one could desire—talked without hesitation and in truth was so entertaining we had finally to tare ourselves away, as Mr. W. had an engagement at a certain hour to dine in London with Lord Lansdowne at ½ past 7.

He showed us a number of old books: his wife a nice person: while there Lord Baybrook came in—he

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had three sons at school and had breakfast with them—he politely invited Mr. W. myself and party to visit him when we went to Cambridge, which we promised to do. Quite an agreeable person. The Dr. showed us Jane Shore, and said he hoped we would not be shocked—she had a veil to cover her. It was a . . . truly. This was the finest painting ever taken of her—the artist unknown. We then bade adieu! to him and his lady: he shook us all by the hand, and told my husband he esteemed the visit a great honor from him.

Dr. Hawtrey met us at the library door, and we all then parted, and jumped into our coach and proceeded to the Virginia Water. At the lodge we got out and walked two miles around to what is called the Wheat Sheaff Tavern and again met our carriage. This lake is very pretty. King George the 4th & William were both great lovers of sport, and visited this place a great deal—it is a part of Windsor Park. We saw boats and a small “man of war” anchored in the lake. The fish & boat house is a pretty gothic building, and the cottages for those who have the care of the park, are very neat and pretty. We visited an old ruin, at least saw columns and statues which were supposed to have come from the ruins of Athens, all placed in irregular order, as if they had always stood where we saw them, & been a part of an old Abbey or Castle—the effect was good. They were regularly built up by some Artists who had imitated some ruin. We passed under an arch or bridge & there found a continuation

Imitation Ruins

of marble columns—the others were granite. We stopped a few minutes and took a biscuit and glass of *beer* & then continued on to London, a very pretty drive.

We passed through Egham Park, Staines and Brentford and arrived in London about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before dinner. Parted with Mr. Kenyon; he has invited us to dine with him to morrow at 7 o'clock. Saturday, July 20th: returned to London half an hour before four o'clock, in the evening.

Sunday evening, July 21st. This day rec^d a long and affectionate letter from my dear brother Daniel and a P.S. from his wife, by the Liverpool & brought to us through Mr. Armour of Montreal, an old acquaintance. I have just returned from Mr. Kenyon's where Mr. W., Mrs. P., Julia and myself have been dining. The other guests were: the brother of our host, who has just come from Vienna, Mr. Joliff, a clergyman, Capt. Jones, and Mr. P——, an Italian, a nice person. The company & dinner excellent—his establishment a delightful one, and he a liberal gentlemanly man. He wants us to pass another day with him, before we go to Scotland.—11 o'clock Sunday night. I have not been to church to day. Drove to Chelsea and in the Park, between four & six. Mr. Senior & Floyd breakfasted with us. Julia was to ride with Mr. Senior, but the rain will prevent her. Mr. W., Mrs. P. and Julia have gone to the House of Lords. I have been

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at home writing all day, to go by the Liverpool on the 1st of August, as we leave for Southampton on Saturday, and fear we shall not be back in time to write then.

July 29th. Since I last wrote in my journal, I have been ill with the rheumatism—have been at home for a week. Drove out yesterday for the first time (Sunday). Mrs. P. & Julia went on Saturday to the Duke of Wellington's to look at his house with Lady Georgiana Fane. I did not or Mr. W., but the Duke remained at home expecting Mr. W. He therefore called yesterday and left a card. Mrs. P. & Julia dined at Sir Henry Halford's & Lady Georgiana Fane's without me. Mr. W. and myself invited to dine with the Queen on Monday the 5th of August. We shall not leave for Scotland until next week—so many engagements.

Wednesday, 31st. Rain for the last week. I have not been out of the house since Sunday, drove then in Hyde Park for an hour with Mr. W. Yesterday (Tuesday) Mr. W., Julia & Mrs. P. dined with Mrs. Jaudon, I did not. The Robinsons were there. Evening, went for an hour to Mr. Roger's. To night we go to a Concert at the Duke of Wellingtons. I go with fear and trembling, fearing I may increase my rheumatism—shall wear my camels-hair shawl. Mr. Patterson of N.Y. came with Mr. Duer yesterday to see us—he is a widower—married Miss Ellis—thinks he shall reside in this country.

Field Marshall
The Duke of Wellington
Music, Wednesday, July 31st
Half-past Ten o'clock

Mr Wm Weston
Mus Director

Apsley House

August 1st. Mr. W. dined with Lord & Lady Holland yesterday and met the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia Underwood, Lord Say and Sele, Lord Mostyn,* Lord Dinorben—a new created Lord, and the other also, marked with an asterisk—Lord & Lady Hill (Marcus), Sir Charles Metcalf, Sir Charles Guest & Lady Charlotte, Col. Fox & Mrs Fox, & Mr. Allen.

At 11 o'clock returned to our lodgings and then went to the Duke of Wellingtons Concert. Fine music & great company. Was introduced to the Duke of Cambridge & Duchess of Gloucester, widowed sister of the Dukes. To Sir Robert Peel also I was introduced; he invited me to visit him in Staffordshire; his wife he observed was now there. The Duke's house large, but in a very superb style to my taste. In the concert room seven large windows, and closed at night with mirrors. The wall hung with yellow satin & pictures—fine busts in the room, and a full length statue of Napoleon by Canova at the foot of the stairs.

I met Lord Brougham and Lady there, which I did not expect. Sir Francis Burdett I was introduced to. Miss Coutts was there—introduced to Lady Warncliffe—returned home about two in the morning. The first time out in a week or more. Met Mr. Patterson and the Robinsons also.

To *day fine*, sun out once more.—Thursday evening, went to the Opera; took a *box*, five guineas. Invited

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Mr. Corbin to go with us—Mrs. P., Julia & myself. Mr. W. dined with the Fishmongers. Duke of Sussex presided. Mr. W. went from the dinner to the House of Commons—did not get home until one. I came home from the Opera before the close: “Lucia de Lammermore” & the “Gipsey.” Persiana the only female voice. The Queen had ordered “Puritane” but Grissi too sent a certificate from the Dr. saying she could not sing. I saw the Ellsers dance, and was perfectly shocked; such a tall woman, *one* I do not think graceful. Fanny the younger more so, but too bold; both made a *great display*. The Queen was there—her Mother and maids of honor—Queen Dowagers box full. The Duke & Duchess of Cambridge in their box also. A very full and fashionable house.

Called and left cards for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Duchess of Gloucester, Duke & Duchess of Cambridge. Miss Coutts came to see us this morning & her friend Miss Meredith, a long visit—invited me to come there on Monday, but engaged to the Queens. Mr. W. dined at Lord & Lady Broughams again to day. We named our own day to meet the Countess of Clanricarde, only daughter of G. Canning—her husband Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg—but I was so lame from rheumatism and exposure to the Duke of W. and the Opera—I had to send a long note written by myself, of regrets. I never have suffered more than with this horrible rheumatism.

Perfectly Shocked

To day warm and lovely, 2nd August. Dined with Mrs. Bates. We all went to the "Kensall Green Cemetery." Yesterday went to see the Panoramas of Ancient and Modern Rome—the painting not a fine one—but still it gives a good idea of the famous City of Rome. We then went to see the Panorama of Malta—a very fine painting—a noble appearance on entering the Bay—these walls of wine stores—Churches—dwelling houses, all in a mass. I scarcely saw a spot of verdure. We saw the ships all manned, flags flying (one American) in compliment to Queen Adelaide, who was in one of the Barges. She was on a visit to Malta for her health, & was very kindly rec^d and much benefited. The view of Malta is taken just on entering the harbor, which, when once in, forms a crescent, I should say; a high rock. We saw a vessel fitted with Turkish Pilgrims going to Mecca.

This evening Mrs. Jaudon's carriage stopped at our door, and Mrs. Robinson & one daughter in another with Mr. Rush, Attaché. Some doubts expressed as to Mrs. Jaudon's carriage awaiting at our door, and Julia appealed to me. I said they were calling upon some one, & not us, or they would come in. Mrs. Paige came into the room, opens the window and begins to talk out of it to them—then went to the other, and talks to the Robinsons, upon which Miss R. enquired if Miss Webster would not like to go to Vauxhall. Julia, unwilling to go herself upon such an invitation, declined, & then Mrs. R. said Mrs. Paige, will you

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go, to which Mrs. P. assented, and went. We shall take some other opportunity. But I have enjoyed a quiet talk with Julia at Home without going to a party—or any place of amusement. Mrs. P. and Julia went to see Mrs. D. Bates this morning at Fenton Hotel; she embarks this evening for Hamburg on her way to Russia. She has been here about ten days.

August, Saturday, 3rd. A lovely day, out visiting and shopping, returned at four to dine early, to accommodate Mr. Senior, who was going to Richmond, and wanted Julia to accompany him, but she was engaged to Miss Rogers. Mr. W. & myself dined with Miss Rogers at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. Lord & Lady Holland, Mr. Allen, a Miss Moore (who travels with Miss R.) and Mr. Rogers were of the party. Julia and Mrs. P. came in the evening; Lady Chatterton & husband, Mr. Kenyon &c. &c. I remained until near eleven. Mr. & Mrs. Milman were also there. Lady Holland invited me to go to Haymarket Theatre with her, to the Queens box, to see a new comedy of great interest; she was very polite to me. She said she should look out for me on my return trip from Scotland.

Sunday, 4th. Invited to go to the Archbishops at Lambeth Palace to witness the ordination of two Bishops to be sent to the Colonies. Invited by the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia (Ingliss), but Mr. W. could not go—had business with Mr. Bates. Julia & myself invited

Royal Dinner Party

to lunch at Mrs. Bloomfields, sister of the late Mrs. Horsley Palmer, who has died since I came here. Mrs. Bates came and sat an hour with me, after seeing Miss Rogers off for Antwerp in the Packet.

At 4 we all drove by appointment to the Zoological Garden to meet Lady Georgiana Fane, with Lady Charlotte Somerset. Mr. W., Mrs. P. & Julia went into the Garden, I declined and drove alone for one hour & a half, to Primrose hill, St. Johns Wood Barracks, Stanhope Terrace. Saw several pretty Swiss Cottages—Marquis of H——d seat in Regent's Park. Had a delightful drive, met the Queen in her carriage and four & her attendants, all in state. Mr. W. met Lord Douglass, a Scottish Peer who is said to be addressing the *Queen*. Mr. Murray, Duke & Duchess of Cambridge & the little Princess Mary, 6 years old, conversed with her. We dined at home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7: Mr. Kenyon in the evening to see us and arrange our route to [Wales] and Scotland.

August 5th. Packing up. Dine with her Majesty. I leave at 9 o'clock in the morning for Coventry &c. &c.

12 o'clock Midnight. I have just returned from the Palace in the American Minister's Chariot, with himself and wife. Went to the palace punctually at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. Entered the saloon, found several ladies, also Lord Normanby, Col. Butler, and others whose names I cannot now remember. The American Minister called at our door, and we went in company, each in

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our chariots. After ten minutes the Queen enters with the Marchioness of Normanby and her train; we took a favorable position and, as soon as she entered, rose from our seats. She salutes each one very gracefully. Asked the A. Minister to hand her in to dinner. The Lord Chamberlan (Uxbridge) following with Lady Cowper. Lord Cowper sat on one side of the Queen. A band of music playing National Airs all the time. I followed with Lord Belfast and sat between Lord Uxbridge and him, had a very delightful time, both very agreeable. The latter said he would be glad to get me a seat in the Queens box, at the Theatre, if I would go to-morrow night, or any other evening. Also said he would write to the Marquis of Angleasy, if we went in his neighborhood, to make our acquaintance, on our route to Wales. I believe Duchess of Kent handed in by Lord Normanby, Mr. W. followed alone I believe, and sat next but one to the foot of the table—two distinguished persons on each side of him.

The party consisted of about 30. Table furniture gold and silver plates—a superb dinner, not at all formal. The Queen conversed across the table with Lord Palmerston. The room full of mirrors, fine paintings, side tables covered with gold. About ten minutes before leaving the Queens health proposed, ladies and gentlemen all rise, she sits and bows to us: the best of the joke I forgot to sip mine until a second before I sat down. The Queen rises and we all follow. She passes through for about ten minutes—then returns,

Every Convenience

and then the Duchess who conversed with us in her absence retires. Her Majesty laughed and talked with perfect ease, with me—said Julia was not my own child: spoke of the manner of spelling Mrs. P.'s name, and the singular titles given her, such as a *Widow*, Miss P., &c. &c. Hoped I would come back to London.

She then retired, and told her maid of honor (Miss Murray) to ask Mrs. Webster to go up stairs. I did so out of curiosity; was shown a grand room, the maid of honor standing outside the door awaiting me. There was every convenience, a looking-glass door & one side of the room all looking-glass, state chairs &c. I washed my hands to show that I knew the use of the scented water and napkins and then left the room. We were returning, when the Duchess of Kent came along; we waited until she had passed on, & then followed.

When the Queen stands, every one must, but I became very tired. The coffee was introduced as soon as we entered the drawing rooms. The Queen sent to the gentlemen. The Queen requested again the gentlemen might be sent for, and told Lady Normanby to send a Page—but she replied they are coming slowly. The Queen *half rose* and looked and said *yes*, give them a little grace and laughed at the ceremony of coffee drinking through the mirror doors; when they entered she rose and talked with Lord Holland, and then with my husband.

At 10 o'clock, a small evening party. Mrs. P. &

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Julia invited through Lady Georgiana & went. Julia danced in the Queens cotillion. I left after the Queens first dance, with Mrs. Stevenson, as I was very tired. Mr. W. and the ladies came home about one—a very splendid party. I like the Queen much—she has fine spirits, laughed and was very animated. When Lady Fox & the Duke of Cambridge & family entered, she kissed them. I had a very pleasant time.—I find an invitation from Lord Eglington to the Tournament ball &c. &c. We leave to-morrow, meant to, at 9 o'clock, but this ball of the Queens obliged the ladies to unpack.

Left London at $\frac{1}{2}$ past one [August 6th] for the Birmingham Depot—put our carriage on the rail way and sat in it, a distance of 94 miles, until we reached Coventry at eight o'clock in the evening. A very fatiguing days journey, stopped so often. Not the finest and most expeditious cars, as we could not leave early enough to take them. At Coventry we put up at the "Craven Arms," a very indifferent hotel, by the by; they were in great confusion, painting, but very civil.

This morning, 7th, we sallied out in Coventry after breakfast, and walked to St. Michael Church, the spire 303 feet high. The exterior of the church very large 334 ft in depth and 130 ft wide, a fine edifice. We then went to St. Mary's Hall erected in the time of Henry 6th; we saw while there a curious piece of

The Lord Steward is commanded
by Her Majesty to invite

Mr & Mrs Parker

to Dinner on Monday the 5th August
exactly a Clock precisely

Buckingham Palace 24 July

Rich^d D. Esq

Kenilworth

tapestry, representing Henry 6th, Queen Margret, Cardinal Beaufort, and Duke Humphrey. We also visited a ribbon factory and saw the process; then we set out in a coach and four, two postillions, two servants and ourselves, four in number for Kenilworth, in the Cty. of Warwick, as is Coventry.

One is struck on their approach to the ruins, with the Trymantled Towers and the majesty of its architecture. It was built by Geffory de Clinton, chamberlain and treasurer to King Henry 1st. Caesars Tower, Leicesters Buildings, noble Gatehouse, Flood gate, and Gallery Tower, where ladies could witness the exercise of tilting. . . . Mortimers Tower, whereon the arms were cut in stone. Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Castle and Leicester's reception of her, was engraved 17th July, 1575. She spent 17 days there, during which all kinds of pastime, mummeries &c. were carried on. Sir Tho's Cecil was knighted at that time. Leicester at his death, bequeathed the castle to his brother Ambrose, Earl of Warwick. The Castle stands upon a rock, the area of which is about 7 acres. The walls of the Castle are between 10 & 15 feet thick. The Park like grounds, called the Kings Wood, and copices lying together contain about 789 acres, which in Leicesters time was stocked with deer. The circuit of the castle, manors, park and chase, lying round together, is at least 19 or 20 miles.

At the restoration Charles 2nd granted the ruins and estate to Lawrence Hyde, second son to the Lord

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Chancellor—created Baron of Kenilworth & Earl of Rochester, and then it descended to Jane daughter of Henry 3rd and last Earl of Clarendon & Rochester. W. Capel, Earl of Essex, and her daughter Charlotte in 1752, married the Right Hon'ble Thomas Villiers, in whom the title was revived, i.e. (Earl of Clarendon) in 1776, whose immediate descendents now hold the property. "Droit et Loyal" is cut on the transverse part of the chimney, with the initials R.L. on each side. The whole building is in ruins, no one part entire.

All representations from our guide-book! We rambled through the ruins for an hour. Some persons were preparing for a Bazar, where they were to sell articles for charitable purposes, a temporary place put up for the occasion.

The town a pretty one. Lord Clarendon who holds most of the property, has just married: he has a brother living in the town of Kenilworth. From K. we drove three miles (a beautiful ride) to Leamington, a new watering place, fine bathing.

We crossed the bridge over the Avon and had a fine view of Warwick Castle, so celebrated in history. Rous the Antiquary assures us that Warwick has had its Earls ever since the renowned King Arthur, but his historical account savors so much of fable & romance that little credit is given to it. The redoubtable Guy, a great warrior in the time of Alfred, was said to have been 9 ft. or more in height; he slew a Saracen Giant in single combat. He then retired to Guy's cliff

Guide-Book Lore

near Warwick, and lived the life of a hermit until his death in 929. After William the Conqueror's preferment of honors to Henry de Newburgh whom he advanced to the Earldom of Warwick, Wm. Rufus on his attaining the crown enriched the newly created Earl and he assumed the Bear and Ragged Staff (the ancient device of — family) as the ensign of his family. It became the badge of the successive Earls, and when supporters came into use was added to it.

Six of the de Newburgh's followed in regular succession, and then Margery in Henry 2 & 3rd time, and then the Beauchamps. . . . Edward Plantagenet, eldest son of George, Duke of Clarence, became heir, confined by Richard 3rd until the Battle of Bosworth field. Henry 7th caused him to be removed to the Tower of London, & more closely confined: the only crime he could be accused of, being that of [being] the last of the Plantagenets. Beheaded by his own unfortunate acknowledgement, as the whole was a conspiracy against him; made to state falsely on the promise of a pardon from Henry 7th, 1499. Title revived by James 1st and a succession. Grevilles &c. R. W. Greville the first almost, who condemned the measures of Charles 1st. R. Greville, Lord Brooke, instrumental in effecting the restoration of Charles 2nd. The present Henry R. Grevill, Baron Brooke of Beauchamp Court, married a daughter of Lord Monson. George Guy, Lord Brooke, now at Oxford, a great favorite and regarded by the poor for his kind-

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ness. The noble Earl & Countess are very much beloved, they dispense many comforts to the poor.

On our arrival at Warwick we drove to the Inn, and then walked to the castle gates, not permitted to drive in. The walk to the house is very pretty; the road excavated out of a solid rock, and the sides all covered with ivy. It appeared like walking through a forest. We left the lodge and proceeded on our way to the Castle, the appearance of which, externally, is very beautiful—we passed under an arch connected with the Towers. Cesars, Guys and the Tower now out of use, formerly the Keep, now used for drying clothes &c. &c. The housekeeper received us and carried us through it; a nice stately woman. Earl & Countess at Cheltenham.

First we entered the great hall, marbled, and a fine place: it is hung with armour formerly used by the old Earls. There is also a Grecian Sarcophagus and the head of Hercules, among the antiquities. Stag-horns from various parts of the world ornament the tops of the doors, one of which was from America. We passed through the pannelled oak room, gilt ditto, drawing rooms, library not large, state bed chamber with the bedstead of Queen Anne, given by George the 3rd to the family. There were fine paintings of the old artists, and a great deal of *or molu* distributed through the different rooms; wardrobes, cabinets, tables &c. &c. Furniture nothing very extraordinary.

The castle stands on the Avon, and the bridge you

The Warwick Vase

cross is about a hundred yards up the river, which is seen from the windows in the state bed-room. We ascended Guys tower, and had a splendid view of the surrounding country; saw the ruins of Kenilworth, &c. &c., visited the green house in which the Warwick vase was kept, and which was built on purpose for it. Only geraniums running like vines are kept in it, it being too close for plants as it is roofed in. The Vase is very beautifully situated in the middle—it came from Adrians Villa in Rome—the base came some miles distant, it being taken from the river Tiber, but was supposed to have belonged to it originally, as it fitted perfectly. It was presented to the Earl by George the 3rd, and he was obliged to have a carriage made to convey it from London, the cost of which was £1,000; it holds 163 gallons. The Vase was presented to George the 3rd by Sir William Hamilton; it was not perfect at that time, but the piece was afterwards found & replaced. One of the heads, with which it was ornamented being broken off, another was made and put on, and the whole is now perfect. The grounds are very handsome and in good order.

We then went to the church of St. Mary's, where many of the ancestors are buried. The Earl of Leicester and his Countess Lettice were buried there, and a little son of the Earl's styled "Noble Imp, Robert of Dudley, Baron of Denbigh." The Church was founded prior to the Roman * Conquest, but at what

* Read "Norman."—Ed.

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period uncertain. Near the tomb on the left is a gilt board, on which, in black letters, are lines to the memory of Lady Lettice's, Countess of Leicester. East of the vestry room is a large stone, the last resting place of the Earls of Warwick: and south of the choir is the Beauchamps Chapel, with a sculptured door to enter it: very beautiful.—We passed through Leamington on our way to Warwick, a very pretty growing town, and celebrated for its medicinal springs. We crossed the Leam, over a fine bridge, and had a beautiful view of the castle.

We then went to Stratford upon Avon. The house in which "Shakspeare" was born is in the centre of Henly Street; a board announces the birth place. We entered—saw the old lady, who owns the house, and she took us to the room, the walls of which are covered with names in pencil & ink. Irving, Scott, and many Americans. Mr. W. inquired if I would have mine, but I declined, but requested he would put his own, which he did. We all wrote our names in a book. Saw a spectacle case made out of a piece of the Mulberry tree planted by the Bard: We then went to the church and saw his monument; the repairs of the interior were going on, and the pew he occupied was just pulled down, all decayed. Mr. W. took a piece of the wood to have made into something.

We passed the house he ended his days in, also. We heard of the mansion of George Lucy the friend of Shakspeare on[c]e, but afterwards satirized by him

Souvenirs of Avon

as Justice Shallow. We saw the monument of Combe, near that of Shakspeare, of whom the poet wrote such a severe epitaph. We then went on to Alcastor in the neighborhood of the Marquis of Hertford. We slept at the "Angel Inn." Mr. W. went to a needle factory, which is the business of this place—a curious process: brought us samples of needles in their different states.

August 8th. Left at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, for Worcester, 18 miles distant. A beautiful country indeed, richly cultivated. Saw the Malvern Hills in perfection. We visited the china factory, and saw the whole process of making, painting and burnishing, very pretty. Visited the Cathedral where King John was buried, nothing very striking. We then came to Tewksbury, celebrated for a battle between the houses of York and Lancaster—the latter were conquered: We dined there, a poor house, "Hoppole Inn." After dining we left for Cheltenham, a beautiful Town, stopped at a splendid Hotel called the "Queens"—table dé hôte—the only one in England.

Cheltenham is in the vale of Gloucester, and is celebrated for its medicinal waters; the well walk is 210 yds. in length and leads to the spring; it passes through the grave yard and over the bridge which crosses the Cheltenham. It is a beautiful town, and I could have passed days there. There was to have been an illumination this evening: and we saw a bridge across a wide street, hung with varigated lamps; an

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unusual thing. We drove all through the town, and then came to Gloucester where we now are, and intend to spend the night.

Gloucester is the capital of the county of the same name, and is situated on the Severn. The Cathedral is a splendid one, it was formerly the Abbey Church, and exhibits the architecture of various ages; it is distinguished for the elegance of its central tower, and the beauty of its cloisters. It contains a whispering gallery. Among the monuments were those of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Edward the 2nd; it is a very old edifice.

Friday, August 9th. This morning we left Gloucester and drove through a beautiful country to Stroud, distance 11 miles, and then to Bath. Stopped once at Cross Hands, 17 miles, to change horses, and then to Bath 12 miles: which is a strange looking place, and very large: it is built entirely of a dark looking stone, which gives it quite a sombre appearance, and on a rock which raises one part of the town above the other.

We stopped at the York House, dined and took a carriage, and drove through the city. Saw a monument to the Queen, in her accession to the throne; it is in the Park, round which we drove, (about a mile) we also went through the Crescent and Queen Square, the principal parts of the city. We went to the pump-room, where you drink the water. A marble pump and

Lantern of England

basin, in the latter the tumbler is placed to be filled; the water is tepid, and is handed you on a french china plate. The Bar is of marble, behind which stands a man and woman to serve you. We then looked out of the window and saw the King & Queens bath, into which ladies & gentlemen go, every alternate day; formerly they went together, in dresses; you drink the same water although it changes all the time. The room in which you drink the water is very large, and contains an orchestra for music, sofas and every comfort. People come and go every minute.

We then visited the Cathedral, a very fine one, has windows for every month—week—in the year. 52. It is called sometimes the lantern of England. We all tasted the water while at the pump-room—it was not unpleasant but rather warm. We returned to the Inn & dined, a very good dinner, but a very heavy charge, *eleven dollars*.

After Dinner we proceeded to Bristol, 15 miles distant, situated on the river Avon about 10 miles from the mouth of the Severn. We only drove through it; it is a place of considerable commerce; the upper part of the town, near the square is quite pretty. We drove on to Clifton which stands on a rock, with the Avon running at its base; it is celebrated for the medicinal properties of the hot-wells, where you take baths &c. &c. The scenery very fine. It rained all the time we were there. There are a number of fine Seats in the neighborhood, in truth a sweeter and more beautiful

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country I never beheld, a perfect garden. Worcester is on the *Severn*. We crossed the Avon twice from Bath to Bristol, as it runs both sides of Bristol.

From Clifton we drove to Aust, in the rain, with the carriage shut up: this town is in Gloucestershire, on the Severn, and is sometimes called Old passage, 12 miles from Clifton; when we reached here the steamboat could not get over, on account of there being a heavy wind, and very thick. We therefore remained all night at a very snug Inn, looking on the Severn. In the morning we shall go over, take our coach and drive to Chepstow, there visit the ruins of Tintern Abbey and [Chepstow Castle]. The wind whistles, and we have a fire.

After a detention of several hours at the old passage, we sent our coach over in the first boat [August 10th]. We were breakfasting, but the Boat was delayed awaiting the mail coach, consequently it was eleven o'clock before we reached the opposite shore: there we took our coach and four horses and proceed three miles to Chepstow, on the western bank of the river Wye. The Severn is a mile and three quarters, and there is a steam-boat ferry. At Chepstow there is the ruins of an old castle. Mr. W. & Julia got out and walked through it, but we saw it so distinctly, that we did not care to do so: only the outside walls standing which were covered with Ivy. All the property

Completely Exhausted

about this region of country (Monmouthshire) belongs to the Duke of Beauforts family. We drove to Wynd-Cliff and got out of our coach, and ascended this mountain a mile, the view fine, but to my taste not so good as that presented while winding around the hill. It is a splendid country richly cultivated, but very hilly: the valleys very pretty.

We descended this cliff three hundred and odd steps, to the moss cottage, and were completely exhausted: we had seen nine counties, and the river Wye running slow. This cliff is similar to . . . but not so lofty. At this little cottage we called for soda, ginger beer, bread and cheese, and rested, for we were much fatigued. The interior entirely covered with moss—painted glass in the windows—rustic seats, and very civil people living in it. Parties go there, take their own provisions, and pass the day rambling about: we found a party yesterday—did not know them.

We then went to Tintern Abbey: the finest ruin I have yet seen: the walls only standing—but yet enough remaining of the inside to give you a perfect idea of the interior: the oriel window was very beautiful: the name *oriel* was given them, because they were on the east side of every Cathedral. All these ruins are covered with ivy, and look beautifully. We walked through it and about it for an hour—saw the cloisters and banqueting halls &c. To approach this Abbey in a boat up the Wye is supposed to be the

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better way, as you have the finest view from the river: the day was very blustering, and we preferred the land. The Abbey is very ancient, and belongs to the Beaufort estates.

We then continued on to Monmouth, a very old town, streets very narrow, & put up at the "Beaufort Arms," wearied beyond measure: ordered dinner, and then decided to remain all night. Four o'clock: comfortable house.

Ascertained that Ragland Castle, a fine baronial estate, belonging to the Beauforts, was out of our regular course to Hereford: we therefore took a fly & two horses and drove there: found a civil guide brought up in the family: walked all around and through it: on the terrace, in the keep, and over a little temporary bridge across the *moat*: there were draw-bridges, & a moat all around it, originally. We entered the stair-way and walked to the top of the towers. It is very ancient, built in the time of William the Conqueror who permitted his adherents to erect Castles on the borders of Wales. Ragland was therefore in part Norman, but not strictly, as the innovations were frequent, therefore no positive rule of architecture. We returned at dark to our lodgings, much pleased with the drive. The Castle is situated beautifully, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country which is quite celebrated. We took a cup of tea, and slept until ten this morning, when we had our breakfast.

On Castle Walls

11th. Mr. W. & Julia have gone to church, Mrs. P. and myself too tired. We dine here (Monmouth) at the "Beaufort Arms" and go to Hereford 20 miles this evening.

We arrived here (Hereford) about $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven, and stopped at the "Commercial Inn." We crossed the Wye over a bridge with five arches. Mr. W., Julia & Mrs. P. walked out to see the Cathedral, only the outside, built in the time of William the Conqueror. David Garrick was born here, also Nell Gwynn. Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles lived here for a long time: the latter I know did, and had the direction of the theatre. The town is large, but not very handsome, it is in Herefordshire. Henry the 5th was born in Monmouth. We leave Monday morning, 12th, early for Ludlow, Shrewsbury & Oswestry, a distance of 73 miles from Hereford.

We went to Leominster before breakfast [Monday, August 12th], from there to Ludlow, where we visited the Castle in which Prince Arthur and his bride (Catherine of Aragon) held their court. Henry the 8th after his brothers death, married his widow. In one of the rooms the Masque of Comus was first performed, under the direction of the Earl of Bridgewater. In one of the towers Butler wrote part of his Hudibras. Ludlow (Salop) on the north bank of the Corve near its confluence with the Teme. The two young Princes were in this Castle, before they

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were removed to the Tower in London. Roger Mortimer was confined in the tower opposite the arched gate entrance way. Lucien Bonaparte had a residence directly next the castle, at some period, when obliged to leave France I presume. We then went to Church Stretton, a beautiful valley—and thence to Shrewsbury, where we dined at the “Red Lion,” a good hotel.

Two miles from S. we saw a remarkable Oak in a private garden; we left our carriage, and Mr. W., Julia, Mrs. P. & myself all went into the body of it, and there was room for half a dozen more; circumference of the tree 44 feet 3 inches. Owen Glendower ascended this tree to reconnoitre before the battle of Shrewsbury. Four miles from S. is H[au]ghmond Abbey, and near it are vestiges of Battle Church, erected upon the spot where a battle took place between Henry 4th & Hotspur. In the church yard is a *tumulus* under which the vanquished are interred.

Shrewsbury, the capital of Shropshire, is on a peninsula formed by the Severn. We saw the Church and clock so famous in Henry 4th, where Falstaff states the battle was fought so many hours by Shrewsbury Clock. We then came on to Oswestry 18 miles, in Shrop. or Shropshire, and are stopping at the “Wynnstay Arms” [on the estate of] Sir Watkins William Wynn, the head of one of the oldest families in England, and he is one of the largest landed proprietors. He is very infirm, and has the gout so that he cannot

An Early Call

help himself. We propose to visit his Park to-morrow, it is six miles from here, and we are only two miles from Wales. We are going to visit Brynkinalt Park, the seat of Lord Duncannon. Devote part of to-morrow to enjoy sight seeing in a rich country: we shall visit Chirk Park belonging to Mr. Biddulph.

13th. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight this morning, after a comfortable nights rest & breakfast we set out for Lord Duncannon's Park: the lodge very lofty, a fine iron gate, grounds in fine order, clumps of fine oaks, hedges &c. &c., cows and sheep grazing, scenery fine, mountainous. We crossed his bridge at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine this morning—drove within sight of his castle, a fine edifice. Mr. W. sent his card, an early call, family not up. About a mile beyond we saw a gentleman & lady walking, and were told it was the Vicar of the parish, and then saw his house just at the edge of Lord Duncannon's gate, on the public road.

We then drove through Mr. Biddulphs Park, to his Castle, and were told to go to the top of one of the towers, to see nine counties; we did not however. We entered the Castle yard with the porter; a gloomy looking place; and then a woman escorted us into the Castle. We declined viewing the inside, but she seemed rather to expect it for her fee, and we therefore gratified her. Like all Castles, the rooms were not very elegantly furnished. Among the paintings were the ancestors of the Middleton family, Jane

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Shore, Rosamund, William and Mary, Charles 1st and a number of others. The flower garden was very tasteful and pretty; and the Park with the vistas opened here and there look fine: scenery very good. On leaving the house, we saw the wife of the young Mr. Biddulph, a young and pretty looking woman; dress thin, low necked, with a long scarf, hair prettily dressed with flowers: she was walking in the castle-yard showing a little boy pigeons, a pretty child.

At 10 in the morning we walked through the archery, down the lawn to the gate, and took our coach and drove to Llangollen, a distance of twenty miles including our route through the Parks. A very mountainous country, but the scenery very fine. The valley of Llangollen is truly beautiful. The road splendid, made by the government from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, one hundred and four miles; ravines, water falls, aqueducts, with 19 arches &c. We then proceeded 13 miles to Ce[l]rnioge Maior: took fresh horses from there, after a very nice dinner.

People, Welch, could hardly speak a word of English, but very neat & civil: all the women & children haying: the women great knitters, they knit all the time whilst walking: beggars innumerable. Children run along by the side of the carriage crying some unintelligible jargon: sometimes we threw them a penny, and then did not. We then came on to Capel Curig Hotel, fifteen miles, a very romantic spot: mountains all around us, Snowden, the highest moun-

Wild Wales

tain in Wales. A very nice house, with a tasteful garden. Julia has been out sketching.

The weather is quite cold, need our shawls and cloaks, we have a nice coal fire. Sleep here. Put up at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six, because Mr. W. was tired and would not go on B[eaumaris] 10 miles further, as he thought we should get benighted and perhaps not so well accommodated. Grouse shooting commenced yesterday: this is a house where Sportsmen stop. A Welch Harper has placed himself at our door and is serenading us, we have sent him a shilling, English money, two of ours, but he still goes on: we have heard him ever since we arrived, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six, first at one door & then the other.

August 14th, Wednesday. Arrived at Beaumaris at one o'clock, a pleasant place, stands on the Bay of Beaumaris, a pretty beach. Persons board all around here, some rent houses. We are at the "Bulkely Arms" a fine house. We came through Barmen, stopped a mile the other side at Penebryn Arms, kept by a brother of our present Landlord: a very fine house and prettily situated: it stands on the Beaumaris Bay.

Bangor stands at the mouth of the Menai Straits, between two low ridges of the slate rock, with the beautiful Bay of Beaumaris to the north, in a valley. Menai Bridge [runs] across the strait and enters Anglesea. It is a splendid suspension bridge & of elegant workmanship, the length of the suspended part

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of the platform, or road is five hundred & fifty feet: there are two roads for carriages to cross it, 12 ft each in width, and a footpath in the centre. Mr. W. and myself walked over. Mrs. P. and Julia sat in the carriage. Steamboats run every day between here and Liverpool, a passage of six hours: passengers landed in little boats, no wharves here. Go to Menai Bridge to put our carriage on board, as we propose to leave on Friday: spend to-morrow in viewing castles.—I forgot to mention, that we saw at Chirk Castle, an Ebony Escritoire, presented by Charles 1st to the Middleton family; it was inlaid with silver & fine sacred pieces, by the old artists.

Rec^d a letter from Mary Ann McEvers of the 11th of July, announcing her engagement to Mr. Taylor, who is travelling here with his brother, Mr. Dick, and hopes I may meet him; said he meant to call upon me in London. Rec^d by the same mail an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Skinner to dine with them at Croyden, to meet Lord Tinsdale & Lord Denman: the assizes sitting there: Jane Porter is with her. I expect she is related or a particular friend. Said we could come early, a room to dress should be provided for us. A letter from S. Lawrence to Mr. W. telling him, he had bought his wool at 60 cts. of I. Taylor.

Thursday Morning. Raining. Send our cards next door to Mr. & Mrs. Milmans and they very kindly came directly in, and sat sometime with us. Mr. W.

Round-Table Discussion

invited them to come and dine with us, they accepted, and desire that [we] shall take tea with them. We had quite a pleasant day, very good house, but a dull rainy day. They leave us at six or after, and we take tea with them at eight. Sat round the table and talked over everything · nice persons. They have four or five children: three boys and a girl. Mr. Milman asked me about the murder of old Mr. White, [or] rather referred to my husbands speech or argument in that case.* We left them at half past nine: put up our things to be carried off in the coach at an early hour in the morning, to the Steamboat.

August 16th, Friday. We left in a little boat for the Zephyr steamer; bid adieu to Beaumaris and the Milmans and boarded the boat—forty miles to Liverpool. Had a good passage, but was very sea-sick all the way: arrived here at ½ past three, stopped at the Adelphia. The Court sitting and the house very full.

* The reference is to what has been called Webster's one noteworthy criminal trial, which was held in Salem, Mass., in 1830, when he represented the Commonwealth against two brothers named Knapp for having hired an assassin to kill Capt. Joseph White, a wealthy merchant of the town. After one jury disagreed, Mr. W. succeeded in his prosecution; but it was his speech at the first trial that doubtless is in question here, with its description of the murderer's secret: "He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. . . . It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."—Ed.

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We have just dined, 6 o'clock. Leave tomorrow in the cars, with our carriage for Preston in the lake country. Have heard of the arrival of the Great Western, twelve days and half from N. York. Hope to get our letters at Penryth, near Lowther Castle.

Left Liverpool [the 17th] at 9 o'clock for the cars; put our carriage on the rail-way, went forty miles to Preston, and there we took post-horses, and proceeded to Lancaster 22 miles, one stage, thence to Burton, a place celebrated for its Ale, a distance of 11 miles. We dined at a very decent house, off of lamb mutton-chops, oatmeal cakes &c. &c. Thence to Kendal eleven miles, where we changed horses, and proceeded nine miles to Bowness, finely situated on a hill, looking on Lake Winadernere, a pretty lake but nothing very striking after our scenery. The drive today hilly, barren & stony: broke one *trace* and the *drag* on the last stage, and obliged to walk down the hills, but arrived safe at the Crown Inn at seven o'clock. We propose remaining over Sunday here.

In the paper at Liverpool we saw among the passengers in the British Queen, the name of Appleton, on a committee to present the Capt. with a piece of plate; we are in a state of suspense, and shall not know until we reach Penrith, whether it is our friend S. A. Appleton & Edward or not. We shall go on to Penrith on Monday, and have written Lord Lonsdale to say we shall visit him if convenient and agreeable.

Nothing Worth Seeing

18th, Sunday. Mrs. P. & Julia have been to church. Mr. W. (a little unwell with a headache) & myself did not go: day very dull, and raining half the time. This house, the "Crown Inn" at Bowness a fine, quiet & neat one, table well furnished.

Monday, 19th. We propose leaving here in a boat for Ambleside, to visit Wordsworth, and then to Keswick, Southey's residence on Derwent Water. Mr. W. & Julia left in a boat for Ambleside, six miles. Mrs. Paige & myself with four horses, two postillions, one man servant, and a maid proceeded by land: we arrived at head water and awaited for Mr. W. & Julia a mile from Ambleside; they were glad to get in. We drove to "Salutation Inn" & sent Holton with a letter from Mr. Ticknor, of introduction and our card.

Holton met us just at the turn of the road, and said Mr. Wordsworth had walked out, and would not be at home until a quarter past one, time which we could not spare. Mrs. Wordsworth, Holton said, would be glad we should visit the grounds, if we liked, but as there was nothing worth seeing, we did not stop: a small house and garden, only the chimneys of the house worth seeing. The road to Keswick rough and hilly. The mountain scenery & water-falls very beautiful. Saddle-back, Old man of C[oniston] on our left over the lake, [also the] "Lion and the Lamb." We came twenty-three miles here, and did not arrive until 3 o'clock. We are staying at the "Queens

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Hotel." Dined here, and after that, took a boat and crossed the lake to see a water-fall, very pretty: came back a distance of four or five miles, pretty scenery. We sleep here tonight.

Mr. Southey has a residence here, has been married about two months to Miss Bowles an authoress. He is melancholy & sees no one; [it] came on after the death of his first wife, who had been so for a long time, and tried his nerves; he has three daughters, two married, & one son, the single daughter and son now here. The name of his residence is Greta Hall. Keswick is on Derwent-water. Mr. W. goes out early in the morning fishing, to catch Pike; went out this morning and we had the fish cooked for breakfast.

20th. We left Keswick this morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine, and arrived at Penrith at one, found our letters, and heard of the arrival of Mr. A[ppleton] & Edward in London, and awaiting directions from us where to meet us. We shall not meet I fear until we reach Glasgow. We were shocked to learn the death of Mrs. Robinson in London. I never was more surprised, something of Cholera I learn, truly afflicting in a foreign country. She was a nice person, and I pity her husband and children deeply.

From Penrith we drove to Lowther Castle, four miles, a beautiful Park and the approach splendid: the hurricane of the 6th of Jan'y blew down ten thousand trees; you would scarcely realise it, a thick forest

Service of Gold

all around you. The Castle very beautiful, our reception cordial: we arrived in season to Lunch, and then retired to our rooms. Mr. W. drove out with Lady Maxse & Lady Frederick, daughter of Lord Lonsdale and some gentlemen: met Lady Stuart de Rothesay & daughter, Lady Maxse & husband. Col. Lowther in the Army, Lord Lowther, bachelor & elder son: three other gentlemen, names I do not know, and two grandsons & a single daughter of Lord Lonsdale.

Had a superb dinner, service of gold, fruits on with soup: a party of sixteen, sideboard covered with gold, [?] all gold, tea service all gold, centre ornaments same. Fruits served in gold baskets, peaches, grapes, nectarines, raspberries, cherries, pines &c. &c. On our arrival we were shown into the library, a superb room—then the luncheon room: before dinner a drawing room communicating with the dining room, after dinner another drawing room: six rooms. Lord Lonsdale handed me in to dinner and I was asked to take the lead on leaving the dinner table, for the drawing room. I feel perfectly at ease—great hospitallity and kindness.

Wednesday, August 21st. A bright beautiful day. Breakfast about ten, eleven when it was finished, two pretty round tables, gold service, even the dishes with the muffins. Lord Lonsdale at our table, & Lady Frederick at the other, everything nice; after breakfast, each one as they finished, leaving the table & taking up

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a newspaper, or book, after a little chit-chat. I walked into the Billiard-room, it was beautifully wainscoated with birch & maple: it was ornamented with pictures & busts; among the former, were these of Pitt and Penn. Went to the terrace and walked, beautiful indeed; sad ravages among the trees.

Lord Lonsdale joined us, and took us into his stables; they were like drawing rooms, so clean and so pretty; six horses ready saddled, to be called for, and six or eight coach horses all ready. Then we were shown a favorite beast of my lords, a white horse: the entrance to these stalls all flagged. We then went to the riding school, for bad weather, and then my lord introduced us into his apartment, a suite, his offices, sitting parlour, and bedroom, all together; his farmers and the men of the household await his orders in the offices; it is a perfect system in every respect. He has a flag hoisted every day & pulled down at six P. M. Saw some fine paintings, and a pair of knockers that were presented to Lord Lonsdale out of the Royal Palace; he is going to have them placed on his oak entrance door.

We were then invited to lunch, and then drove in a carriage and four to Ulswater, a beautiful lake and fine scenery, and a pretty water-fall: we came home a quarter of an hour before the dinner & had hard work to get ready. We found when we went down Sir Thos. Whichcote and lady: she was a Miss

A Perfect System

Beckett, brought up and educated here after her mother's death, a nice person. They live in Lincolnshire. She is a niece of Mrs. Huhn of Phil^a. We had a nice dinner, everything in elegant style, gold as usual. In the evening music, an Italian Opera, composed by Lord Burghersh, fine music. We find it so pleasant we propose staying over another day, not to leave until Friday for Glasgow.

I must mention the entrance hall, it is very beautiful—columns fluted, and on the entrance four figures in Armour: doors leading from one end of the castle to the drawing-room & dining-room, and on the other side to the Billiard-room and Lord Lonsdale's private apartments. In the centre is a magnificent stair-case, and over it a casement of glass, beautifully painted: in the niches are Statues of Edward 1st, Queen Phillippa and the son of the Black Prince. From the great stairway, two lesser ones branch off, one to the right and the other to the left, and a lobby hung round with pictures Above this, is a number of rooms occupied by gentlemen. We went to the top of the Castle yesterday, and had a fine view of the surrounding country.

Mr. W. desires I will mention an old tower, now a pile of stones, which we saw just before we entered Penrith, on our left. It was occupied by Richard 3rd when Sheriff of the county we are now in (Westmoreland) and the border. We saw at a distance also, on

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what is called the border, a beacon used in time of yore, as a light to give warning when in danger of being beseiged by the Scotch.

The ladies have all driven out. Lady Frederick, Lady Stuart de Rothesay & Miss Stuart, Miss Thompson, Lady Caroline Maxse, daughter of the late Lord Berkeley and sister to Lord Seagrave, Miss Julia Webster and Lady Whichcote, daughter of Becketts (who married Mary Lyle of Phil^a) and Mr. Webster: they drove out in a coach and pair of horses with a postillion—sent the coach home and walked to the dairy, kitchen, garden, graperies, and saw them in quantities, also peaches and nectarines. Mrs. Paige and myself did not go out, the day [22nd] being damp, and we had been out so much the day before.

We dined as usual at a $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7, or assembled in the drawing room. Six officers dined with us, who were on their way to Carlisle, the Rest I have forgotten, they were Dragoons: they came in plain dress—a great disappointment to us,—quite young men, & very agreeable, remained until after eleven at night. We had music, and all left the drawing room about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 o'clock. On my way up stairs, I met Col. Lowther, and he said Mrs. Webster you will meet gentlemen. I did not perfectly understand him, and walked on, and said shall I, and found all these officers descending one pair of stairs as I ascended the other—they were admiring the hall and paintings

Ale and Small Beer

and statuary, the hall sixty feet square, ninety feet high, and forty-seven steps to the top.

23rd. Breakfasted at Lowther at ten (Friday) and after breakfast Lady Frederick invited Mr. W., Julia, Mrs. P. and myself to go through the lower offices, and Lord Lowthers apartments—we did so, visited the silver-room, where a half dozen were cleaning the gold and silver, then to the housekeepers room—as genteel as any of our apartments; then to the linen room, closed, opened, then to the store-room & fixing pantry, then the larder, which was a show. Then the Butler took us where the Ale and small beer was brewed—once a year; and all the implements &c. Then the cellars where it was kept, we saw at least one hundred tierces. The Butler had a cellar for their [servants'] use, and a cellar for the use of the farm which we did not go in, probably as much more.

We then went to the head-stewards room, brussels carpet, pictures around the walls, mahogany table and chairs, curtains to the windows, sideboard &c. We then saw a hall for the under servants, two long tables, then a room for lamps, candlesticks &c. to be fixed, all the entrees and stairs leading to different parts of the castle, without running through the halls above. Furnaces to warm the whole Castle; deposits for the coal contiguous to the different rooms &c. and perfectly neat and nice.

We then entered the kitchen, and were introduced

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to the cook, saw one of the assistants making a meat pie—the copper vessels all in perfect order: the kitchen 30 feet long, flagging of stone. We then went into an adjoining room, where we saw a range of old fashioned jacks, where the cooking is principally done, and brought into the other to be dished. We saw also an immense turtle swimming; were taken then to the Bakery, and saw the bread. Lady Frederick offered me a loaf and requested I would have sandwiches, fruit and gingerbread. I took a loaf of bread & cake and declined the others. We saw every place in the castle, and finally were carried into Lady Lonsdale's dressing room, and a little . . . in one of the turrets communicating with it. Lady Frederick could not show it to us—Lady Whichcote to do so.

The troops are sent to Carlisle to prevent any disturbances with the Chartists.

Lord Lonsdale presented Mr. W. with a *cane* of the yew-tree, out of the great park. I never had a pleasanter visit, or met with greater kindness, than from Lord Lonsdale and all the family. We returned to the library and then bade adieu, and we all felt actually sorry. Lady Frederick & Lord Burghersh walked to the terrace to kiss their hands to us. Lord Lonsdale handed me to my coach; sorry, nay more grieved, to leave such nice persons, fearing never to meet them again altho they bade us to hope to see them in London before we embark for America.

After leaving the Castle about three miles, going

Runaway Matches

down hill, one of our leaders broke his leg, and we all had to get out, and this poor creature had to be shot. We drove to the Inn with a pair, and got fresh horses, and proceeded to Carlisle, which is the last town in England, and on the border of Scotland; we arrived there, twenty three miles, saw two of the Officers who dined with us at Lord Lonsdale's. They stood at our coach window and talked while Mr. W. purchased a Scotch guide map; the lady housekeeper sent us out a plate of fine gooseberries, very civil.

Lord Lonsdale is eighty-three.

From Carlisle we drove to Gretna Hall or Green and dined—saw the book in which all the runaway matches are recorded: it is kept under lock & key. They gave us several of the certificates for our use, or rather amusement; it was worth seeing, and I heard the man who was the important person on those occasions, and joined the anxious couples, say that it was done in great haste sometimes, for they were pursued; he really seemed to enjoy his privilege. We dined and then drove to Lockerbie to sleep; a decent house, civil landlady: it rained very hard. Tomorrow morning (Saturday) we make an early stage before breakfast.

I am going to enumerate the servants in requisition at Lowther Castle. Steward and out of livery, seven, in livery 9. Females, including housekeeper and ladies maid, 17, Grooms & coachmen, 13, Total 46. The Stewards table is as handsome, our servant says, as

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my lords, with this exception, no gold or silver: but changes, and pastry, wine &c. &c.

24th, Saturday. Left Lockerbie at 7 A. M. and drove to Beattock Bridge to breakfast fourteen miles, a very nice Inn. We then took fresh horses and drove to Crawford, another stage, and one other, which I have forgotten, before we reached Lanark, the drive not a very interesting one. Saw the true Scotch women, with petticoats up to their knees & bare footed, a healthy strong race; house and barn under one roof; we met no object of particular interest.

Lanark, Mr. Lockhart's post town, is six miles from his residence, Milton Lockhart. Mr. Webster wrote him a note, and sent a newspaper with it. We had our carriage stripped, rooms taken and dinner ordered at the hotel, and had just gone in to dine, when Mr. J. Gibson Lockhart sent his card in. Came in on horseback, from his brothers, Mr. William Lockhart, and invited us to go to his house, dine, sleep, and spend Sunday: we put our knives and forks immediately down, and draped ourselves, had our coach packed and drove to Mr. Lockharts; broke one of our traces, which detained us fifteen minutes.

We arrived at seven, the dinner hour, the drive hither very beautiful. We crossed the Clyde over a beautiful bridge built by W. Lockhart. We crossed the *mouss* * first. The valley of the Clyde is very

* I. e., moors.—Ed.

Milton Lockhart

beautiful—hills all around you, the scenery perfect. Mr. Ls place is almost an island, being nearly surrounded by water. After our entrance, we were introduced into a french bed-room. They were all in confusion, carpenters, painters & gilders at work: and were obliged to use this room as a sitting room, and the library to dine in, with a carved gallery all around us communicating with rooms above; books above; everything very genteel and pretty at dinner, and our friends very kind.

After dinner we retired and left the gentlemen and took our coffee and tea, and then the gentlemen came in, and we sat for a little while and then retired. Fires in our rooms, and very comfortable.

They are building an addition to their house; it is of stone, and I can scarcely describe the architecture, but it has pointed turrets over each window, long entries, ceilings carved, and walls pannelled with oak, floors of the same; carpets never cover the floor as with us. Mr. Lockhart took us in to the new part today; it will be a very large house when finished, very pretty & nice.—Sunday.

We breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven and after walking out to his dairy, which was in perfect order, the sides tiled, floor of stone, vessels earthen, and everything nice & clean. We went into his stalls, where his horses were kept, and then to see his cows, piggery &c. &c. all in fine order: he is making great improvements to

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his place. All these places of stone and iron, and must last forever.

Julia saw on the shelves, in the dairy at Lowther, holes, for each egg, insted of piling them in dishes.

We are going this morning to the falls of the Clyde, with the Messrs. Lockharts; one near his house, the other some miles off. We walk through Lady Ross's grounds, not usually permitted on Sunday, but she is absent, and Mr. Lockhart says he will get a permit from her Agent. We were to have gone to church, but it was too late after breakfast; weather dull and rainy. We leave here on Monday morning for Glasgow.

At one o'clock, we lunched off a roast chicken (hot) and mutton chops, and then drove to Lanark and then to Lady Mary Ross's, to visit the principal falls of the Clyde. As soon as Mr. Lockharts name was mentioned we were admitted, and walked to the first fall, which is eighty feet, the scenery beautiful. We then went to the summer house, which was very tasteful, the ceiling covered with India matting in diamonds like baskets, and in one corner looking glasses fitted in, so that when you look in them you see the falls directly over your head, the effect very pretty. We then walked to the second, sixty feet, exceedingly pretty, the rapids like the Niagara river. There is a beautiful iron bridge thrown across this chasm; rustic seats &c. &c. We walked between five and six miles.

Fatigued but Gratified

After returning to the highest fall, we descended to the very bottom, and saw the height, about eighty feet: we ascended again, pretty tiresome work, and walked a short distance and then got into our carriage, and drove to the Inn, and made arrangements for our horses to come for us at 9 o'clock. On our way we walked down a very long hill, one mile and a half at least, and then drove three or four miles, and got out again to see the third fall near Mr. Lockhart's house; it is 35 feet and very pretty. Then returned to our coach and arrived at Mr. Lockhart's house at seven.

Had ten minutes to dress for dinner, which was very nice and genteel, and was partaken of with appetites sharpened by our walk and ride: we sat for a long time, until after nine, and then left the gentlemen, took our coffee and tea, and then they made their appearance. We had a very pleasant conversation for an hour or more; by that, Mr. W. & Mr. W. L. became sleepy, could not keep their eyes open: and we all retired fatigued from our days exercise, but gratified.

Mr. J. G. Lockhart leaves early in the morning for Glasgow: we leave after breakfast. I mean to visit the Duke of Hamiltons Castle, well worth seeing we hear; very fine paintings &c. We invited Mr. L. to dine with us, but he had a long days journey, and could not: is going to visit his children, who have gone to a sisters house, on the sea shore: the daughter 11, and son 13 years of age. We have had a delightful

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[visit]. We saw on our way to Lady Ross's to see the falls, some very extensive Mills,* belonging to the celebrated Owen Surdfry Esq. Midnight.

Monday Morning, 26th. Breakfasted with Mr. Lockhart; Mr. J. B. Lockhart had left for Glasgow. After a comfortable breakfast we left, almost $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten o'clock. I really felt quite sorry, so pleasant a visit.

Eight miles from Milton Lockhart, we stopped at the village of Hamilton, and made inquiries of the Inn Keeper whether we could get admittance; and learnt from him, that this week the Duke of Hamilton had ordered his doors to be closed, as he feared from the throng of visitors going to the Tournament, that some might not be of a very honest caste, and therefore would not permit his premises to be inspected; but Mr. W. Lockhart gave us a note to the Agent, Mr. Brown, who immediately sent us word to come to his office, and that he would get us admittance; we went and were accordingly introduced. A superb palace. The Duke has only a son, the Marquis of Hamilton: he was refitting the Palace and building a new part: a splendid grand hall, & the Tribune, an

* These probably were the New Lanark Mills, formerly owned by Robert Owen, which became celebrated as the expression of his socialistic theories and helped to promote the Factory Act of 1819. Schools for all the factory population under twelve years, and a co-operative store for consumers' goods, were radical features of the establishment. Owen himself had been out of the management since 1829.—Ed.

Marble Halls

entrance to the long gallery:—a gallery above all of stone, with handsome carvings. The floor of the great hall marble. Five pictures there—Daniel in the Lion's den by Rubens, the Circumcision, Moses Striking the Rock &c. &c. by Tintoretta; ceilings all superb; tapestry &c. &c. We saw a cradle that Queen Elizabeth had been rocked in: chairs formerly belonging to Mary Queen of Scots: a little cabinet that Bonaparte used to travel with and carry his money in: in truth I saw so much, that I can scarcely recollect anything.

The grand entrance reminded me of the President's Palace, on the Potomac river. Staircases beautiful, above and below, one carved in oak, and the other of bronze. The Stable looked like an immense dwelling house, not the slightest appearance externally of being a receptacle for horses. The grounds fine, with noble trees.

We had a permit to go to a Castle we saw from the palace, and where there was some Caledonian cattle. This castle belonged to the Douglass family as did the other, I have forgotten the name; but we did not go to it. We walked through the grounds to the lodge, and went to the Inn for our coach; we were then eleven miles from Glasgow. About two miles from there we saw Bothwell Castle, one turret only, a ruin.

We arrived at this place about three o'clock, in a heavy rain, and are staying at the "Royal Hotel," a great crowd, and a very indifferent house I think; but I have a small room to sleep in and must be content,

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for every place is filled with people going to the Tournament. I have seen nothing of the town, for Edward and Mr. A. were here awaiting us, and espied us, and came immediately to our hotel to meet us. What our plans are I can scarcely say, it is hard work to say. My husband is not very communicative, and I am obliged to wait until he is in a mood to say what he will do.

Monday Evening. I forgot to mention Lord Lonsdale's Coal & Lead Mines, he had sixty miles of railroad, under ground, and an income of forty or fifty thousand pounds, about two hundred thousand dollars from these. When the Earl of Lonsdale was a student at the University of Cambridge, he happened to see on some small window in or near the town of C—e these lines,

“Hail happy England Freedoms last retreat
Great is thy wealth, thy power, thy glory great,
But Wealth and power have no immortal day,
And all things only hasten to decay.
But when that time shall come, the lot of all,
When Englands glory, wealth and power shall fall
In other Worlds another Britain see

And what thou art, America shall be,” scratched on the glass. He wrote them down from memory, and delivered the paper to Mr. Webster, at Lowther Castle, August 23rd, 1839. As the Earl of Lonsdale is now in his 82nd year, it is no doubt more than 60 years since he read these lines.

Persuading Mr. W.

27th, Tuesday. We left Glasgow most unexpectedly this morning for Lord Eglinton's tournament, through Mr. W. persuasion. When first proposed, he violently opposed it, in other words, said he would not come. I from the first desired it, but after Mr. W's decided manner, I gave up all hope, and therefore coming now does not gratify me as it would have done, could I have had time to prepare my dresses &c. &c. Mrs. P. perfectly crazy about it, would come under any circumstances I believe. Julia not pleased, having no dress. We come merely to see the jousting, and not to participate in the Banquet or Ball, but I dare say we shall do both, and further attend each day. On getting here, we sent our servant Holton with a note ten miles to Lord Eglinton, to say to Sir Charles Lamb that we had arrived here (Kilmarnock) on our way to ask him what costume was required, for a sight only, of the pageant. We expect a reply before bed time, and feel quite curious.

We are 17 miles from Glasgow, at a very good Inn, called the "Turf Inn"; had a very nice dinner. Mr. A. ordered it: he and Edward are with us. Julia & Mr. A. have gone out to walk, Mr. W. and Edward to see some Ayrshire cows. The drive hither very pleasant, a fine country. I have seen nothing of Glasgow, mean to on our return. Crossed the Clyde this morning over a fine bridge, and saw two others above us; reminded me of the bridges across the Thames in London. Glasgow is a very large manufacturing place; cambric,

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linen, cottons, &c. &c. We had very wretched accommodations, every place being thronged by persons going to the tournament.

At the first stage, eleven miles from Glasgow we met Mr. Russel, who married Mrs. D. Watt's daughter; they were on their way to a friends, a mile from Lord Eglinton. He knew Mr. W. and spoke to him; he was travelling [in a] queer chariot, no style. I did not see the wife. A number of carriages stopped at this small Inn, and changed horses.

Wednesday Morning. Day doubtful, but we mean to go to the tournament. We all draped ourselves with hats, &c. at eleven, left Kilmarnock for Irvine and Eglinton, our party six in number. The approach to the Castle was very beautiful, the various coloured tents, ladies dressed in green velvet, quite short, over muslin, green boots; they were "Archer guards" to the Queen of Beauty. The whole arrangement was on a magnificent scale. In the distance from the grand stand, where those persons went who were invited by Lord Eglinton to the Banquet & Ball, you saw the Castle with its turrets,—it was not very large, but three stories high,—from which the procession was to proceed. The tents were on each side of us, for the Knight's Squires, and the Banner in front, where the tilting was to be, and on the other side, the peasantry of the country, and a stage for the farmers. On each side of our stage, were two uncovered, for persons

All a Farce

who asked admission, which was granted without admission to the Castle. In the centre of our stand was a throne for the Queen of Beauty and her little train-bearers and pages, two of each, the boys dressed very prettily in blue & white, with blue boots: the little girls were Lady Seymour's own children. I imagine they had long hair curled. Lord Eglinton's armour was gilt, as also the saddle: he looked splendidly. The rest of the Knights wore steel armour. (I mean when the account is published to put it in here, which will be more satisfactory than any description that I can give.) In our reception stage, the Marchioness of Londonderry and Duchess of Montrose were with many others in fine dresses.

The day was most unpropitious, raining heavily and continued. Some tolerably good tilting, but all a farce after all. About five o'clock Lord Eglinton rode up to the stand and announced to the company that the dinner which he meant to give to his friends, with the dining and ball-room were all afloat, consequently could not receive his guests. This was a sad disappointment after all the cost of dresses &c. &c. These rooms were built up from the ground and communicated with the Castle, but was only covered with sail cloth and the rain penetrated it.

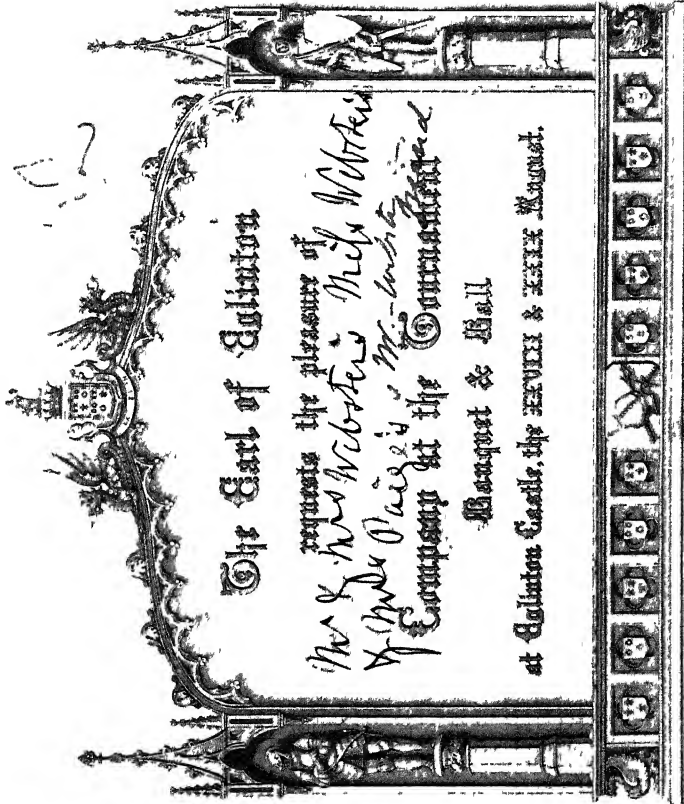
The procession was very pretty, the Heralds announcing their approach; they made their appearance, King, Knights & Squires, with banners flying, and bagpipes playing. The King (the Marquis of

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Londonderry) was superbly dressed. Sir Charles Lamb was a Knight of the White Rose. Lady Montgomerie, mother to Lord Eglinton (married a second time) with her attendants and the Queen of Beauty were to have rode in the procession, but it rained so heavily they could not, but followed in their chariots. About five or half past we all left for our respective lodgings; after some time our carriage approached and glad enough we were, for we left Kilmarnock (9 miles) at eleven; breakfasted at eight and did not get a mouthful of refreshment until $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight in the evening. We mistook our road and drove six or seven miles out of the way.

After dinner Milnes and a friend came in to see us. I sat a little while and talked, and then took french leave, but Milnes soon left. We all retired very much exhausted.

Thursday Morning, 29th. Rained as the day before, breakfasted and then decided to leave for Glasgow, but on enquiry found our clothes had all gone to the wash, and would not return home until one o'clock. This produced some anxiety with Mr. W. but I persuaded him to leave Hamilton our maid for the stage at four o'clock, but she could get no seat; and we hired a post-chaise, which cost us eleven dollars, most the worth of our clothes. We arrived in Glasgow about 3 o'clock and remained until seven in the morning,



The Earl of Eglinton

requests the pleasure of
Mr & Mrs Webster, Mrs & Mr
Paisley, Mr & Mrs
Company at the ~~Continental~~
Banquet & Ball

at Eglinton Castle, the XXVII & XXIX August.

Such a Scrambling

when we took the steamer, an iron boat, for Dumbarton on the Clyde, fourteen miles.

Dumbarton Castle presents a very extraordinary aspect: a rock shooting up to the height of five hundred and sixty feet, sheer out of the alluvial [plain] where the river Leven joins the sea, measuring a mile in circumference, and terminating in two sharp points: houses and batteries sprinkled over the rocks. Dumbarton or more properly "Dunbreatan" signifying the castle of the Britons. At the union of Scotland with England, it was one of the four fortresses stipulated to be kept up, and accordingly it is garrisoned. In the time of the Bruce and Baliol wars, the castle was governed by the infamous Sir John Monteith, who is by tradition and popular poetry the betrayer of Wallace into the hands of the English; at any rate he was confined there previous to being carried to England for trial. A part of the fortress is now called "Wallace Tower," probably from his being confined there. We passed also the Castle of Cardross where Robert Bruce breathed his last. We breakfasted at Dumbarton at the Kings Arms, a vile place, could get nothing to eat, such a scrambling; and after this hurried repast, we proceeded to the Lake of Loch Lomond, in the single carriages. Passed an obelisk to the memory of the Novelist Smollett, a pleasant drive.

We took the boat on the lake which is about 30 miles long: the scenery is beautiful. There are 30 Isles

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in this lake, five in the widest part: it is the largest sheet of water in Britain. [An island] at the southern extremity, on which is an old ruined fortalice (Lennox Castle, called) belongs now the Duke of Montrose, and kept for deer. Inch Caillach which formerly gave name to the parish of Buchanan, and was the burial place of the Macgregors. Less than a mile from the lower end of the lake, this road passes Cameron House long the seat of the Smolletts of Bonhill and described as such in the novel of Humphrey Clinker. We passed a pretty little village by the name of Luss, where a little boat brought to our boat Sir William Newton, wife, and daughters. He is an artist and took the portraits of Capt. Stockton and Col. Heth of Virginia. We continued on the lake to Inversnaid Mills, where we landed in a boat; a pretty little catarack, the scene alluded to by Wordsworth, and addressed to a Highland Girl:

“Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower.”

We were obliged on landing to await the return of the *Ponies*, as the party before us took them. We lunched, and on the return of the horses, all mounted with our guides. I was obliged to have my horse led, it was a ludicrous sight indeed. On the height we saw the remains of Inversnaid Fort, erected to check the turbulence of the Macgregors: the fort was taken by

Lady of the Lake

Rob Roy. It is said that Genl. Wolfe once resided in it.

On arriving at Lake [Katrine] we went into a small fish house and secured our luggage, and then took a boat with four oarsmen and crossed the lake, ten miles: scenery beautiful. Our passage through the Trosachs was very beautiful. We saw the Island described in the Lady of the Lake, the residence of the outlawed Douglas and family. Lady Willoughby [de Eresby] the proprietor of the ground, has a sort of a cottage such as that which it is said the family occupied; it was burnt down a few years ago, by a gentleman, smoking in it. Indeed we could enjoy all we saw, the scenery beautiful, and revived our recollection of the Lady of the Lake. We saw the silver strand &c. &c. Ben Lomond, we saw on Loch Lomond, and Ben Lidi.

On our arrival at the end of the Lake, we had to walk one mile and three quarters, to Ardcheanochrochan, usually called "Stewart Inn" which was so crowded we could scarcely get accomodations, but finally did, and slept, some on the floor, Mr. W. and myself in a room not twelve feet square and a single bed, Julia and Mrs. P. in an inner room. We breakfasted the next morning and then proceeded to Callander, ten miles, in a heavy rain, Mr. W., Edward and myself in a chariot. We then sent a carriage back for the remainder of our party. The drive a very pretty one on the Lake Vennachar.

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Sept. 2nd, we slept on the borders of Lake [Ven-nachar]. We dined at Callander and proceeded in a carriage and barouche to Stirling, sixteen miles. Remained over Sunday, and should have gone to church, but the rain prevented. We followed the river Leith all the way, until just before we reached Stirling, and then saw a branch, the Firth of Forth, and crossed it and entered Stirling. Mr. W. and Edward went to the old church built in 1494, it rained so fast we ladies did not go. Mr. W., Mrs. Paige, Edward and myself went after dinner to the Castle: the time of its erection unknown, it was in times of yore the residence of Scottish Kings. This is also one of the four Castles, to be kept in repair, as previously mentioned: The names of the four are Edinburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling & Blackness, which we passed on the Firth of Forth going to Edinburgh.

Our trip to Edinburgh in the steamboat was very pretty, passed many places, where we took passengers & put them on shore. Boats came to us filled with men, women and children. On leaving Stirling we walked to the landing and the boat had not arrived; we then crossed some distance, and crossed the Forth, and walked to meet the boat: the tides being low, they could not get up; we boarded the boat at $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten and arrived at Trinity Pier three miles below the New Town and crossed a chain bridge of several hundred feet, and then took single vehicles and proceeded to this beautiful town, and are staying in St. Andrews

Barbarous Architecture

Square, at the "Douglass Inn," and it seems a very nice one, fine bed rooms &c.

Stirling Castle is perched on a rocky eminence, contains besides the necessary fortifications, a palace built by James the 5th, the remains of an old palace, by James the 3rd, a parliament hall, a chapel royal built by James 1st, all of which unite to form the various sides of a quadrangle. James the 5th's palace overlooking the town, is in a style of architecture barbarous; it is surrounded by grotesquely twisted pillars and rudely carved figures, most of them mythological: one represents the royal founder himself. We saw [the] Douglass room, the closet in which James 2nd stabbed the Earl of Douglass because he refused to break a league which he had formed with certain other Nobles against the royal interest.

On our route from Stirling by the Steamboat, on the Forth we were accompanied by the Earl of Mar, Earl Elgin, Earl of H——, Earl of Roxberry, Earl of Dunmore, brother to the Charles Murray in the Queen's household, and Lord Abercrombie.

Sept 3rd. Mr. W. and myself have been walking for two hours, visited the different courts; saw the Parliament house, better than two hundred years old; went through the Lord Advocate's libraries, one under the ground or in the basement, where lights are kept burning; two above stairs: one styled the Signet Library. Advocates means in Scotland Attorneys, and W.S.

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means Writers of the Signet, which are Lawyers only. Mr. Webster and myself have been walking this afternoon in Georges St., Queens St., Moray Place, where Lord Jeffrey lives, No. 24, and also most of the Lawyers: a fine situation, a Park with iron railings round it.

Mr. W. went out this day to visit Lord Morton, son-in-law of Sir G. Rose, who was minister in America many years since: he found Lord Morton and his lady at home, and they insisted upon our coming out there to stay; we leave tomorrow after visiting the Castle and Holyrood House, Arthur's seat, Salisbury Craig & Alton, a fine eminence, where there is a monument to Lord Nelson. In George St. there are two monuments, one to George the 4th and the other to Pitt, and in the square opposite to our lodgings is Lord Melville's monument. We shall remain two days probably and then return to Edinburgh.

I admire the city, it is a massive one, but an exceeding quiet place. The streets are broad and beautiful, with grand houses. The Royal Institution is the academy of fine arts: the Heriot Hospital is a very fine building and the builder was an immensely wealthy man, and owned half of the new town. The Old Town is a dirty confused looking place; some of the houses are eight stories high, but tenanted by the poorer classes—the valley between the new and old city is a garden under cultivation, with walks through it. I sat in the 1st division of the Court, in the Chair which

Sir Walter's Seat

Sir Walter Scott occupied when Clerk of the Court, before him the oil[cloth] was worn, and the guide told us that he had a habit of sitting with his arms on the table, and had actually worn it out.

Lord Morton's place is called Dalmahoy.

Edinburg is in the county of Haddingtonshire in East Lothian: the whole shore of the Firth of Forth, is called Lothian and is divided into the above named counties.

Wednesday, 4th. We went to the Castle, and had a fine view from it; we desired to see the crown jewels, but were told the hour had not arrived. We then went to Holyrood House, first to the Abbey and saw the ruins, and the tomb of Rizzio. In one vault the bones of the ancient Kings lie in shelves, and are protected by an iron railing, which can be looked through. We were then carried into the apartments. I saw some family portraits, not much worth seeing: we were then taken to the gallery of pictures; they were coarse, said to have been painted by Dewitt a Dutch painter, and that he never was paid for them. All the Kings of Scotland there, and Mary. We then passed through a suite of rooms, which were occupied by Charles the 10th twice, during the revolution in France and afterwards. We then entered Mary Queen of Scots' presence chamber where she had audience with Knox: saw her chair of state when prepared for her nuptials with Darnley: saw a grate set during James 5th time,

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antiquated indeed. We saw old tables, chairs, some of the seats worked by herself, and a work-box case: some pieces for a table of bronze, such as a mother pig and her young, and other figures, dug from the ruins of Herculaneum: two looking glasses brought by her from France, frames singular, of mahogany on stained wood. We then went into her dressing room, where we saw the remains of a silk hanging on the wall, all in pieces; the floor and chairs worm-eaten, but the guide said her great care had destroyed the rooms.* The Duke of Hamilton is a great antiquarian of all things, and endeavors to have them preserved.

We saw also a little Boudoir, in which a portrait of Rizzio hung, with his lute, and armour; and in this room while at supper with Mary & the Duchess of Argyle, he was stabbed, the Assassins taking him by surprise, while coming up a private stone stair case, which we looked down, but were not allowed to descend as it was considered unsafe. We saw the spot he was dragged to, and where the final stabs were given, and the stains of blood in the floor. This place now a strip of a room, as it was said Queen Mary had this partition run across. The whole was her presence chamber formerly, but the recollection and appearance of this spot she could not endure, and conse-

* It should be recalled that for some while Mary Stuart was virtually a prisoner in her apartment at Holyrood. For one of the devices to which she was reduced in trying to keep her rooms habitable, see the paragraph following.—Ed.

Royal Edinburgh

quently had it taken off, but from the carved ceiling you can readily decide it was a part of the sitting room.

We saw a very good miniature of her,—artist unknown; also a portrait of Henry 8th & Queen Elizabeth, neither of which deserved a place in her apartments. We saw the bed slept in by Charles 2nd and Queen Marie. We then drove through some of the streets and returned to our lodgings. Lord Jeffrey called upon Mr. W. I did not see him; we dine with him on Friday.

At four o'clock we came out to Lord Morton's in an open carriage, our coach not being finished after the injury it sustained on the rail-road. Our luggage came out in a noddy; Dalmahoy is nine miles from Edinburgh. We arrived about half past five, and sat for a little while in the drawing room; and then were asked by Lady Morton to our respective rooms, and were told we would dine at seven. Mr. Hope and Lady Haddington the only guests. A kind reception & Lady Morton a nice person. She has three nice daughters and three sons at home: one in the army, the elder at Stirling, the second a seaman & one daughter married to Lord Milton, son of Lord Fitz Williams. I have a bed room, Mr. W. a dressing room, Mrs. P. another room, Julia, Mr. A. and Edward also a room to each.

Thursday, 5th. We breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine, a dull rainy day, and no hope of clearing I fear. We

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saw last night John Knox's Bible, and various letters with Mary Queen of Scots' signature: a portrait of her hangs over the chimney, which came out of Loch Leven: one of the ancestors of Lord Morton, was Mary's rescuer from prison, and was afterwards made Earl of Morton; they have a chair which was hers, and a screen of her own work.—Thursday evening, 11 o'clock. I have just come to bed after playing ecarte with Lord Morton: we have dined alone today, Lady Haddington and other guests invited, but no one came.

After luncheon we drove over to Lord Hopetoun's seat, ten miles from here. Mr. W. & Lord Morton in an open carriage, and Lady M. and ourselves in another: we found Lady Hopetoun at home, and her sister, Miss MacDonald, one of the lady attendants upon Lady Montgomerie. Lord Hopetoun had gone a-sporting in the Highlands. Mr. Hope, the brother, a M.P. was there, and very kindly received us: walked on the terrace on the Firth of Forth, and in the garden. Miss MacDonald lent me her clogs. We spent two hours at least there, and returned home to dinner at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven. The house a very large one, like an old chateau, Lady Morton said. Fine pictures, and everything stylish, beautiful trees & Yew hedge. Mr. A. and Edward went out sporting, killed partridges &c. We leave in the morning after breakfast, for Edinburgh.

Adieu to Dalmahoy

Friday, 6th. We bid adieu to Dalmahoy about $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten and drove to Edinburgh to the Douglass Hotel. Mrs. Jeffrey, and her daughter Mrs. Empson who had come from London on a visit to her, called, and brought her babe, a little girl five months old, called Charlotte. Mr. W. went out to the Registers Office, and the Lord Advocate's libraries with Mr. Hope, Dean of the Faculty. He brought also the "Lord President" his father, a fine old man, better than seventy years old. Lord Morton came to Edinburgh to go with Mr. W. to the great agriculturist and seedsman, but did not find him; called in the evening and saw my husband.

Mrs. Paige, Mr. W. and myself went out to Lord Jeffrey's to dine at five; his place is called Craig creek; we dined about seven. On arriving there we found Lord Jeffrey, Sir Robert Rolfe, and Mr. Empson. Mrs. J. was walking, and after a short time came in, and then went and brought her little grand-daughter, a sweet little child. Mr. W. then accompanied Lord J. to see the Forth & Pentland hills from a hill, a mile or more from his house, with their shoes. This house formerly belonged to the Ecclesiastical order of Holyrood Abbey: it is quite a pretty place. The house has been enlarged by him; his library or *den* as he called it was very tasteful and pretty: he had two sitting rooms and a dining room. Our guests were the Lord Advocate (Rutherford), Solicitor General Sir Robt. Rolfe, Lord Colburn, Lord Fullerton, and a Mr.

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Rutherford, brother of the Lord Advocate's; a very agreeable dinner. Mrs. Jeffrey has a sad affliction, a twitching of the nerves; her daughter is not pretty. We left about ten o'clock, a very dark night, three miles from town; but we had lamps to our coach. We had tea around the table-cloth over the table; dry toast, loaf of bread, cake, &c.

Saturday morning. We left Edinburgh about eight o'clock; took a cup of coffee, meaning to get off earlier but detained by some mistake with our muslin, which had been sent to be washed and clear starched. We were obliged to leave a list of the articles, and order them to be sent to London for us. Mr. Hope gave us our route to Fushie Bridge & Torsonce, 21 miles to breakfast, then to Abbotsford, Cty. of Roscommon; crossed the Tweed and on the south side was Sir Walter's. I was greatly disappointed: it is placed in a narrow valley, hills on both sides; by no means a fine situation. The House a strange looking one, appeared large from the outside: the entrance hall not large. It was hung with banners, Stag horns & bears tusks, shields and armour. The keys of the Tolbooth hung in one corner, and an old door was put up at the side of the house as a relic. The chimney was copied from an old arch in Melrose; high Ebony chairs and Escritoire in the drawing room, which belonged to George the 3rd, presented by George the 4th to Sir Walter. A table of marble & a rose upon it, presented by Byron.

A Great Disappointment

We saw his library, dining room, armoury. There was a gallery over his library which communicated with his dressing room; we saw the table he wrote at, the chair and little foot bench, he used daily, before his desk: a chair made out of the wood of the house in which William Wallace was killed. We saw the hat and clothes worn by him, to the moment of his death, in a glass case, and the window at which he died, in the dining room. We walked around the house and examined the rear. Sir Walter, the present incumbent and heir, had just gone to India with his Regiment. Charles Scott was expected, the second son, but very much out of health.

We then went to Melrose, about three miles distance, and saw the ruin of the Abbey, but it did not compare with Tintern. It had rained all day and it was damp and dull, no going about or over it. We then got into our carriage, and passed Galashiels or Gala Water, where they manufacture woollen plaids. We then went to Kelso, a beautiful place; crossed the Tweed and Teviot; saw the Castle of Roxburgh building, two years since it was commenced, and will be two years before it is finished. We saw also the old castle on the Teviot: the new one is on the Tweed. We crossed the river over a beautiful bridge, and had a fine view up and down the river. We saw Dryburgh Abbey, after leaving Melrose, about three miles, I must not forget to mention.

We took fresh horses at Kelso. Mr. W. learned

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from the Inn Keeper, that it was a famous place for Salmon, out of the Tweed, hunting, & racing; it was the coach town. The Marquis of Waterford had written to engage lodgings for the coming Monday. Earl of Roxburgh had yesterday a son and heir, his eldest daughter married in 1836. It is twenty-three miles from Kelso to Cornhill, where we now are, and intend to sleep: we crossed and passed the village of Coldstream where we mean to go to church to-morrow, by Mr. Hope's request. After crossing the Tweed at Coldstream, we left Scotland and are now in a part of Durham: we shall then enter Northumberland. We have come 62 miles today, dine here at 7. Breakfasted at eleven at Torsconce. About 3 o'clock it cleared and remained fine overhead, but cold until we reached here; it is now raining fast.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel was written on the scene in Melrose; we saw the stone he used to sit on, with his dog at his side always. I bought prints of it. Lady Flora Hastings' family live in Loudoun Castle.

Sunday Evening. We are now at Aln Bridge, 26 miles from Cornhill (in the Cty. of Durham) where we slept, breakfasted and took an early dinner at 2 o'clock, and came to this place in Northumberland; passed Lord Tankerville's Park. Julia, Edward & Mr. A. went to church. Mr. W. went to walk. Mrs. P. and myself sat at home; I wrote, I am ashamed to say.

Mr. W. came home about 12 o'clock and invited

Leicester Sheep

me to go about three quarters of a mile to see a fine view. I did, saw the Tweed, and the stone bridge I crossed on leaving Coldstream & a large stone house belonging to Lord Collingwood, on the opposite shore. From the spot I looked was a very high hill, saw the [Ettrick] Hills, Roxburgh hill and the Pentlands: we saw a fine tract of country over in Northumberland belonging to Earl Grey. The Inn-Keeper had a fine farm belonging to Lord Collingwood, and rented fourteen hundred acres, at fourteen dollars our money per acre: he has the Leicester Sheep. Mr. W. left orders for one ram and three ewes: his name is Curry, and the house is Collingwood Arms, Cornhill, Cty. of Durham. We sleep at the place Aln Bridge tonight, and go to-morrow early to breakfast at Morpeth 16 miles, then to Newcastle 15, then to Durham 9, to Rushyford 9, to Darlington 16, and then to Northallerton 19 . . . where we arrived at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 [Monday], having travelled 89 miles, with 32 horses, four at each stage.

After leaving Newcastle-upon-Tyne and crossing the bridge we left Northumberland and entered Durham. We are sleeping at Northallerton in York; had a nice supper, having taken a light dinner & tea together. We have come through Northumberland, Durham, and tonight are in York. We have crossed several streams and passed several Noblemen's seats and Parks, Lord Scarborough's, &c.

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At Durham we visited the Cathedral, very ancient, begun at a very early date & finished in the eleventh century; the architecture Anglo Saxon; the external appearance very fine. The interior I did not like; the font a very singular one, it is in the nave of the church, and built up like a pagoda of oak-wood: the columns are cut in a strange manner: and the ancient fresco paintings are preserved, but coarse. Some of the recesses where the tombs are, were coloured with blue, red and yellow stripes. The carved work of the partition wall between the nave of the church and choir very massive and the oak truly black. The carving of the partition at the head of the church in stone and very beautiful; it runs across beyond the altar, and the Shrine of St. Cuthbert is a part, looking over into aisles. The Old Palace is now a University and the old Keep, they are rebuilding and are to make thirty-six rooms for the students. We bought at Durham some nice peaches at one shilling and others at four pence a piece, and also some fine plumbs.

Our last stage, 16 miles, from Darlington to Northallerton, was over a fine road: we travelled the distance in one and a half hours; it appeared like a railroad it was so perfect.

Tuesday Evening, 10th Sept. Breakfasted at Northallerton 7 o'clock, and then with a bright sunshine set out for Ripon, 17 miles. On arriving there we found

Mr. W. Accepts

that we must [take] a carriage and pair of horses to Fountains Abbey, three miles. Ripon is finely situated at a short distance south of the river Ure, over which is a stone bridge of fourteen arches; the rivulet Skell separates it from the southeastern ——. Fountains Abbey is a fine Cathedral Church which we did not visit. From Ripon we took fresh horses and came to York, crossed the Ouse. After leaving R. we crossed the Ure, before we came to the Ouse, on which York stands. We stopped at Skip[bridge] and changed horses, crossed a rivulet by that name, seven miles from here; our drive a very interesting one; a fine country and very good roads.

On driving into York we met the Archbishop of York's daughter, on horseback; she recognized Mr. W. and as soon as we entered our lodgings at the "Black Swan," Miss Harcourt, the daughter, rode up on horseback and sent to Mr. W. to come to her. She was very polite, and rode up to the Inn, for the purpose of saying that her father was very desirous to see him & his party, and invited us to come to the Palace three miles out of town, but Mr. W. said a visit was out of our power, our time being so limited. She then urged our coming to breakfast, which Mr. W. said he would consult the ladies about; upon consultation we decided it would not be convenient for us to unpack for the mere pleasure of a breakfast. Mr. W. accepted with a note saying the fatigue of our journey

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would not permit us. We mean to go to Yorkminster, a stupendous building, which will take two hours at least.

Fountains Abbey was begun in eleven hundred and thirty-two. We drove through Studley, a beautiful seat belonging to Miss Lawrence, a maiden of 70 years, & now called Mrs. Lawrence. The Park and grounds were beautiful: they were interspersed with artificial lakes, water-fall, Statuary, Temples &c.; we saw the house in the distance. Her Steward is the Vice Chancellor of England, Launcelot Shadwell. This property came to her through her brother W. Lawrence in 1785. The present proprietor is Elizabeth Sophia Lawrence.

Fountains Abbey is truly beautiful: the most perfect [chapel we] saw in this Edifice was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and in compliment to its chief patron St. Bernard, was named after the place of his birth. The word Fountain has never been accounted for; no remarkable springs break out upon the spot which can have given origin to the appellation. The first name assigned to this house was the Abbey of Skelldale, and the meaning not then being entirely obsolete, the Monks who always wrote in Latin, translated it "de Fontibue." Afterwards the original name was forgotten, and the word "fontes" was translated, for popular use Fountains: this is Dr. Whitaker's derivation, and we give it as an etymological curiosity.

The foundations of the church, whose ruins show

Fountains Abbey

its massiveness and splendor, were laid in 1204, under the Abbacy of John de Ebor, who was buried in the chapter-house, before the President's seat. This magnificent structure, as it must have been, was completed nearly 30 years after by John de Cancia, in whose Abbacy the cloisters were erected, the infirmary and the [xenodochium], or house for poor strangers. The most munificent family were the Mowbrays, but many of the Nobles bestowed their worldly goods for the privilege of sepulture within its walls, and being favorably remembered in their prayers. There belonged to this Abbey 72 thousand acres of land, beside mills, houses and other property necessarily attached to so large a domain. Henry 8th suppressed the Abbey.

The form of the Abbey was that of a cross: the site of it was in a valley, so narrow as to prevent a complete view of the building lengthwise, from without, as the chief approach to it was from the east; that portion of the church is more than usually extensive by the lateral projection of the Lady Chapel (the easternmost part) far beyond the line of the nave and choir. After crossing over the mouldering arches of a bridge, near to which the river issues from under a portion of the building, we found ourselves at the ruins. The Abbey is on the Skell. The lofty arches give an idea of the beautiful light architecture of this chapel; the windows lancet-headed; the pavement of the altar is finely tessellated; the nave 199 feet long;

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eleven obtuse pointed arches on each side. The sombre effect of the vaulted Cloister accords with that pleasing train of thought which the previous survey of remarkable ruins never fail to produce in the sensitive mind.

The Refectory, 108 ft long by 46 wide; the Kitchen is on the east side of the refectory, 16.4 ft in width, 6 ft deep, dimensions which show that the monks were not unmindful of the good things of the cuisine.

It is the most perfect ruin, and worthy all travellers attention. The walks to it and around it are beautiful. We walked two miles or more with our guide. Fountains Hall was built out of the ruins by Sir Stephen Proctor; it stands about two hundred yards west of the Abbey. In the Chapel is a curiously ornamented chimney piece, representing the Judgment of Solomon. The building is now divided into two residences, the Rev^d in one. Lord Ripon and Earl de Gray are to be the heirs of Studley: the latter comes first, who has only two daughters and they are both married: the other a son half grown. I can't describe to my satisfaction this perfect ruin.

Wednesday Morning, 11th. Mr. Webster and myself arose at seven and found it raining, but ordered a Fly and drove to Yorkminster before breakfast. We went last evening for a short time, but this morning we went all through it: the breadth of the church 223 feet, and the entire length 524 feet from the nave to

York Minster

the choir. The south transept was very fine, in truth it was magnificent; the nave from the floor to the ceiling is 99 ft., the four principal united columns are 67 ft. in circumference. In the nave was a Dragon up in the Nuns gallery & from it was suspended a font by a gold chain. When Cromwell entered the Cathedral he robbed it of all that was valuable. Henry 8th took all the silver images &c. and had them melted. Cromwell took the communion plates, and left copper ones.

Five different churches on the foundation of the present Cathedral; viz. Ancient Britons (Druids), Romans, Saxons, Normans, and lastly the Monks, in the space of 12 centuries. When the church was rebuilt, there was found under the foundations, a roman altar and two Saxon Columns. We entered the Crypt, and the guide had the gas pipes lighted that we might distinctly see them. The choir is beautiful and has been rebuilt within ten years: it is of oak and richly carved. The organ divides the nave & choir, as is done in all Cathedrals. The canopies of the stall with the names of each prebend's place. Service is performed every morning at 10 o'clock. The Archbishop (Harcourt) is eighty three years old; he preached his farewell sermon last year.

The Bishop's Palace is three miles from York, on the river; the steamboats pass his door. Mr. W. breakfasted there at ten, and did not return until nearly one, and was very desirous of remaining to pass the day; but altho' it rained heavily we proceeded, as Mr.

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A. is desirous of getting to London, and we are also; that is, Julia, to arrange matters.

I must not forget the Chapter-house, a beautiful Octagon building, where the Vestry always hold their special meetings: there is a gallery over all the canopies under which the official persons sit; a stall for each one; it is often crowded like the Parliament house. The vestibule to it was beautiful: the doors arched and covered with gilding. We saw a chair in the choir, that Edwin, one of the Saxon Kings was crowned in, and lastly James the 6th of Scotland, and the present Bishop of Ripon. Monuments without number. . . .

We walked around this stupendous structure, but as it is surrounded with buildings, and the streets narrow, we could not see it to the same advantage. In the rear was an open green, and fine stone buildings. The windows all ancient but the one over the main entrance. The Incendiary who set fire to this noble structure secreted himself in the church, and after it was closed commenced his operations with matches. All I can say can give no one an idea of the grand and imposing sight this Cathedral presents on entering it. York is a fine town and is divided into three parts by the rivers Foss & Ouse. Four of the Roman arches and the gateway and some spots of the wall still remain.

At one o'clock we set out for Selby 14 miles and then 7 to Ashem, and then to Doncaster 13, where we now are in a most capital house: "The Angel Inn" a

Sheffield Plate

new establishment, at least newly fitted up, and is very nice. The races take place here, on Monday. We leave for Sheffield in the morning, to breakfast I believe.— We saw rings and other jewels belonging to the church, and a horn, which belonged to a Saxon Prince, and was given in pledge, with the estate given with it: as wills and deeds were not in use in that age.

Thursday Evening, Sept. 12th. Left this morning at 7 o'clock for Sheffield, 12, to Rotherham which is within three or four miles of "Wentworth," Lord Fitz William's, where we were to have gone to make a visit, but time will not allow. From Rotherham we were obliged to take a fly, & Mr. W. and myself got into it for Sheffield to lighten our coach, as the bolt was broken and one of the springs. We reached Sheffield about 10 o'clock, and breakfasted at a very nice house.

After breakfast we sallied out, and went to examine Rodger's cutlery establishment. Mr. W. had a letter to him, and when it was presented, he said he knew Mr. W. by reputation well: he was very polite to us, and carried us all over his work-shop. His engine was a very fine one, and the cylinder which received the coal was very curious; it was like a coffee mill; the smoke instead of coming out passed over the fire, and was in a great measure consumed.

We then went into the Sheffield Plate Ware Room, and saw all the process: saw how the silver was rolled

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into the copper, before it is shaped: unlike the Birmingham ware, as that is washed: the former wears admirably and costs double the latter, which soon wears off. The polishing is done by women, similar to the polishing of the Worcester china, only they use a strap & water with the silver, and the china is well dried. I bought two large knives for bread, one large, & the second marked bread, and a fork to put in a loaf to steady it, or to put bread around the table, a trifle only; also a vegetable dish with a handle and four divisions for 8 pounds.

We then returned to the Hotel and Mr. A. left us for Manchester on his way to London. We were kept until two, awaiting the repairs on our coach. We then started for Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. He has six others; the present one in Chiswick, Middlesex, where Lord Morpeth gave us a fete: Harwick Hall, Derbyshire, Bolton Hall, Yorkshire, Lismore Castle, Waterford, Ireland, and his great house in London. The Duke is not supposed to be the legitimate heir, and is therefore not permitted to marry.*

* The expression "not permitted" is scarcely apt, unless read as an instance of what the sociologists call "social control." Upon the death of his first wife, Georgiana Spencer (the "Duchess of Devonshire" of the celebrated painting), William Cavendish, the 5th Duke, had married a widow with whom it was rumored that he long had had a liaison; that one of Georgiana's children was actually Elizabeth Foster's, an exchange having been effected, so it was alleged, to secure an heir-male to the dukedom. The unhappy subject of this report was the William George Spencer Cavendish to

Ducal Dilemma

I must make a few remarks. Chatsworth House excells in the grounds anything I have seen : artificial cataracks, fountains, bronze devices, summer houses &c. Windows of plate-glass like mirrors, and the sills and frames gilt outside. The entrance hall beautiful. The house has been added to and refitted ; floors laid with tiles, the walls hung with fine paintings. Chapel very handsome ; the altar all of the Derbyshire marble, and the walls covered—sacred subjects. A gallery or long hall 80 or 90 ft, filled with magnificent Statuary. Two immense Lions. Napoleon and his mother seated in a chair or throne apparently. Venus, Hebe, Bacchante, and many others, the Spinning girl &c. &c. A large vase from Berlin, mosaic table, and divers other things. While in this room the Duke entered with his Sister and neice, Lady Carlisle, his other sister Lady Granville and their families. We went through all the State apartments, a splendid suite ; in many rooms we did not go as they were painting. Chairs, called coronation, of George 4th & William 4th and their Queens.

The Duke looks something like Col. Preston of S.C., tall & much his size. It is said the Duke desires to make his house and grounds like Versailles. The house from the back rooms form a hollow square. The first entrance hall is fine, and the second to the state rooms, still more grand and beautiful. Splendid Stair-

whom Mrs. W. refers. He refused ever to marry so long as there was any question of his right to the Cavendish name.—Ed.

Great Britain

case with bronze railings. Floors all of oak and beautiful; the State dining room floor of cedar; and the pannels of some white wood richly carved with birds, game pieces &c. beautifully executed. In truth I can give no idea of the splendour and taste to any human being.

From there, which place we left about five, we proceed to Matlock, ten miles; most romantic scenery, fine rocks, &c. &c. Derbyshire Spar. We are travelling through the centre of Derbyshire, a fine noble country, not so flat as some parts of Yorkshire. There is a cave, near here, and a Donkey to carry you to it, but we have no time. We go to Leicester to-morrow to Sir Henry Halford's. We are on a high hill at the Old Bath House, something like Bowness in that respect, with scenery before us, and a river running along its banks. Duke of Devonshire's Park 15 miles, contains five thousand deer.

Friday morning. We go to Derby to breakfast, distance 17 miles; from there to Loughborough and then to Leicester. On stopping at the Hotel we found the Ladies of Sir Henry Halford's family there; Miss Vaughan and her sister who married Sir Henry's only son; he has also one daughter Mrs. Coventry. The races were over before we arrived at Leicester, and the ball at the finale on the evening before we reached L. I regretted very much losing the excitement of the races. After the races are over, they have usually an

Royal Physician

Infirmary sermon, a singular custom, but I presume the object is, that at the races all the nobles and gentry attend, & their gifts are worth receiving.

The Duke of Rutland came to see us and invited us on Monday 16th: we go in company with Sir Henry and his niece Miss Vaughan. We arrived at their agreeable mansion on Friday at 5 o'clock: it is eight miles from Leicester; and we remain Saturday & Sunday. We dined at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six on Friday. Guests, Mr. Halford & wife—they were cousins, the wife sister to Miss Vaughan; live almost half a mile from here, and drive here every day—Sir William and Lady Heygate and the Sheriff of the county, Mr. Dawson, with ourselves. I retired early, suffering from Rheumatism in my limbs.

Saturday Morning. Sir William Heygate and Mr. Dawson have just left (12 o'clock) for their respective homes: this Sir Wm. Heygate was formerly M.P., but not now. It is pouring as hard as it can. I truly despair of ever having a fine day. Julia received a letter from Mr. A., he was at Manchester. We have sent Holton for our letters to Leicester, the package so large that Mr. Jaudon sent them by the stage driver to save postage. We are all anxiety to get them.

Sir Henry Halford who has been Physician to George the 3rd and his family down, has been reading us many letters of his and Queen Charlotte's during the illness of George 3rd and his derangement and

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blindness, his attempts at writing and his signature; also of Mary's (Duchess of Gloucester) writing for her father, and the Princess Amelia's death, her expressions to her father (George 3rd), Sir Henry being present at her communications to him, her apprehension of the effect, in his state of health, and her desire that Sir Henry should remain with her; said she "I find I must put my house in order, my dissolution is near at last." The King was greatly overcome and took to his bed with a severe cold and soon followed her. The Royal Family seem greatly attached to Sir Henry: have sent him divers beautiful presents, one of a gold breakfast set, coffee pot &c. &c.; ink stand; Duke of Gloucester a spy glass; a superb gold time piece, presented by a union of the family, with a likeness of George 4th studded with diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and carbuncles. Queen Dowager Adelaide sent him a superb silver pitcher. Duchess of Gloucester, Candelabras, Queen Charlotte an Eperne, and a kind of shield for the side board. Princess Amelia Sophia, a very large silver vase.

He has in his possession the saddle and stirrups of Charles 1st (he gave us the particulars of the opening of his tomb in St. George's Chapel, Windsor) and also a piece of the bone of the neck, vertebrae. He gave us a sketch of him, as he appeared at the opening of the tomb, and this sketch is a true resemblance to the picture we see of him by Vandyke.

Sir Henry has given Mr. W. a copy of his work, in

King Charles's Head

which are [particulars?] of the examination, and the state they found the body in; it was in a wooden coffin, placed in a lead one.—He showed us the signature of Milton; he was blind at twenty-five.—1648–9 was merely inscribed on the leaden coffin of Charles 1st and it was by the side of Henry 8th. The investigation of the tomb by Sir Henry was on April 1st 1813, and it was done with a view of ascertaining facts made by Lord Clarendon and Mr. Herket with respect to the interment of Charles 1st.

Sunday morning, 15th. The sun shone bright: at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, Mr. W. & Edward walked with Sir Henry, but it clouded over, and I fear rain again, indeed it showers at this moment. Yesterday (Saturday) Mr. Mrs. & Miss King, neighbors of Sir Henry's, dined here, and left after eleven o'clock for their home, two miles. Mr. & Mrs. Halford always dine here. I played two games with Sir Henry, and we were successful. I made one misdeal unfortunately, it appeared so awkward. Today we go to church with Sir Henry and Miss Vaughan.—We went to church, heard a Mr. Keppel: it was a nice little church. We dined with his family only & grand daughter, who played on the organ very prettily, for us in the evening; and then Sir Henry read a sermon of Horsley's, a very good one: all his domestics came in, sixteen servants including our man and maid. We sat in the library, retired at ten.

Great Britain

Monday Morning, Sept. 16th. A fine day for this climate. I have been walking about, have seen the gold and silver Pheasants, Kangaroos, a black Swan, and some carrier pigeons, white. We leave at $\frac{1}{2}$ past twelve for the Duke of Rutland's, with Sir Henry and his niece (Miss Vaughan) in their chariot: a cold wind and cloudy.—Monday 16th. We left Wistow House at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 o'clock for the Duke of Rutlands; eight miles from Sir Henry's to Leicester, where we took fresh horses and drove to Melton [Mowbray], 15 miles from Leicester, and from Melton we were eleven miles from the Duke's.

On our arrival we were shown to our rooms immediately. The Duke was out shooting, and his only daughter unmarried, Lady Adeliza, out driving: we dined at 7, and were glad of the time. At the dinner hour the Chaplain came & told us dinner was ready; we found the Duke ready in a small drawing-room to receive us; he welcomed me most cordially to the Castle. I was handed by him to dinner, and sat at the end of the table by him; a handsome dinner. After it we retired to the drawing room and looked at engravings until about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, and then retired, leaving the gentlemen at a game of whist. Mr. Keppel the clergyman who came from Sir Henry's with us.

Tuesday Morning, 11 o'clock. We have just got through breakfast. Mr. W. is going out to shoot with the Duke, and driving is proposed for us. I should

A Terrible Fright

prefer to walk. No persons here but the Duke's son Lord George, the lady who was formerly governess, Sir Henry & Miss Vaughan & Mr. Keppel.

On going to bed last night after my maid left me, my night cap took fire and burned off half the ruffle, singed my hair and forehead, and gave me a terrible fright. I have scorched my fingers also, but have reason to thank *God* it was no worse, that I escaped so well. I ran to Mrs. P.'s room as pale as a ghost after it was over; she had gone to bed, but kindly arose and let me in.

We remain here until Thursday morning, and leave early. The wind blows a gale and whistles through these long corridors. The house unfurnished. The Duke never sees company until the winter, about the holydays, and then keeps open house. He has two other seats, one in Derbyshire, Haddon Hall, from which place the Romance of the Forest was written, or rather the scene taken by Mrs. Radcliff. His other residence is in Cambridgeshire.

Tuesday evening, 18th. We have past this day more agreeably. After breakfast I walked with Lady Adeliza and her former Governess, who is still a companion for her, to see the work and various articles sent for the Bazaar, which is to be held next week. I have bought one article worked by the Duchess of Richmond, to hold pocket handkerchiefs; I mean to get something more. We then walked with Lady A. in the Duke's Garden, and then through hers; saw

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grottos, and all sorts of rustic seats and summer houses, and had a beautiful view of the Castle from different points. We then walked and looked at the Gold and Silver Pheasants, Norwegian Parot and two English ones; the former was very large, the other two white.

We saw then a famous young Bull and calves; and then proceeded to the dairy, in the centre of which is a fountain, which plays when they please, and in which they cool their butter. Old China placed on the shelves . . . the name of the breed of cows above the cheeses. They make the Stilton cheese here also; it was very interesting. We then walked until we came to the Keeper's House and the Kennels, only passed them; a house Mr. W. said he would be glad to live in, very pretty; sixty-eight couple of hounds. Mr. W. and the Duke out shooting Pheasants all day—took out cold tea to drink and nothing else. Mr. W. killed eleven and his Grace thirteen.

To-morrow we are to have a Fox hunt, and I expressed some desire to see it; the Duke sent an order to have the hour changed for our accomodation from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, to $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9; we breakfast at nine. I expect to be delighted. I admire his Grace and Lady Adeliza and Lord George John [Manners] greatly; very hospitable and make you feel perfectly at home.

I have been all over the castle with Mr. Thorreton the chaplain; have seen the Prince Regent's tower, and all his appartments; saloon, dressing room, bed-

Grand and Princely

room, sitting-room, and parlour . . . rooms hung with a chinese silk, also doors, and wardrobe in the wall. The dressing room, state dining room, sportsman's room, where they dine, when they return late; picture gallery, library and divers other rooms up to the fifth story. Splendid view from the terrace and the upper windows as far as you can see.

We went all through the house, from the dining room, to the kitchen, pantries and larders, of which last there are several, one for birds, another for venison, one for [hares and rabbits], and one for the daily provisions, all resembling small towers, with a net net-work from the ground floor to the ceiling, to preserve them; perfect in all respects. We also entered the Housekeeper's and Butler's room, and I walked until I was so tired I could scarcely stand. Mr. W. thinks the Castle is five hundred feet from one end to the other. The Regent's Saloon is 140 feet long. Tomorrow I hope to see the mausoleum of the Duchess; it is said to be very beautiful. The chapel is in the house and you enter it from the Regent's Saloon, and from one of the corridors.

The dinner service yesterday silver, and today superb gold; a number of beautiful pieces of plate; a cistern of Silver, used for punch. The Duke of Wellington on his famous horse Copenhagen, of solid silver. Pictures and Statues, of the Duchess and Earl Chatham, the father of Pitt. It is a grand and princely establishment. Lunched at two, of roast mutton, cold

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beef, chicken and tounge: then hot apple pie, and rice pudding, everything very nice.

I have a very delightful room, and Mr. W. a dressing room, with fires in each, and a kettle of hot water for each person, every comfort. Weather cloudy, and the corn to a certain extent will be lost, I fear. I mean the grain generally. I have been playing backgammon, some whist, some chess, &c. &c. We pass another day here. I shall ever think of my visit with great pleasure. 12 o'clock, time to go to my pillow.

Wednesday, 1 o'clock. The day very bright for England; breakfasted at 9, to go to the Foxhunt. One and another assembled in the breakfast room; Lady Adeliza arrives, we all go in to breakfast. The Duke enters just before we finish, and poor Miss Vaughan, who was not apprised of the earlier hour. After leaving the table we all went to the picture gallery, and then to the Regent's saloon; the bell rings to announce the carriages, we all assemble directly; the Duke very punctual. Lady Adeliza, Miss Vaughan, Julia and myself in one carriage, Mrs. Paige and Miss Goodwin in the other. We drove to the stables and there Mr. W. mounted a fine animal, one ridden by the Duke of Cambridge in the chase, Edward on another, Lord George on another, Mr. Thorreton on another. The Duke did not join us, engaged in writing letters. After the hunt, Mr. W. and he were to shoot again.

On arriving at the stables, the hounds or packs at

The Hunt

least, were all assembled, and the Hunters dressed in red-jackets, jockey caps, and whips in hand; some they called drivers, meaning whippers-in by the crack of the lash. We followed the covers for twelve miles at least, over hills and valleys, and were greatly excited, but saw no fox: they had scent but ran so far we could not pursue them: followed for three hours, a beautiful drive, through the Duke's own plantations. At the stables, after seeing the hounds, Miss Vaughan got out of the carriage and walked with Sir Henry back to the Castle, and left for Wistow House; they were engaged to dine with the King's, whom we met at Sir Henry's. During our drive we had several showers of rain, but so much a matter of course, we do not regard it, altho' my shoulder which is rheumatic feels it greatly.

Wednesday night, 12 o'clock. We leave in the morning and are very sorry to depart from this delightful mansion. We had to day the Duke's sister Lady Norman & her husband & daughter, and two gentlemen, I believe her sons; and a Mr. — who is now building a beautiful house four miles from Belvoir Castle, a nice person, and a bachelor. We had another set of silver today at dinner; the centre candelabra very beautiful, and four corner pieces like shells, with figures; and large silver bottles—I scarcely know what to call them—and vases, and two which held Ice after dinner; very beautiful and very nice dinner.

We played whist, backgammon &c. until eleven,

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and then I had to say adieu. The Duke was surprised, said, why you are not going, stay another day, I have ordered the game keepers to be ready for you; he then said, well, why go so early, have you ordered breakfast. I said Lady A. had insisted on our doing so, at half past seven. Said he, do you think I would let you go without it? His Grace then said, I part most reluctantly, I shall hope to see you again. I feel truly grateful for their kindness, and shall often think of Belvoir & its inmates.

We visited the tomb or monument this morning, a beautiful garden spot, flowers all around it. The figure of the Duchess, a beautiful woman, ascending like an angel, and a cloud with her four little girls extending their arms to receive her; it is the most perfect thing I ever saw. The building very chaste, the trap gate and oak door, beautiful, cost a great deal.* Wyatt was the Sculptor.

Thursday morning, 19th. We breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven, and then left for Melton, Leicester and Rugby, the latter the rail-road station; and arrived a few moments before it left; put our carriage on and Mrs. P., Mr. W. and myself took seats in one of the cars. Julia and Edward sat in the coach: we found the friction too great. We arrived in London at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six, found Mr. Appleton ready for us at the Brunswick Hotel.

* \$25,000 it cost.—C. Le R. W.

Mr. Van Buren Foiled

Friday. We have sent our letters by the Liverpool today, and have been out to buy Julia's dress, \$3 per yard; Hat £3.18; collar, very handsome, cuffs, &c. &c., everyday dress &c. Went with Mrs. Bates in her carriage; we dined at home, six o'clock. I wrote Mrs. Jaudon an invitation to the wedding today. The day very pleasant, no rain.

Mr. Jaudon came back from Paris last evening, has persuaded the Rothschilds & Hottinguer to accept the notes on the Bank of the U.S. which produced such an excitement here. I am truly rejoiced for the reputation of Mr. Biddle, who I fear would have suffered. The *Loci Focos* * would have exulted and Mr. Van Buren been elevated in the opinion of the people.

Julia is to be married on Tuesday morning in St. Georges Church at 11 A. M. and we shall have a breakfast after the ceremony. Julia and her husband & Mrs. P. go off directly into the country.

Saturday 21st. Full of business, writing notes and attending to Julia's wants.

Sunday 22nd. Mr. W., Mrs. P., Edward and myself went to All Souls, Langhorn Place; after church called upon Mrs. Jaudon—too ill to see us—and then upon Mrs. Bates. Dined at home. Received in the

* "*Locofoco*—a member of the radical (or 'equal rights') faction of the Democratic party in N.Y. State about 1835; also, in disparagement, any Democrat of that period."—*Century Dictionary*.

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morning Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Rush, Mr. Duer, Mr. Morrison, Mr. & Mrs. Alsop, Mr. Cryder and several others.

23rd. Julia and Mr. A. drove out. Mrs. P. stopped. I did not get out. In the evening Mr. Bates sent Julia a little keepsake of a work box &c. Edward presented her with a tea-caddie, Mrs. P. with a very pretty broach and Mr. A. with a chain bracelet &c. &c.

24th Tuesday Morning. The marriage took place this day. Anne Jaudon, bridesmaid, and Edward groomsmen. Sir Henry Halford came to our lodgings, and accompanied us to the church; quite a party. We all assembled in the vestry room. Mr. A. and Edward preceded us in a chariot, we followed. Mr. W., Julia, Anne Jaudon and myself. Mr. A. had procured a license. All the ceremony was to witness the marriage; Mr. Stevenson, Mr. W., myself and others signed our names where these events are recorded.

After fifteen minutes we walked into church, Julia with her father and Mr. Appleton and myself: the ceremony very well performed and very solemn, by the Rev. Philip Scofield; it did not take so long to read it from the prayer book as one expected. We returned again to the vestry-room and after ten minutes all came home to a breakfast; very pretty. I will give the names of the guests.* Several of the Gentlemen

* Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Rush, Mr. & Mrs. Bates,

Julia's Marriage

did not come owing to this crisis in paper. Mr. Jaudon & brother, Humfreys, Alsop, not at church even. The Bates not at breakfast, but at the church.

After the breakfast, the happy pair & Mrs. P. went off in a carriage and four, man and maid-servant, to Hartford twenty miles, and the next day to Cambridge. If inclined to, return home on Thursday Evening to dinner; we are to have a little party at dinner. Sir Henry, Mr. Bates were at the wedding.

Wednesday 25th. Received a letter from Mrs. P. this morning from Hartford; they were all well, arrived about $\frac{1}{2}$ past five. Had forgotten their carriage box, and were obliged to return three miles for it, as it was Julia's. Just rec^d a note from Mrs. Bates; she has gone this morning. Today not very bright.

Last evening Mr. W., Edward and myself went to the Haymarket to see Miss Tree in *Rosalind and the Youthful Queen*, a small theatre & full house. Duke & Duchess of Cambridge & Princess Amelia there. Rec^d a letter from Mrs. R. Morris yesterday, by the packet of the 1st, all well.—25th. The day

Mr. & Mrs. Van De Weyer, Miss Harriet Jaudon, Miss Anne Jaudon, bridesmaid, Julia, Col. Head, Dr. Lyman, Mr. Young & Lady, Mr. Lee (a friend of Mr. A.'s), Mr. Starkweather, Mr. Duer, Mr. & Mrs. Alsop, Mrs. S. Wallace. Invited, did not come: Mr. Aspinwall, Consul, out of town; Col. March, Jr.; Miss Van Wart, niece of W. Irving, from Birmingham, and gone with Mrs. P. to Parris; Mrs. Humfrey, Sir Henry Halford, and Sullivan Warren.—C. Le R. W.

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cleared off and Mr. W., Edward and myself have been out all the morning from two until six. Before going Dr. and Mrs. Boott called, very nice persons; he has entirely recovered from the attack on the lungs. Mrs. B. a very nice person. Mrs. Grote called, invited me there this evening and to dine on Friday; she goes to the continent in a fortnight. Mr. W. has promised to visit her in my absence on the continent. Mrs. Jaudon & Mrs. Humfrey called, also Mr. Phillips and Denison.

We went to the middle Temple, inner Temple, and to the church where all the Knight Templers are buried, who fought in the holy land. We admired the Temple church, gothic, but chaste and neat. We went to Lincoln's Inn field, now called "square," a fine place; both the Temple and this have walks and gardens. We also visited Greys Inn, a fine place, a chancery court, fine great squares. We then went to see the new Parliament Houses; they are of immense extent, and situated by Westminster Bridge on the Thames, and are to have a terrace walk on the river ^{shape}.

To morrow, Thursday, we expect the Bride back, and are to have a dinner party for her: Sir Henry, Mr. & Mrs. Van De Weyer, Mr. & Mrs. Jaudon & Anne, and Mr. Bates, 7 o'clock. We have today engaged our courier for the continent; we expect to leave on Sunday for Antwerp. He went with Mr. & Mrs. Brooks, Edward Jones' family &c. Twelve pounds a month, a trusty servant.

at the University of Cambridge, he happened to see on some small window
in a near the town of Cambridge these lines,

Hail happy England! ~~Thou~~ last retreat
Great is thy wealth thy power thy glory great,
But Wealth and power have no immortal day,
And all things only hasten to decay,
But when that time shall come the lot of all
Then England's glory wealth and power shall just
In other ~~Walds~~ another Britain see

And what thou art, America shall be," scratched on the
wall. He wrote them down from memory and delivered the paper to Mr. Hulse,
at Southey Castle, August 25th 1839, as the Earl of Lauderdale is now in his 80th year, it
is no doubt more than 50 years since he read these lines.

2nd Tuesday, We left Glasgow most unexpectedly this morn'g for Lord Eglinton's
tournament through the W. of the river. When first proposed, he silently op-
posed it, in other words, said he would not come; but from the first desired it,
but after the W's decided manner, I gave up all hope & therefore coming now does
not gratify me as it would have done, could I have had time to prepare my
business. This I perfectly craved about it, would come under any circumstan-
ces I believe, I did not please having no doubt. He came merely to see the joint
ing, and not to participate in the Banquet or Ball, but I dare say we shall
do both, and further attend each day. On getting here, we sent our servant
Holton with a note ten miles to Lord Eglinton, to say to Sir Charles Lamb
that we had arrived here (Widmarsh) on our way to ask him what costume
was required, for a sight only, of the pageant: we expect a reply before bed time.

FACSIMILE PAGE OF THE DIARY

Sights of London

I must not forget to mention, that driving around Covent Garden vegetable & fruit market, on the roof they had a beautiful conservatory—the idea is so good, I think. Hungerford market chiefly fish and meat.

Thursday 26th. Edward and I took Mr. W. to the city, to Mr. Jaudon's office, and then we went to Rag Fair, inhabited by Jews; then to Monmouth Street, then to the Pantheon, where carriages of all kinds are kept, and a Bazaar where every art is exhibited; then to Smithfield, like our Brighton market, or cattle show every Monday. In truth we spent the morning sight-seeing.

At four o'clock the Bridal Party returned, and we had a dinner party: Mr. Bates, Mr. & Mrs. Van De Weyer, Mrs. Jaudon & Anne; Mr. J. not able to leave his business. A pleasant party. Sir Henry prevented from coming by the death of his brother, the Judge, who died last night very suddenly of an affection of the heart, a sad event. Day clear no rain.

Friday, 27th. A fine day; kept at home by visitors all day. The Clergyman; Mr. Denison, wife and his sister; Mr. Patterson; Mrs. & Miss Murray, &c. &c., and in the evening Mr. & Mrs. Holbrook, and Mr. Starkweather. Dined at home, at six o'clock.

Saturday, 28th. Have been packing all day, to be ready for our departure to-morrow (Sunday) in the

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steamer for Antwerp: our carriage has gone on board today and our Courier, Vernet, a nice person. Mr. Webster does not go with us, but is to meet us in Paris. We are going to Brussels & Liege, Cologne, Frankfort, and then to Geneva. I hate to leave my husband, but trust we shall both be preserved in health, and meet again ere many weeks.

The Continent



T $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten o'clock A. M., September 29th, left our lodgings for the Margate stairs, just beyond the Tower, where the Antwerp Steamer laid. Mr. W. accompanied us to the steamer in a barge; saw us safely on board and then left us. The captain did not put on steam for at least an hour and a half; and after we were under weigh, grounded twice in the Thames. We had a fine voyage, few passengers, and a very smooth sea. We passed Greenwich, Dulwich, Woolwich. Yarmouth & Margate we did not pass; the flats, as the Captain called them, being shallow water, he therefore took a longer course, and went round them. We entered the channel or North Sea, and it was very smooth, as much so as the river, and the Captain said that in the course of a year, he might not have so good a voyage again.

We entered the Scheldt at day break, fine scenery, rather flat. Saw Holland & Belgium; arrived in the latter place at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 o'clock; the approach to the shore very pretty. The first faces I saw was Mrs. Bates and Miss Van Wart, the latter a niece of W. Irving. Mr. Schweder was with Mrs. B. and she sent him on

The Continent

board the ship: he introduced himself, and carried us on shore, and was all kindness. We all went to the same Hotel, the "Au Grande Labourere." Mrs. B. had a sitting room but we could not obtain one, and therefore sat with her. We all dined at the table de' hoté, and drank tea with Mrs. B.

We spent the whole day sight seeing: went first to the Cathedral, and ascended to its top, and had a fine view of the town and country; saw the citadel, arsenal, and had a view of Flanders, Mechlin, the Scheldt &c. The ascent to the top of the steeple was quite an undertaking. We then walked through the building; saw Rubens beautiful picture "the descent from the cross"; the carved work of the pulpit was very fine; there were other paintings, but not worth mentioning excepting a picture of our Saviour nailed to the cross, by Van Dyke, a beautiful thing. We then went to St. James, and saw a beautiful picture of the Virgin when espoused to Joseph; it was so perfect, we conceived it carved work, and could not be convinced; it was more like an engraving than a painting, a splendid piece of work. We saw the tomb of Rubens, and a picture of his two wives over it, painted by himself. St. Andrews and St. Pauls we desired to see but had not time.

Mr. Schweder, finding us fatigued, proposed we should go with him and see some private paintings, where we could sit down; we all assented, Julia & Mr. A. reluctantly. We followed on, and the pictures

Some Private Paintings

turned out to be a confectioner's, where Mr. S. treated us: pastry, sweets of every kind, almonds, water lemonade &c.; did the thing very genteely. After refreshing ourselves, Mrs. P., Edward, Miss Van Wart and myself went to the gallery of pictures, and saw some very fine ones. Rubens dying, and his family around him; and copies of Van Dyke, Rubens &c.

We spent a very pleasant day, and in the evening Mrs. Maxcy called to see me, not finding me in the morning: she looked and appeared better than I expected, was very kind, urged me to remain and spend the following day with them. Mr. Maxcy had gone to Brussels, but called upon me as soon as he arrived, which was the next morning, before I left for B. He was very polite, offered to do anything for me; said he had hoped to introduce us to King Leopold: he had dined with him the day before.

We left at 9 o'clock on the rail-way for Brussels & sat in our coach, and arrived there about $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten; on our way to the Hotel passed a fine green house and fashionable walk. Mrs. B. desired us as we were only to remain until four o'clock, to go to the "Hotel de Belle Vue." She came in the eleven o'clock train from Antwerp. We did so and had a nice time; ordered our dinner and set out to view the town.

We were in the place de Royale, looking on a beautiful Park; the Chamber of Deputies, Leopold's Palace and the houses of the foreign Ministers surrounded it, and it has beautiful walks. The Palace

The Continent

formerly belonging to the Prince of Orange, is on the Place, it is now vacant; it was a splendid building, combines elegance and comfort in appearance: the floors inlaid like Mosaic. We were all made to put on slippers, a troop of us, and were marched through like soldiers, and had a good laugh at our regularity. The dancing hall superb, sides of the wall marble, also several other rooms; others hung with satin, others with velvet: superb candelabras, clocks & marbles of lapsalasulia (green). The Emperor of Russia furnished it almost; his sister married the Prince. He had not occupied it for a long time, when the rebellion took place, and he had to flee. The Belgians wanted him to be King, but his father (King of Holland) would not let him. The Belgians like him very much; he courted Leopold's first wife, Princess Charlotte—singular fact.

We had to wait a long time before we got admission into the palace; sat down in the Palace yard with a throng of persons who were waiting like ourselves, finally succeeded. We then drove to the Hotel de Ville, built by the Spaniards, a fine building. Mrs. P. very desirous to visit a lace factory and see how Brussels lace was made; we went to one, and we both made some purchases of narrow lace. We visited the picture gallery, a very grand building; saw more rooms than I can enumerate, and some good pictures; but the crowd was so great, and our time so short we could not see them to advantage. We returned to the Hotel and

Ancient History

dined at $\frac{1}{2}$ past two; at $\frac{1}{2}$ past three, left for the Cars, but first drove to the square, where the slain were buried, after the rebellion: there is a beautiful monument in the centre, and steps all around, and allegorical figures, indicative of the freedom of Belgium; also on each side, with the names of the dead, are clumps of flowers, &c.

We then took the Cars, or rail-road for Leigge, sat in our coach at least fifty miles, did not get to the place on the rail-road where we took horses for Liege until 9 o'clock; then had a pair, and drove five or six miles over a pavement, and through towns to Liege, where we had fine lodgings; had supper, slept and left in the morning. Liege is a large and fine city, at the junction of the Meuse with the Ourthe. It derives its name from the latin word legio, on account of a Roman Legion having been defeated by the Eburones, or ancient inhabitants of the place, during the stay of Julius Caesar in Belgium. We breakfasted at Liege, stopped at Aix la Chapelle to deliver our passports, and then proceeded to Cologne, also [Düren], and slept: did not visit the tombs of the three Kings of Cologne in the Cathedral.

We breakfast at Bonn at which place we first saw the Rhine; it is the residence of Schlegel, who is a professor here, and was also the birth place of Beethoven. We bought in Cologne several boxes of the Farina cologne. Vinyards on the Rhine in great perfection. Castle Schönburg, Seven Mountains, Dra-

The Continent

chenfels, Rolandseck Castle, Convent on the Island where Rolands mistress lived and died. A singular basaltic formation on the right of the Rhine a foot or eighteen inches square; all appeared regularly p[aved?].

We crossed the Moselle over a bridge to Coblenz and then to St. Goar, where we slept, and heard a delightful Echo, which we were asked if we would like to hear; we replied yes, afterwards the man walked in with his bugle and gun, and demanded \$1.50, we sent him to the Courier. Breakfasted at Bingen, thirty-six german miles; we crossed the Main River. Slept at Mannheim and crossed the Rhine on a bridge of boats, and were for some time on the east side, having been on the west before. Breakfasted at Mannheim, went to Karlsruhe to dine, and from there to Offenbourg, ninety miles, where we slept.

Sunday morning [October 6th]. After breakfast we left for Freiburg and dined. Slept at Basle; recrossed the Rhine, and slept at the Three Kings, built on the Rhine, which was in Switzerland,—the first time we entered. We lunched at Waldenburgh and slept at Soleure, a great Carlist town: we could get no post horses after entering Switzerland until we reached Morat. Slept at Lausanne; a very nice Hotel on the Lake of Geneva, where we breakfasted: reached Geneva about ten o'clock; drove on the banks of the lake all the way: the opposite shore Savoy. We saw

Edward's Academy

Monte Blanc, nothing but its cap, for it was enveloped in clouds or vapor. Lake Geneva is very beautiful, 54 miles long and 9 broad. We saw many fine villages and chateaus. Byron's house was pointed out to us on the opposite shore. I can't say I saw it, for there were many all in a line; I can venture to say I saw all there was.

I am greatly disappointed at the Lake and also Geneva. Our Hotel "De lé Ecu" or Hotel of the Shield is a poor house. The Rhône runs through the town and cuts off a quarter of it. Tomorrow we are in hopes to obtain better rooms on the lake side. We expect to leave Edward with Mr. Briquet, about a quarter of a mile from town.

Wednesday, 9th Oct. Edward rec^d a letter from London, from his father, of the 1st October.

Thursday, 10th Oct. We have been out to drive, around Geneva; one of the horses attached to the carriage, in going down hill, fell, and we were obliged to get out. We saw the Botanic Garden and the fashionable Park. Drove to Mr. Briquets and saw the boys all at play. We saw the Theatre & Museum; crossed the bridge over the moat. I walked this evening to see Edward's lodgings; it stands on a high eminence at the east of the town; the appartments in the fourth story at Ab^t Bort's, Rue Beauregard, 66, Geneva. Edward is very pleased and I trust may be happy.

The Continent

Saw very little that was pretty. The town itself is far from pretty. The mode of washing here is curious; on the lake are buildings for the purpose. We saw the monument and Statue to Rosseau, on a little island in the river Rhône. The river divides the town: some fine buildings opposite to us. The Bergues is a great establishment, but we did not go to it, as it is said to be very expensive, all show, but I think it must be better than the one we are in.

After leaving Manheim we passed through Worms, before we came to Offenbergh, Duchy of Baden. The Duke of Aumale, fifth son of Louis Philippe, inherits all the property of the Prince of Condé, who was a bachelor, and who hung himself or was hung, a few years since; it was give to the Duke by the Chamber of Deputies. The Cathedral at Fribourg has the most singular steeple I have seen, very high, and made of open work tracing, like a window, to the very top.

This is the time of vintage, we have seen a great many, in truth the highlands of the Rhine are covered with Vinyards. The Castles on the Rhine are very different structure from those of England; built without taste, but their rough strength suits better the isolated peaks upon which they stand. . . . No resemblance to the Ivy which clings to the ruins in England, and which corresponds so well with the green velvet turf and beautiful picturesque scenery of that fine Island. A German Castle and its accompanying landscape, looks like a "Salvator Rosa"; an Eng-

Different Customs

lish one like a Claude Lorraine. The German peasants rather pretty, costume strange; carry all their burthens on the head; different customs and different styles. The wine is like our cider.

Edward goes to-morrow to his quarters, the 12th October, and we start for Parris. I have been busy helping Julia to run up the skirt of her satin, to pass the custom-house to-morrow. We breakfast here and leave as early as possible.

After breakfast yesterday morning we left Edward, and felt sad enough. He was to go to the Bort's at 10 o'clock; Ettienne provided a carriage to take him.

We had a very hard day's journey over the Jura Mountains, a cloudy day, and we were disappointed in not getting a sight of Mont Blanc. We saw the Alps and the ice on the tops of the mountains all the day. We ate no dinner, carried provisions in our carriage. Slept at Champagnole, and breakfasted there the next morning. Slept at Dijon: tolerably level the country, several heavy ascents and descents; flat uninteresting country, poor dirty towns, inhabitants the same; the cows and sheep looked starved; a sterile country, raise some Indian corn. The Inn at Dijon very good. I rec^d a letter from my dear husband on Saturday evening.

Sunday Morning [October 13th]. Breakfasted, and travelled all day, 12 or 14 posts, between 70 and 80

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miles, without dining, or resting. Slept at Tonnerre, a pretty poor place, a french family having arrived and taken the best appartments; a Banker in Parris and has his country seat in Geneva, a long distance for a few months of enjoyment in Switzerland. They have six or seven children, two maids, and a courier and wife.

We crossed the Armançon river, a muddy stream. Since we left Dijon we have been in Burgundy. Last night we slept at Tonnerre; Mrs. P. and myself could not get a room in the hotel, and slept in a small house across the street at a Restaurant. There was a billiard table opposite our bedroom, but was not used fortunately. The woman very civil, the bedding furnished by the hotel. Julia and Mr. A. slept next to the public room, in a small place. We were very tired and glad to get quarters anywhere. We ate dinner and supper together and retired.

Monday Morning. Breakfasted and then continued our journey; the horses fleet and drivers good, but such harness and such dressed postillions, I never saw before; sometimes they had a cotton night cap with a tassel, white or colored as it might be. We have not passed what I term a comfortable dwelling.

We stopped to day and dined at Sens, a pretty good dinner; and while it was getting ready we walked to the Cathedral, which was built in the eleventh century. A fine building, the interior very good, the glass

Sens Cathedral

windows were very old and painted and richly inlaid. There was a monument in the centre of the choir to the Dauphin of Louis 15th & the Dauphiness his wife. I cannot describe it, as I merely glanced at it. We saw the marriage ceremony of Louis the 9th in stucco, beautifully executed, and another of a famous french General, on his tomb carved in marble; he is represented in the carved work as being carried dead on his horse. I would give further particulars, but not understanding french, I could not comprehend all the guide said.

I saw three figures in stucco, the centre one about to be murdered, one man was clinging to his throat, and the other had the axe in his hand ready to execute the deed; and the poor victim with both hands extended, and a most agonising expression; it looked like marble. We could not stop to examine the Cathedral, as we should have liked, time was so precious, and our days numbered, as we sail on the 11th of November, and the shortness of the days prevents us from seeing as much as we did in England.

We have travelled 12 postes, 72 miles, today, and are sleeping 18 miles from Fontainebleau. We mean to breakfast there to-morrow, and visit the Palace, and then have seven postes to Parris. I write under every disadvantage; not being conversant with the language I loose a great deal. I will add more to-morrow, being too tired tonight.—Mrs. P. asleep. I am writing in my bed room, a brick floor under my feet

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and a faggot fire in the hearth; most of the fire places raised; the doors open with a key or handle in the centre of it, with a latch to draw back: canopy beds in the poorest huts; furniture more pretty than you would expect; beds always good, but damp sheets; obliged to use the warming pan every night. Tonight we are sleeping in a recess opposite each other, and a thin curtain to draw across the room to conceal the beds: a marble pier table used for a wash stand; it is similar to one we used to have at Pelham, inlaid with brass; a handsome french escretoire is in the room and other articles. We leave at seven to-morrow.

Tuesday morning [15th]. Left Fossard at seven o'clock and breakfasted at Fontainebleau at ten, and then visited the Palace of Louis Phillippe: it was rebuilt by Francis 1st. Napoleon confined Pope Pius here for two years. On a stand we saw the record of Napoleon, which he had signed, when forced to abdicate, giving up for his country's good the government which he had usurped; and also his own writing in a frame, like a picture; the first was engraved on brass like a plate, and the stand turned up and down, like an old fashioned one dear Papa has.

The arrangement of the interior very beautiful. A private chapel, theatre, and a dancing hall, with an orchestra. Saw the room Louis 13th was born in; Francis 1st's gallery, with carved wooden images, and fresco paintings; chimneys of Terre-china, a vase

Fontainebleau

all inlaid with precious gems, made to turn around; Napoleon's bed-room, and on one side of his canopy bed, was a large mirror; floors inlaid beautifully; Diana's gallery, with a large vase, the size of the Warwick vase, standing on a pedestal of wood imitating marble. Some things very beautiful, not all in taste. Curtains very rich; tapestry in one room extremely beautiful, historical subjects; two magnificent marble chimneys.

The King & Queen had only left a few days before we arrived. The canopy bed was all in state; one side of the bed hard to suit the King, and the other soft to suit the Queen. The corners of the canopy tole, and the throne all ornamented with feathers; they are taken down after they leave, I saw the men in the act of doing so. Very beautiful french carpets. The windows of the chapel painted by the Princess Maria, daughter of the Queen & Louis Phillippe: she was married to the Prince of Wortemberg and died, a very accomplished woman, a mistress of the arts. "Joan of Arc" was executed by her.

From Fontainebleau we had seven stages to Parris, a very uninteresting drive; came through the forrest of Fontainebleau; the road was opened by Henry the 4th, the first of the Bourbons. The Duke De Berry had his first interview there with Caroline of Naples, afterwards his wife. We arrived at Parris about $\frac{1}{2}$ past five, by candle light. On arriving at the gates we delivered up our passports. The environs not

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particularly pretty. Our entrance was through the Boulevards, a fine broad street, well lighted.

Our first impression favorable, everybody alive, like New York; the shops appeared very handsome. The first and second hotel we drove to, could not accomodate us, we then went to the Westminster in Rue de la Paix, a delightful situation. I have been out shopping all day, the stores are very fine; went to De Lisle's silk store, Palace Royal, and several other shops.

Wednesday, 16th. Hoped to see Mr. Webster today; received a letter from him, will be here to-morrow or Saturday I hope. La Place Vendome, a pleasant situation, fine houses. Have bought several articles, nothing yet very extravegant; everything tempts me. We have five rooms altogether to ourselves; dining-room, drawing-room, and three bed-rooms, so arranged that no one can encroach upon us; they were fitted up for a young English Nobleman, but he was called to London, and had to give them up; they are very genteel; marble chimney tops, covered with damask and studded, broad fringe, having a singular effect, clock and candelabras on it—a superb clock—but what should we think of putting a cover [on] our mantle tops. We have to ascend three flights of stairs.

Thursday, 17th. We have been out all day to the Manteau makers. Palmire considered first rate, but

Everything Tempts Me

exorbitant and not very civil. We went to the first Milliner's, —, 93 Rue de Richlieu; Baudrant, 41 Rue Neuve St. Augustin, decidedly first, I bought a cap. Herbault another very extravagant place, said to be first rate, bought a cap. Hats very costly and not pretty. Baudrant's the most superb shop I ever beheld, furniture and ornaments of every kind. Mr. A. bought a beautiful clock of De Lisle. I bought a mantilla or cloak as I may call it, also a dress.

The day damp, drove out all day, and returned home tired beyond expression. I shall rejoice when I get through, it is hard work. Our Hotel is run down with persons, offering collars, caps &c.; women always come. Rec^d a letter from my dear husband and Edward to day; the latter very happy, which I rejoice at. Mr. W. leaves London today I hope.

Friday, 18th. Have been engaged all day in trying shoes, boots, and with manteau makers, muslin workers, shopping &c. at De Lisle. Camilles, Glove maker, opposite De. L. Was measured for some, bought a box to keep them in, gave 18 franks. Beauraus, Glove Store, Rue de la Paix. We went to the Pasée de Panorama, like our Bazaars; some handsome shops; went in to a Milliners, but there was nothing pretty. Day half rainy. I came home at five, tired enough.

Mrs. Bates with us; brought us the news of poor Miss Brummer's death, died this morning, Friday, 18th Oct. Mrs. B. called and saw the sister. We sent

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and offered our services. Mrs. P. and Julia gone to the French Opera. I am too tired, declined. I have just been buying gloves for Mrs. Curtis and myself, 1 doz. all colours, short, and one ditto long for Mrs. C. I have 6 doz. of light short, one of dark, and one of all white short. Price, 2 fr. 5 sous. per pair, not fifty cents our money.

Saturday, 19th. I drove out with Mrs. Derby in her chariot to Chancery, and bought a worked handkerchief, called a Camezene, price twenty-five dollars. We then drove to the Thuilleries, and walked about, saw the jet d'eau or fountains; it is the King's Palace. Crowds of persons walking, and children playing, some jumping the rope; a beautiful walk; trees in straight rows (Elms) & forming arches; the effect very beautiful. The Louvre is in the rear, it is a gallery of a mile in extent. In driving through the entrance in the rear, we saw the models of the Venetian Horses, brought from Venice by Napoleon, and which were sent back after he abdicated. We then drove through the Champs Elysees on the opposite, and then home.

Mrs. P., Julia and Mr. A. went into Mr. Hottinguers Box at the Opera (Italian). I did not go, as Mr. Webster arrived from London, with Col. Henderson, Minister from Texas,* and Mr. Lowndes, who married a Livingston. . . .

* This was during the independent lifetime of the Texas

Webster and Périer

Sunday, 20th. A fine day, breakfasted at 10 o'clock, and then drove to the Triumphal Arch, and ascended to the top: had a fine view of Parris; the four pieces of sculpture were historical; the Bas Relieve was the marching of the different armies &c. &c. It was a magnificent piece of art.

We then drove to Père la Chaise, and walked for hours, saw Casimir Périer's monument, a very fine one; it was pointed out to us by our guide. It has a large circle of ground enclosing it, and was erected by the city. On admiring the Prime Minister's monument, our guide said, very many persons observed a likeness to the great orator, Dan^l Webster, of America; he looked at me, and said, you have heard of such a great man? I said quietly, Yes. He then said, he is in London, and they say he is coming here; I should like to see him. I saw Mrs. Otis' tomb, having searched for it; also W. Paines, and those of many distinguished persons: Abelard & Eloise, Marshal Lannes, Duke Monte Bello—two of Napoleon's Generals—and many others. We were delighted with our excursion, and returned home at ½ past 4. Dined at five.

Sent our cards to Genl. Cass. He called immediately, but we had gone to the Palais Royal. While

Republic; and Pres. Houston had sent a representative abroad to secure treaties of recognition from England and France. James Pinkney Henderson (1808–1858) returned successful from his mission, to become first governor of the Lone Star State.

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there went in to a Restaurant, kept by three brothers "Provinceaux" and ate ice, crowds about us; we then returned home, and shortly after the Genl. came. Said he had been to the Palais Royal to find us; offered us every civility; wished to introduce us to the King and Queen at St. Cloud; first Mr. W. and afterwards, on some other evening, myself: he would go with me, as Mrs. Cass was not permitted to go out in the evening. It is a special favor, and ladies who are permitted in that way, go genteely dressed, and find the Queen seated at a round table; she receives you, and invites you to sit down. Mr. W. must put on a laced coat, can hire it. The Palace is three leagues from Paris. On Tuesday evening Gen. Cass takes Mr. W. to Marshal Soult's to an evening soiree. He offers to do anything for us, show us anything, or send us anywhere. Mr. Brent called upon us this morning.

Monday Evening, 21st. Full of business at home until 12 o'clock with shopping, and then Herman Inches called in for a few moments. Mr. W., Mrs. P., Julia, Mr. A. and myself then jumped into the carriage, and drove to the Palace of the Louvre, and saw the gallery, externally connected with the Thuilleries; we walked in the square, and saw the squares communicating or leading to the Thuilleries and the Museum. We then drove over the new bridge, Pont Neuf, to the citie island, in the Seine, and saw Notre Dame, a splendid church outside, and the inside very beauti-

Nôtre-Dame

ful; double isles each side of the nave, the first I have seen. Fryburgh (in Germany) the same, which I did not see: the choir very beautiful.

I stood on the very spot before the altar, where Napoleon was crowned. The gold candlesticks, and the Eagle for books, were presented by the Emperor. Saw the pulpit for the Archbishop, and opposite to it, the Pope's. Pius once entered it, when confined at Fontainebleau by Napoleon. We saw also Napoleon's coronation robes; they were of red Genoa velvet, the richest work in gold I ever saw; the sofa cover & cushion the same, and all cost a million of franks. Saw the magnificent robes worn by the sixteen Archbishops on that occasion; they are kept in the sacristy. We saw one of orange, material of gold thread, richly embroidered, presented to the Archbishop by the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe's eldest son) on the birth of his first son, called the Count de Paris. Many superb pictures. The choir open, no organ dividing it, it was above; the windows fine also, but not so very magnificent.

We spent a long time in the church, and then drove around it to see the architecture, in an open carriage. In the rear of the church stood the Archbishop's palace, which was pulled down by the mob in July during the Revolution, because he was on the other side; it left the square open, and improved the church I think. There is a row of trees from the Seine to the church, with a road between.

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We then crossed the Thuilleries bridge to the Luxembourg Palace, where we saw the room formerly occupied by Marie de Medichi (mother of Henry 4th) as a bed room; it was very superb, and has remained without alteration two hundred and twenty five years; historical paintings all over the pillars, ceilings and walls; four large pictures of Rubens gone to be copied. Great depredations had been made in the different revolutions, but all restored now. In Robespierre's time the room was a prison. We saw committee rooms—this particular room was one used by the Peers, three hundred in number—I suppose a doz. different ones.

We took the whole range of the Palace, saw the Senate chamber, similar to ours only larger, and with fine statuary, and flags of the victories gained by Napoleon. The mode of balloting is by the white and black ball, one indicates with the King (White), the other opposed; but if a white is thrown with a black it indicates hostile feelings. They are dropped in a vase; the Secretary or Clerk superintends; his seat as ours. We were lead from this chamber to the King's room, a chair on a throne, and seats all around, forming a semicircle similar to this \subset (\square). The King occupies the throne and the peers sit round as marked; it is a suite of rooms, and is adorned with tapestry and pictures, one a full length of Louis Phillippe, who has never been crowned, as he was chosen by the people. We then descended, and saw long orangeries, very

Ashes of the Great

fine, and opening in them small rooms for the peers to put on their robes; these chambers worth seeing.

We then returned to our carriage, and drove to the Pantheon, built by Napoleon, a superb edifice; it has a crypt for the ashes of the great. We saw the monuments of Rousseau, Voltaire, Duke of Montebello &c. The finest echo in this vault I ever heard. The striking of a whip on your clothes sounds like the report of a cannon, and a howl as if the dead had arisen up in arms. This building is very grand, fine columns in circles, with a dome, and two tiers of railing to walk around; on each side long galleries with great columns of marble; four pictures, one at each corner, but being unfinished were covered up. Faith, Hope, Charity &c. Whether this building will be used for a church or any other purpose than a receptacle for the ashes of the great, I cannot learn.

We drove through the Faubourg St. Germain, where all the old stand of nobility live secluded. Bonaparte said he could conquer nations, but not these aristocrats. We then drove to a place where they exhibit Sevres china, transparent, and very costly; made no purchases. We then went to the Boulevards porcelain factory, and saw beautiful specimens. Julia & Mr. A. bought a superb dessert set, tea cups, &c. &c. for about \$160. complete. We remained there until five, and then went to the café de Paris, and ate our dinner, in a small room paneled with mirrors. \$14 for four of us, five or six little french dishes, soup, apple

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mau . . . , soufflete and four glasses of ice. Champagne and Burgandy. Dinner very nice, but pretty costly.

Mr. W. dined with Gen. Cass; he wrote word that he had dinner today all made up, that he could make room for him but not for his wife and party; would explain to him (Mr. W.) when he saw him, and desired he would come; that he should make a dinner expressly for us afterwards. I begged Mr. W. to go and he did. Mrs. Cass sees company on Monday and at no other time, a very good plan. We go to Versailles tomorrow I believe. The King in Paris today from St. Cloud; because there are two horse guards at his gate, always know when he is in town from that circumstance; they never leave their post while he is in town. Mrs. Paige gone to see Miss Brummer. I was so tired I could not. Capt. & Mrs. Wormeley called to see us, she was a Preble, relative of Mrs. Amory's.

Tuesday, 22nd. Walked with Mr. W. an hour this morning on the Boulevards, bought a very handsome shawl for Mrs. Edgar, just from the manufactory, 130 francs. We then returned home. I bought it at the great shawl store at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevards. Mr. W. went to call on the British Ambassador, Lord Granville, with Gen. Cass, and then drove about the city to the Champ de Mars, where the troops are reviewed. We had our carriage and drove to the Louvre, and walked through the

\$2. a Head

gallery, saw fine pictures; then went to the Museum, and saw antiques of every kind; a suite of rooms, with galleries and circles, mosaic floors, fine columns, vases in the style of that at Warwick; a long suite of rooms of Spanish; the statuary we did not see, we were too tired.

We met Mr. Rogers and his sister, she returned last evening from Italy, and was astonished to learn that Julia was married. We were out all day until five o'clock, and then came home and went to a Restaurant in the Palais Royal: had a nice dinner (Clos Vougeot), five of us \$2. a head without champagne or other wines. Tonight Mr. W. is going to Marshal Soult's with Gen. Cass, to a Soiree. Mr. and Miss Rogers call to see us to-morrow at twelve. Lady Beauchamp called on us to day, also Mrs. Derby & Miss Van Wart.

We walked home from dinner through the Palais Royal court of entrance, where the Orleans family entered. The shops enclose the garden all around, in consequence of one of the Duke's having incurred great expense and exhausted his means; they were built to relieve him. They were all rented. In the centre are little gardens of flowers, and gentlemen sit and drink café, eat ices and smoke, a confused scene: came home through the Rue de Rivoli, said to be the longest and finest street in Paris. . . . We came home by the Thuilleries. The shops are beautiful at night, and you can buy anything, means only

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wanted; and there is every amusement that can be conceived of.

Mr. W. returned from Marshal Soult's (the Duke of Dalmatia), saw the Duchess and family. The marshal is six feet high, broad, intelligent, hazel eyes, lame & limps, speaks very little english, but gave Mr. W. a cordial reception. About fifty present; no refreshments; the guests were chiefly of the Diplomatic Corps; an Attaché of the Russian Legation present, who conversed in English. After Mr. W. came home I told him that Mrs. Bates had written me a note, asking me to come over, but I had not been. In the night the Aurora Boreallis was perfect & [so] brilliant that Mr. A. thought the city was on fire. He and Julia walked to the Thuilleries, and saw it to perfection. I was asleep and lost it.

Wednesday, 23rd. Have rec^d many visits; drove out and left cards at Mrs. Welles, and went to two or three shops, dined at our lodgings. Mr. W. invited to dine with Marshal Soult, and accepted. In the evening went to the French Opera, a beautiful house, saw Fanny Ellsler dance La Cachucha, sweetly. After the second act we left, and stopped at Tortonis and ate Ices; they were delicious; very tired, twelve o'clock, must go to bed.

Thursday, 24th. I must not forget to mention the death of Lord Brougham; we heard it to day through

Les Invalides

Lord Granville fell from his carriage and was killed, have not heard the particulars; sad indeed.

Rainy, but have been out all day sight seeing, to the Hospitale de Invalides, built in Louis the 13th's time I believe; it is provided for all the wounded veteran officers and soldiers; saw the library; it is a fine building; cannon all around it from Algiers. One room was hung with portraits of the Marshals killed. There is an eating room for the officers, and one for the soldiers: three thousand souls maintained. They have two meals a day, breakfast half past ten, with a pint of good claret to each, dine at five, and have a pint of claret and four meat dishes with vegetables; both tables of silver presented to the institution by Marie Louise. We saw the plate, silver forks, tureens, dishes &c. Went into the kitchen, also into the Chapel, which was very beautiful, hung with flags taken at the different battles gained by Napoleon.

We entered under the arches on which the dome rests; it is divided into many circles, with fine pillars. There is also fine statuary, monuments &c. in the rear of the altar. The building is in the style of the Pantheon, and is stuccoed on the outside, and forms a hollow square, and has fine esplanades. You enter under an arch, and see a full length statue of Napoleon in marble.

We then drove to the chamber of Deputies, and entered a suite of rooms with pannelled doors of looking-glass, marble floors, statuary & the ceiling in

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fresco. The Chamber is very handsome, itself, tiers of seats, columns, and two galleries, one for the Ambassadors, and the Queen, all divided like boxes at the Opera, and the other for strangers, who get tickets. Every one who speaks ascends the tribunal, a place similar to our Clerk's seat, and their stands. The Speaker is considerably elevated; the room not so lofty as our Representative Hall. There are between two and three hundred Deputies, and three hundred Peers; but they never all assemble.

There is no stated time of meeting, but they are called anytime during the year that the King pleases. There is a fine painting of Louis Phillippe, signing the charter before being made King, with the Duke of Orleans, and all the members of his family around him; it represents the July revolution, and there is connected with it two sculptured pieces, one on each side. When the King opens the chamber . . . The manner of voting similar to that of the Peers, with white and black balls; the sofas and seats are all stuffed, and the desks are marked with occupant's name.

I admire the room greatly. The Speaker has a fine house in one of the wings. All this building was formerly a palace belonging to the Bourbons; the Prince of Condé lived in it. It is a superb building. I fear the English will never make the Parliament House new buildings so splendid. The french have so much taste. This building is on the other side of the river, and you

\$4. a Head

cross the Seine, over one of its fine bridges, 24 in number; it is outside the barriers of Paris.

Dinner at six o'clock in company with the poet Rogers, his sister and her friend Miss Moore; the former was caterer and provided a nice dinner in a room by ourselves, \$4. a head; altogether french. Wines Champagne & Chablis, a thin white wine. It was at the "Rocher de Cancale," a fine Restaurant. Means the rock of oysters, which oysters we ate before soup; they had a coppery taste, which I do not like.

Mr. Rogers full of anecdote: told a good story of the Duke of Wellington's thin hair, and of his famous horse Copenhagen, which is now dead. A man, knowing the demand for the Duke's hair, which in consequence of being thin, could not furnish enough, and instead of which, the hair of his horse, which was red, was substituted, until the poor horse was completely sheared, when the supply failing, shaved his wife's head, whose hair corresponded with that of the horse, and made a handsome speculation by it, the deception not being discovered; he told it beautifully, and is a charming man, and his sister is a nice person. We took café and liqueurs and at half past eight parted, they for the Italian Opera, and we for home, as we had no tickets.

Mr. W., Mrs. P., Julia & Mr. A. and myself went to see Miss Brummer, and after we found them, Mr. Herman Inches and his Aunt had just got seated, as

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it were. Mr. W. having heard me express a wish to go to the Italian Opera and kind as he always is, sent the Dowager Countess of Sandwich's note to me, with a permit and a request that I would take her box. I therefore left Miss Brummer and came home, and against the inclination of Mr. A. went to the Opera. Mr. W. went to bed.

We had delightful seats, and enjoyed about half of it: saw La Balfé, Tambourini, Rubini and Pauline Garcia, in Cinderilla. A full house, and very pretty; the gallery around the boxes very pleasant. Most persons in full dress; low necked dresses, and some with worked capes. We drove three miles at least, it being on the other side of the river. On returning our driver was not in very good humor, from being out all day in the rain, and a carriage passed us which enraged him; and he put his lash to the horses, and ran foul of this coach, broke the lamp of his carriage and frightened me exceedingly. After all this Julia got into trouble with the centre lamp, and in my raising the hot glass upset the ink stand: upon the whole a confused evening.

Mrs. Wells sent us cards to dine on Thursday next, and we have accepted. Mr. W. dines with Lord Granville on Friday, and on Saturday we expect to leave for London; I regret it much, altho' I would not like to spend my time always in such a scene of confusion, with no moment for reflection or the discharge of other duties. But I hope to resume my own

Daguerreotypes

steady and even ways on my return home; the pleasures soon pass and are forgotten.

Friday, 25th. Detained at home with a Manteau Maker, and did not go out until two o'clock; and then went to shops with Julia, to have her cloak made, and to buy a clock for Fletcher and Caroline and one or two others. We went to look at the prints or impressions of the sun, called Daguerreotype, views of Thuilleries, Pantheon &c. &c. We came home at four o'clock and dined at a Restaurant, Very's in the Palais Royal, in a pretty room, at five.

Mr. W. & Mr. A. came home at six to dress in a military costume to visit the King, with Gen. Cass at St. Clouds, three leagues from Paris. We are going to Mrs. Cass's to take tea socially. We propose going to Versailles tomorrow.—Spent a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Cass's. Mr. Morton (and daughter) of Bordeaux, who has married a french lady, three Walsh's, Mr. & Mrs. Bates, Miss Van Wart, and the Attaché of the English & French Legation, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Van Zandt, Lewis Cass, and several others. We had Ices in saucers, a la Washington, and then tea, made in the room by Mrs. Ledyard, the bride; dry toast, sponge, and other cake.

Gen. Cass & Mr. W. came in from St. Cloud, just as we were retiring; they had been to visit the King & Queen. They were rec^d by the King & Queen, the sister of His Majesty, and the Princess Clementina,

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and remained half an hour; they were sitting round a table; ice handed in. The palace very beautiful. I am to go, I believe on Monday, in full dress, with Gen. Cass, & Julia will go also & Mrs. Paige.

Saturday Morning. Left for Versailles at 8 o'clock, and breakfasted there at $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten, a very nice one. We then went to the Palace, too grand to describe; the finest Palace in Europe. On arriving we were introduced to the Chapel, which is of marble, arches, walls &c.; through the nave the seats are covered with tapestry. We then passed through 33 rooms filled with fine pictures of all the great battles fought in Napoleon's time; some were of an older date. Over one of the pictures, that of the "Battle of the Pyramids," is Bonapart's address to his soldiers, in gold letters: "Soldiers, from the top of the Pyramids a thousand centuries contemplate you." Another fine painting was Napoleon contemplating over the tomb of Frederick the Great, when he said the words "If you were, I should not be." Seeing a portrait of Charlamagne, reminded me of his having been buried at Aix la Chapelle, where we were.

The galleries are six in number, with arched roofs, one of which is of looking glass entire, of at least 222 ft. long, 32 wide & 40 ft. high; three of them contain statuary and busts. Some of the rooms contain portraits of all the great Marshals. One gallery called the 'grand gallery of battles,' in which I saw a

Versailles

picture of the battle of Yorktown, and our venerated & respected father, Washington. Visited the Chamber and bed in which Louis 14th was born, also his dining room. Vestibule of Louis 15th, Gallery of Louis 13th, a theatre &c.

We entered the palace about ½ past eleven, and left it about four, and did not sit down during the time. Saw a monument, similar to the one in the Place de Vendome, of Sevres china; it was in the centre of the room; also some very large vases. In the same room saw a painting of Bonaparte and his army crossing Mount St. Bernard, and his meeting with the monks, and one of the great dogs, with a basket of provisions meeting the troops; it looks splendid to see the troops winding from the top to the bottom. He afterwards made a fine road. We saw the chapel gallery, marble columns, and the place where the royal family sit, french carpet, ottomans &c. very beautiful. I saw a picture of Tallyrand.

On our approach to the Palace we walked through the great gate; Place d'Armes, 800 ft. broad, fine open space. On the east side are the royal stables erected by Louis 14th, North are those called les Grande Ecuries, for carriages & horses of the royal family, and south les Petites Ecuries (though of the same size) for the horses of the Royal Household. The latter are now used for a cavalry barrack and 1000 horses are accommodated. The grand court, 380 ft. wide, is separated from the Place d'Armes by

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stone parapets, and an iron railing richly charged with gilded ornaments. The central gateway has over it the shield of France with the three fleurs de lys. On one side a monument of France's victories over Austria, with the statue; on the left France's victories over Spain by Gérard, with the figure of Abundance.

You approach the Palace on an ascent; on each side of it are plain buildings for the Ministers, in a range, erected by Louis 14th; 16 marble statues in front of them, 12 of which until 1837 used to adorn the Pont de Concorde at Paris. On the right are Richlieu, Bayard &c., on the left are Lannes, the Duke of Monte Bello &c., in the centre is a colossal equestrian figure in bronze, of Louis 14th. The horse was originally intended for a statue of Louis 15th in the Champs Elysees, by Cortelier. The northern wing was built by Louis 15th in the Corinthian style, the south by Louis 18th. The inscription on the friezes of the pediments over these pavilions announces the new destination of the palace, "A toutes les gloires de la France."

The Museum may be divided into five principal sections: 1st, Historical Pictures, 2nd, Portraits, 3rd, Busts & Statues, 4th, Views of royal residences, 5th, medals, coins &c. The historical pictures represent the great battles, military & naval, from the earliest periods of France. The age of Louis 14th, the reigns of Louis 15th & 16th, epoch of 1792, victories of the Republic, campaigns of Napoleon, principal events

The Two Trianons

of the Empire, reign of Louis 18th, Charles 10th, revolution of 1830, and reign of Louis Phillippe. The appartments of the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis 14th, was on the south side of the palace; then the Duke de Berri, grandson of that Monarch; Louis the Dauphin, son of Louis 15th and father of Louis 16th, Louis 18th & Charles 10th. This is the ground floor in the centre of the Palace where these appartments are. The stair-cases marble and all arranged with statuary, very superb. The external gardens truly magnificent: statuary, fountains, lakes, parterres of flowers, hedges, orangery under the terrace walks &c. &c. One Lake said to have been made in a night by the hundred Swiss.

It was a very damp cold day, and after seeing every thing in and out we returned to our Hotel, and entered our coach, and went to the Grand Trianon, built by Louis 14th for M^{me} Maintenon, at one extremity of the Park of Versailles. We were not permitted to enter, as we had no special permit: drove to the gate. Versailles is only a show Palace, the King stays in the two Trianons with his family when he visits the palace. Le Petit Trianon forms a pavilion of 72 ft. square; it was built for M^{me} Dubarry by Louis 15th, who was there when attacked by the contagious disease of which he died. Louis 16th gave it to his Queen, and it was under her tasteful directions that the gardens were made what they now are.

Versailles before the revolution contained 100

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thousand inhabitants, but now not 30,000. In 1561 it was a small village in the midst of woods, where the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry 4th, used to come to hunt. At a subsequent period [it was] frequented by Louis 13th, who in 1624 built a pavilion as a resting place on his hunting excursions. A few years afterwards he bought some land and built a small Chateau, which has successively grown into the present palace. We came home by St. Cloud, saw the palace and a fine one it is; the country hilly and pretty. Crossed the Seine and met the King in a carriage and eight horses, and fifty soldiers riding close up to his coach and then another with six guards. We came through a little town called Boulogne and through the Bois de Boulogne, and arrived in Paris to a six o'clock dinner, all very tired. Dinner very nice.

On our way through we passed Passy where Franklin resided in 1788, some of the streets called after him. Abbé Raynal died here, and in 1834 Bellini, a fine composer of music. The manufactory of Sevres was bought of the famous general in 1759, by Louis 15th, at the solicitation of M^{me} Pompadour, and since that time has formed part of the domains of the crown.* It contains a complete collection of foreign

* It would be difficult to surmise just what famous general's name Mrs. W. was told. The Sèvres pottery works having become successful in the 1750s, they were acquired by a group of Louis' friends at court and thereafter purchased by him for the State at no loss to the syndicate. Amounting to an endowment, the distinctive monopoly of

High Mass

china, and materials used in the fabrication of china, earthen ware & pottery of France; models of all the ornamental vases, services, figures, statues, Etruscan vases, antique pottery, Grecian, Roman & Gallic &c. that have been made since the establishment of the factory. St. Cloud, the town, was so called from St. Clodeal, grandson of Clovis, who escaped when his brothers were murdered by the uncle Clotaire. He concealed himself in a wood and lived the life of a hermit; being canonized after his death, the former name of the place, Novigentum, was altered to its present name. At St. Cloud Henry 3rd was assassinated by Jaques Clement in 1589. The palace is remarkable in the annals of France, for the revolution of the 18 Brumaire (10th Nov.) 1799, which placed Bonaparte at the head of the Government of France.

Sunday, 27th. A fine day. We went to grand Mass at Notre Dame d'Lorette, a beautiful church, fine pictures, an imposing sight; the ceremony of the Catholics, but not pleasing to me; the congregation very devout; the Bishop & Priests and their worship at the altar not gratifying, music not extraordinary.

Afterwards we went to the Jardin d'Plantes, saw the wild beasts and birds & plants &c., pretty walk but not so pleasant as the Zoological, in London. From the summer house on the hill we had a fine view :

the Sèvres establishment was its possession of sole rights for the application of gold to French pottery.—Ed.

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the entropé * of wines, an extensive building; Mont-matre in the distance; a monument where the Bastille formerly stood, as commemorative of it. We then drove to the tomb of Lafayette, in one of the Convents, in the faubourg St. Antoine. It is in the burial ground, but strangers are not permitted to see it on Sundays, as the Nuns visit the tombs on that day.

We then came home and wrote letters to our friends in America; and at six we dined at Very's with Mr. & Mrs. Bates, Mr. John Baring, son of Thomas, a very nice person, & Miss Van Wart; a private room, and a comfortable french dinner. Returned home at 9.—Mr. Childe of Boston called to see us this evening. Had just arrived in the Mediator, from London here, [with his] wife and Miss Josephine Carter; gave us good tidings of the ship, which was pleasant, as we contemplate sailing in her.

There is a standing army in France of three hundred thousand: fifty in Paris: and the annual government expense is two hundred millions. The Conscript soldiers are obliged to serve seven years, found in food and clothes & no pay, more than two or three sous per day. For our dinner today we paid thirteen franks a head. Wines: Champagne, Burgundy &c.

Monday, 28th. Notre Dame d'Lorette is in rue Flechier, near the Boulevards. Garden of Plants a long distance. Saw the Hotel de Ville, a fine building

* I. e., *entrepôt*. the Halle aux Vins.—Ed.

The Madeleine

near the Seine, like our City Hall; the papers &c. of France kept there; fine carving on the exterior. Have been to the Madeline; architecture like the Parthenon, with corinthian pillars outside and Ionic in, the most superb building I ever beheld; not completed, fine paintings unfinished, four domes in the ceiling, all a mass of gold, sculpture above in the corners of the dome; the balustrade around the altar marble, and all along the length of the building; pillars like a calonnade in the altar, and the Apostles painted in the rear: four side altars, arched recesses, magnificent.

The Piedment & frieze sculptured nobly; niches in the sides for statues. Faces the Chambre of Deputies: Egyptian pyramids: Pantheon & Champs Elysees on one side & St. Honoré. Madeline is in the place of the same name, an open space and very beautiful.

Returned home and had invitations to visit the Queen this evening, and therefore gave up further sightseeing for today; and Mr. W., Mr. A. and myself are invited to dine tomorrow, not Julia or Mrs. P. The Countess Dowager of Sandwich has named four o'clock to call and see me. Day damp & cold; took seats at the Opera Comic, can't go, nor to see M^{lle} Mars & M^{lle} Dose,* a pupil of hers, tragedy her forte.

I am almost crazed, such confusion. At 7 o'clock Gen. Cass called for us to go to the Palace of St. Cloud, to pay our respects to the Queen. The Gen.

* Doze, Léocadie-Aimée, q.v.—Ed.

The Continent

called last evening and left a card, and wrote on it that her Majesty would receive us. We are in such confusion all the time, we can't attend to the receiving of visits; consequently Gen. Cass not receiving an answer sent Mr. Van Zandt to enquire, and to our surprise we found it was for this evening. We had to send to our manteau makers, hurry our dresses, order dinner half an hour earlier, and then the hair dresser; we got through it nicely and were ready to a moment. Julia wore a new blue silk, Mrs. Paige her maize, and I my white, trimmed with pink which I had fixed up, and wore a velvet head dress trimmed with gold, very rich, and pretty.

We arrived at the palace about $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight—a dinner party, carriages driving off, all lighted up. Entered a saloon—servants all in full dress—turned to our right and ascended a long flight of steps; then entered a room, a steward seated, enquired our names. Gen. Cass wrote them. We then walked through a long corridor beautifully lighted, and the king rec^d us at the door of the reception room, greeted me most cordially, inquired if I were a Bostonian. I said no. Ah! he said, I was in New York before you were born; expressed his great satisfaction at seeing me.

Then approached a round table where the Queen sat netting, hair grey and curled, with a gold cloth turban, and a lace dress, over straw colour; also the Princess Adelaide and her ladies-in-waiting—principal, Madame Doué I believe, to whom communica-

Louis-Philippe

tions were made, making any requests to see the Queen. The princess Clementina and an Irish lady of her own age were playing cards with an elderly lady and a gentleman. We did not speak to them. A Sicilian Minister was there, and some of the officers. The Duke of Nemours was present, has light hair and a ruddy complexion, and sat on one side of the Queen. I conversed with her, she made enquiries after Mr. Livingston and Mrs. Barton, and was very affable. She asked me to look at the tapestry, and I begged permission to get up and do so; she said, certainly. I admired the walls and chairs & sofas.

The Queen had a cushion under her feet, the floor waxed and cold; tea was brought in, and placed on the table, and ices (coffee in saucers). We sat a half hour and then retreated; gratified with my visit. The Queen enquired about my sons and daughters, and I took occasion to make her understand, that Mr. Appleton who was present, was our son-in-law, and the daughter with me his wife; and then Lady, or Princess, Adelaide enquired what relation Mrs. P. was to us. Mr. W., Mr. A. and myself were asked to dine before I was presented, but not Julia or Mrs. P., but I think my explanation has secured them invitations for to-morrow, as the Queen sent the Master of the household out to get Gen. Cass to give their individual addresses. I hope they may be, as I should like Julia to see a Court Dinner.

We arrived in Paris at eleven, a long dark drive

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through the rain. But on coming through the Place de Concord, it was lighted so brilliant & was so beautiful it repaid us for the drive; the lamps are a splendid sight. Mr. Webster went to the "Theatre Francais" to see M^{lle} Mars, but was not pleased, she is between sixty and seventy, very large and not interesting. Mr. A. went to Comic Opera; we had taken seats but were obliged to go to the Queen's. Mrs. Van Zandt called again today, and I saw her, a very pretty woman & has nine children, has been four years in Europe for the education of her children, her son Attaché to Gen. Cass; he is a handsome genteel young man. Gen. C. speaks highly of him. She is sister to Mrs. R. Hunter at Cowes, and has just taken appartments, to furnish herself. She told me that M^{me} Welles had been fixing her house purposely for us, to dine us on Thursday, and a ball in the evening.—Julia called to see Mrs. Wiggin today, she did not speak of the call. Mrs. Benjamin has called upon me, and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Livingston, today. Mrs. A. Thorndike has again for the second time, today, but has never written me a note offering her services to us; I can't account for it. We shall meet all the Americans at Mrs. Welles, I learn, on Thursday. It wants only a quarter of twelve. I must go to bed.

Jules De Lasteyrie, grandson of Lafayette, has called. Mr. Thorndike and family are in Normandy. The Garnetts all gone to Tours for the present. I am sorry

Chez le Roi

not to see them. Mrs. G. an old lady, and Fanny & Harriet. Mr. Rogers and sister called again tonight. (Tuesday, 29th.) I have been out shopping & sight-seeing.

Tuesday Evening, 29th October, 1839. Dined with Louis Phillippe and his Queen, the Princess Adelaide, Princess Clementina, an unmarried daughter, Duke de Nemours, Duke Montpensier & a younger one still. The Duke of Orleans, eldest son, in Algiers, the Duchess with the King, but she & her infant son were indisposed. Her son's title is the Count de Paris. Prince de Joinville, third son, in the East.

The Queen entered with our Minister, Gen. Cass; the King followed with Princess Adelaide, Duke de Nemours with his sister Clementina, and I with the King's fourth son, Duke de Montpensier. Julia with the fifth, Duke of Aumale. Mr. W. followed with the principal lady of the household, a great lover of the Duke of Orleans & his Duchess; she is a very fine woman, educated in England. Mr. W. sat on one side of the Queen, Gen. Cass on the other; next to the King on one Side was the Princess Adelaide and next her Prince Montpensier, and next to me a nice person of the household. Mr. A. handed in a niece of the Duke of Leinster, visiting the Queen, a nice person. Mrs. Paige was handed in by one of the household. Four ladies of the household, this young lady, the Queen, the sister, and daughter and our three selves: a party of twenty eight.

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Dinner very superb. The King helps the soup, both tureens before him, and the Queen the fish, first rate attendance: gold platters and silver plates & forks. Second course gold spoon, dessert knives & forks, but as you use one fork another is placed at your side, and the same with your tumbler of water; as you empty it it is filled again & again, you ask for nothing. Every kind of wine handed you, first claret, then sherry, then burgundy, then champagne, then malmsey &c. &c. Dinner all small dishes, not half we have in America: chocolate & ice cream together, coffee, ice moulded in jelly moulds, everything so nice. The finger bowls await you on resting; the servant stands behind you and holds it & a moment only to wash and clean the mouth, while the King & Queen are performing the operation. I took the little tumbler, tepid water flavored with mint, and rinsed my mouth as I had my gloves on. The gentlemen had theirs placed on the side table.

The Queen retired to the drawing room, the King following—Duke de Nemours & Sister & myself, in the same order we came in to dinner. We passed through [a] room after leaving the superb gallery we dined in, hung with paintings, and the ceiling superb, arched, with fresco paintings. Then we entered the billiard room & then the drawing room; coffee introduced directly. The King, Mr. W. & Gen. Cass formed a group and talked. The Queen invited me to the fire; after a little while she retired for ten or fifteen min-

A Faux Pas

utes, the Princes & Princess & Madame Adelaide remaining, and when the Queen returned she took me up to the tapestry which is grand, and then desired me to look at the chairs. Beauvais the manufacturer of the chairs & sofas called, different from the Gobline, birds &c.; the walls hung with pictures. She then sat down to the round table, and opened her netting and invited me to sit by her; the rest of the ladies with their work.

We sat until about nine and then I arose and bade adieu to the Queen & Princesses & ladies and to the King in passing and to the officers; and the gentlemen followed. I found after leaving that the Queen was to have had fine music, purposely for us, but we erred on the safe side, fearing to remain too long.

I regretted very much that I was so unfortunate as to be disappointed by my manteau maker. I had to wear the dress I was presented in the evening before, my white and pink, and a beautiful little head dress, very new, crimson, Anne Boleyn style, with dropping white flours & velvet, very new & tasteful. We had a long rainy drive and very dark. Gen. Cass, Mr. W. and myself returned together.

The King enquired after H. G. Otis, Mr. Amory, and spoke of many little occurrences in America; has a very retentive memory. Said he remembered driving with a Mrs. Sheaff of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a singular, but a remarkable person. A very fine pine apple was placed on the table and it was gen-

The Continent

erally praised. The King, when Duke of Orleans, was obliged to flee from France, and went to America in 1796, one year before Gen. Washington resigned. (—— offered to cut the pine, when —— exclaimed, that it was only to show not to eat.) The King is in his 67th year, a fine looking man: the Queen several years younger, very gray, and curls her locks; looks like Mrs. Com Chauncey.

I have not been sight seeing to day, it was so rainy and damp To morrow we go to Goblin and to see an old Roman tomb, and dine with Gen. Cass; requests we will come ten minutes before the time, to see and hear the great people announced: Marshal Soult with whom Mr. W. was to have dined today, had not the King invited him, Lord Granville & Monsieur ——, a Genoese, connected with the Doges of Venice, the Hanoverian Minister, and the rest I will name after we dine there.

The Queen rec^d us today; the King and his sister had been to Paris, returned late, came in after we had all assembled. The Queen sat as soon as I entered, and invited me to do so, and as soon as the King entered arose, as we all did, and then crossed the room and directed Gen. Cass to walk into dinner with her, and we all followed. Twenty servants or more, a valet behind the King & Queen who, with the Butler and Duke's servants, were dressed in black small clothes, the rest in red liveries. The library communicated with one end of the drawing room, and a room leading

Le Roi s'Amuse

from it; and opposite, the door through the Billiard room where the King enters and retires. Card tables out; some of the officers, playing billiards strictly, next to us, perfectly social. The Queen walked several steps to receive me, as I would a guest in my own house.

All have gone to bed, and I sit up every night until midnight bringing up my journal.—Mr. A. made some remark to Gen. Cass in relation to a sea story told by the King, which was this: When he went to America he took passage in a Swedish vessel, the Capt. & crew of which were very indolent; they never changed the sails, or hoisted more. One day the wind being fair, the King enquired why they did not put on more sail. Oh! said the Captain, the wind will change again, and then we shall have the trouble of taking them down again. The consequence was, his passage was a long one. He said he was mentioning this to an Irish gentleman once, who said he was in a similar situation: he was sailing in the Mediterranean, and having become impatient at the length of the voyage he said to the Capt.: Well Capt. where are we? The Capt. pointing to a certain place—that is Cape De Gata off Spain—several inquiries of a similar nature were made, to which he received the same answer. Oh! said the Irishman we shall end our days at Cape De Gata, repeating it over and over again, very impatiently. The King told the story with a great deal of spirit.

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Mr. A. observed something about Power the Actor, and regretted not being able to tell it better. Gen. Cass repeated it to the King who was much pleased, mentioned it to night, to Mr. A. and manifested much pleasure. I will get the cream of it, and add it.

Wednesday Morning, 30th. Mr. Brooks & Wife, of Hingham, Mr. Rothsilde and Edward Childe of Boston called to see us. A stormy, cold & snowy day. At one we went to see the Gobelin tapestry manufactory and the carpets, a most intricate work, but beautiful. A picture of the King & Queen has been three years in hand, the former not more than half finished, but a fine likeness. The pattern is marked, and the picture behind them: they sit at the back of the work, and can't see the pattern in front, or picture behind, unless they turn round, which they do not. The idea of piecing the Gobelin is ideal: it is only a mark to designate, and after it becomes very aged, is apt to show; this I learnt from two of the head men. The modern tapestry is like the old.

We returned home and found a card from the King, with an admission to the Theatre Francais, in his royal box, to see M^{lle} Mars, an astonishing youthful person between sixty and seventy, and plays all young characters. Not a pretty theatre, but very full & not fashionable I should suppose. The second performer young and pretty, I don't know who she was, we imagined her to be M^{lle} Dose.

Rheumatism

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, we dined with Gen. Cass; Mr. & Mrs. Bates called for one of us, Mr. W. followed with the rest. I went with the former. We had a superb dinner. Only Mrs. Cass at the table: the Gen. handed me in. Marshal Soult, Mrs. Cass, Lord Granville, Mrs. Bates, Spanish Minister, Julia, the Scandinavian, Mrs. Paige. Mr. Ledyard sat at one end of the table and Lewis Cass the other, Gen. & Mrs. C. on each side. Mr. Feste & Monsieur Fayere, Count Alton & son &c. We did not retire from the table until very late, and as soon as coffee was handed round, took french leave, and went to the Theatre Francaise.

Thursday Morning, 31st. Another cold and rainy day. We leave on Saturday in company with Mr. Bates & wife. Dine to day with Mrs. Welles. We suffer from this weather, I have had the rheumatism in my face for the last three nights, as soon as I got into bed. The fatigue I have undergone for the last five or six weeks has almost worn me out. Shopping in Paris distracts one.

I am going this morning to Healy's rooms to see a likeness he is taking of Mr. Bates, and also several others, and to the Louvre to see the Statuary.—I have just returned from the Louvre. I must not forget to mention, in the ancient rooms, one of 1594, that the tapestry was all worked in gold; you can see a little of it yet, it must have been grand in its day. The carved work, and the statuary, is on the ground floor

The Continent

of the Palace, not under the gallery of pictures. All antiques and superb. The Egyptian Sphenix in the court is of mammoth size. We went through the gallery of pictures and museum entirely & all the rooms of Spanish pictures. Met our friend Mr. Rogers and told him I was going to see his sister. Said he: Do not, you have no time, and kindly released us; said he would explain to his sister. Mrs. Gen. [Winfield] Scott here. Mr. W. is going to see her. Mr. W. was delighted with the gallery.

Washington Lafayette lives forty miles from Paris; he came to see us to day, and regretted we could not visit him, said he would have brought Madame, had he known we could not visit him. He expressed most grateful feelings for what Congress had done for his father, and begged Mr. W. to thank the American People for their liberality & kindness, with tears in his eyes. He spoke of the sad changes he had experienced: one son is in the Artillery, and another, a lawyer, is opposed to the present King. A republican altogether in feelings, and a gentlemanly man.

Friday Morning. Another dull day, but a slight appearance of a change for the better.

Nov. 1st. Dined yesterday with Mrs. Welles at six o'clock, Mrs. Wiggin there. Mrs. Welles a very sweet pretty creature and very kind. In the evening had a soiree; pretty much all Americans: a delightful Din-

Americans in Paris

ner & Party. At dinner the guests were Gen. Cass, Mr. Mrs. & Miss Ledyard: Mr. & Mrs. Bates, Mr. & Mrs. Webster, Mr. & Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Paige, an adopted daughter of Mrs. Welles and Mr. Lovering of Boston, but living in Paris, and another gentleman. Rooms small but pretty; her dinner simple but not such as we saw in London; her large rooms not opened, as yet in their summer garb; her little boudoir and conservatory very pretty: the floor all scagliola, * and a glass roof.

About ten the company assembled. Mrs. Derby, Mrs. A. Thorndike, Mrs. Lamson & her daughter, Mrs. Lane, Capt. & Mrs. Wormley, Mrs. Brigham of Montreal, Mr. & Mrs. Jaudon, and the Miss Erita — of New York, married to a Belgian or Italian Chargé: she asked an introduction to me. About eleven we all walked into the dining room, and Mrs. W. placed me by her side and poured out tea, made in a tea kettle, & hot water in an Urn, and the cake of the dinner table, no ices. Mr. & Mrs. Childe & Miss Carter there.

We returned about midnight. I was disappointed in my dress again, and went in my white & pink with my over shoes on. Yesterday M^{me} — called to see me: the daughter of Gen. Lafayette, an old lady.†

* I. e., scagliola: imitation stonework of ground gypsum and glue.—Ed.

† Probably M^{me} Charles de Latour Maubourg, who was Lafayette's daughter Anastasie.—Ed.

The Continent

Julia rec^d her and conversed in French with her. To day we are to pack, and be off on Saturday morning for Boulougne.

Friday Evening. We have had a hard day of it: packing up all day, a regular ——, but we have all got through at last; bills paid &c. Mr. W. dined with Lord Granville. Gen. Cass brought him home. Lady Granville said she admired Mrs. Sigourney's writings very much; and a Mr. Kirk of Albany, Mrs. Bates & Mrs. & Mr. R. Althrop have been to see us; she is a nice little woman, and desired I would say to her friends that she was well and happy, but wanted to return to America. Mr. W. has gone to pay his parting respects to Lady Sandwich. ½ past nine. I am going to bed very tired.

Nov. 2nd, 1839. Leave Paris. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Derby & Gen. Cass came to bid us adieu; we could not wait, carriages awaiting us. Mr. Lamson, Mr. A.'s friend, also saw us off. Mrs. Bates and Miss Van Wart in a chariot & four, Mr. Bates & Mr. Webster in an open carriage with a top, & pair, and Mr. & Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Paige and myself in our coach & four, postillion and courier, Ettienne Vernet, an intelligent nice person, and his wife, who attended us in Paris equally so; she had been housekeeper to the Countess D'Orsay.

We first posted to St. Denis where we desired to see the Cathedral, but it was so damp & rainy, and we



From life by Wm H Brown, 1844

DANIEL WEBSTER

A Merry Sunday

in such a hurry we could not stop. It was formerly the burial place of the Kings of France, but not since the revolution. It was almost destroyed at that time, but Napoleon in 1806 restored it, but of course all the graves have been disturbed, and thrown in a general mass; the separation afterwards could not be so certain. We passed through Moisselles, Beaumont and Noailles to Beauvais, where we found our dinner at 7 o'clock, all ready for us, and our bed rooms all with fires in them, through a letter from Mr. Bates to the Hotel Keeper. We had a very nice dinner, and all retired to rest.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past six Sunday Morning, Mr. W. & Mr. Bates took a cup of coffee and started; we took a hurried cup of what they called coffee, and a morsel of bread, and followed at 7, meaning to take a late breakfast at Abbeville, but distance and roads together, we did not get there until 3 o'clock, and then had a nice dinner. We were almost famished, and did justice to our good cheer. We were very merry in our carriage, Mrs. P. particularly so. I regret to say that it was Sunday we passed in this way. At four we started for Boulougne; we passed through Marseille, Grandvilliers, Poix, Champ l'Amienois & Airaines to Abbeville, and through Nouvion, Bernay, Nampont, Montrieul, Cormont, and Samer to Boulougne. We did not reach Boulougne until half past eleven; travelled a hundred miles, excessively tired; took a cup of

The Continent

tea, some of us, and had a nice comfortable house to rest in.

We were so fatigued that we could not embark in the Royal George which left here at eight for Dover ; in truth it was very boistrous, but now the sun has come out fine, and I think we shall regret it. We must take an indifferent steamer, or await the steamer from London to night, or to-morrow morning. I prefer the latter, as I want to see the Canterbury Cathedral. Mr. & Mrs. Bates we find a very pleasant addition to our travelling party. Mr. B. presented Mr. W. with a very pretty morning dressing gown.

We passed the battle ground of Edward the Black Prince. We have had a fatiguing journey, but we're all in good spirits and hope to reach London in safety, and thence to America. How grateful I shall be to get safely across the sea again, and to my native land, altho' charmed with my tour in a foreign land ; but knowing we must go home, and having many very dear friends, shall rejoice to be among them. The ladies are all going to walk. I have declined as it blows, and is very damp, often incessant rain, and I am not quite well ; a very stiff neck, rheumatism, but trust it will leave me.

Boulougne stands on the river Liane. All the towns we passed through, were dirty comfortless looking places. Boulougne is a high walled town, with moat, drawbridge and gates, and you are obliged to show your passports in passing through. In Paris you are

Boulogne

never permitted to leave the gates, or enter them, without a guard opening the door, and enquiring if you had anything smuggled.

Monday Morning, Nov. 4th.—Spent the day in B.

England Once More



TUESDAY, Nov. 5th. Breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven; sent our carriages on board the steamboat, and at nine embarked in her. We all walked to the boat, Mr. W. and myself last, and were drenched with rain. On boarding had to descend a stair ladder, rather awkward for ladies Mrs. Bates and Julia were in the chariot of the former, Mr. W. in ours just before the boiler, which I did not like. I therefore went into the cabin, a small dirty place. The steamer was a small boat called the "Duke of Wellington." It is only 27 miles from B. to Dover, and we were from nine until one performing the voyage.

A very rough passage, and every one of us ill. I never sat up a moment, or saw the Cliffs of Dover. In consequence of our extreme illness we remained at the Hotel in Dover until the next day; a comfortable house; dined, drank tea, and slept; and leave at 8 A. M. to breakfast at Canterbury, and see the Cathedral. Messrs. Webster & Bates leave at seven, to have our breakfast ready. We are seventy miles out from London. The name of our Hotel, or rather tav-

Rough Passage

ern, is the "Ship Inn." Just before we landed from the boat the Captain let off a carrier pigeon to return to B. and announce the safe arrival of the boat at Dover.

We see the Coast of France from our parlour windows—Calais for instance, which is only 16 miles across. We thought of going from B. to Calais, 20 miles, and embarking from there. We see Walmer Castle belonging to the Duke of Wellington, seven miles from Dover, and where the Duke resides in summer; it stands on a high cliff, and commands a fine view of the sea, but rather barren in the winter. The Duke is at the London Hotel today. I should like to have seen his castle, and dare say he would invite us to, did he know we were here. Lord Aylesbury and family are here on their way to the Continent to spend three months. The Marquis of Anglesey is here also. We have a fine spacious room, and a dressing room nearly as large. Our bedstead is a lofty four post one, has the crown on the foot-board; yellow damask bed and window curtains, painted glass in the windows, large mirror, wardrobe, marble wash-stand, covered cushion, two satin-wood chairs. Mr. W. has a couch in his room, under a canopy and yellow damask curtains, intended for a bed if wanted.

The only thing of interest to be seen is a subterranean stair-case underground up to the top of the Cliffs, but the weather so rainy, and we all so knocked up by sea sickness could not attempt it. Mrs. P. and

England Once More

Julia went to bed at seven & Mrs. Bates also. Mr. B. Miss Van Wart and myself ate a piece of muffin with a cup of nice black tea. If the morning is fair we shall walk through the town before taking leave.

We had no trouble entering our things at the Custom House; they treated us very civilly, saw several things, but hearing we were going to America direct, did not touch them. One of the Inspectors called on Mr. Webster and Bates and explained to them. Feel too ill after my violent reaching this morning to say much more tonight. I did not suffer anything like it, in crossing the ocean from America, altho' ill all the way over; but the little boat could not weather or beat against the heavy sea.

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 6th. Mrs. Bates and myself started about three-quarters of an hour after Mr. Webster & Bates, in her chariot, for Canterbury, sixteen miles, to breakfast; we met the gentlemen, they had had breakfast and gone to see the Cathedral. Mr. Appleton & party soon arrived, and we had a nice breakfast, after which we went to the Cathedral, but they had service, and we had to wait some time. We saw the tombs of Thos. A. Becket, the Black Prince & Henry 4th. Charles 1st was married in the Cathedral, met his bride there.

The interior is very beautiful, different from those we commonly see: the recesses very pretty. We found the Archbishop's tomb who founded "All Souls Col-

Sad News

lege," in an arch, richly painted & gilded. Saw the Cloisters and Lady Chapel, but were in so much haste, could not spend more time. We then went to a shop and bought some little matters, representing antiques and then proceeded to the Hotel, and took our coaches, which were awaiting us. I came on with Mrs. B. and Miss Van Wart to my seat in the carriage. Our first stage, Canterbury, 16 miles, then to Sittingbourne, eleven, Rochester fifteen, Dartford fifteen. The last stage I jumped into my own coach, and arrived in London about seven o'clock.

A very hilly country, but very pretty, on the sea coast almost all the way. From Rochester we crossed the Medway. We found on our arrival, that Mr. W. could not get our usual apartments; we occupy the lower floor, and are very comfortable. Ate our dinner, and all retired to bed wearied enough, after a days journey of seventy miles.

Thursday, 7th. In London. The Liverpool arrived yesterday, received our letters to day; sad news of the stoppage of the U.S. Bank, and all the southern ones. New York and Boston still in operation, and determined to hold on. Sad fire in New York, a 'million and a half of property destroyed. Philadelphia half a million. Brooklyn on Long Island and Mobile. I had many letters from my friends, all well, thank God, but write sad news of the times. God grant they may change.

England Once More

We have had a rainy dull day. Mrs. Bates kind enough to send a few American pickles to me. We have been busy unpacking all day and settling with our faithful Courier, Ettienne Vernet and his wife (equally capable and good as a Mediator), and hope to have a safe and pleasant voyage to our native land. Mr. W. & Mr. A. have been on board to day, and like the looks of the accomodations very much.

Friday Morning, Nov. 8th. Mr. Webster invited to dine on Saturday with the Lord Mayor elect. Rec^d a letter from Lady Ashburton, Archbishop of York, and Lady Bath &c. reminding him of his promise to visit them in the holidays. Christmas with the former, & a long visit. On Saturday Mr. W. goes to Mr. Denisons in Nottinghamshire, I regret deeply that I cannot go with him, but I have no time.

Friday evening. I have not been out to day, damp and cheerless. Mrs. Bates has called several times, also Miss Van Wart & Miss Jaudon, sister to Mr. Jaudon. Mrs. Paige out shopping all day, twice with Mrs. Bates, for music and Haddy's cloak. Julia & Mr. A. out looking for carpets for Mrs. A. Appleton, and selected very pretty ones. Mrs. Bates wanted us to go to the theatre and see Knowle's new play and Miss Tree and Celeste, but we could not get seats. Mr. Webster leaves in the mail coach at 7 in the morning with his servant Holton, for Ossington in Nottinghamshire, nearly one hundred miles; he cannot

A Melo Drama

get there until Sunday morning. We have been busy all day preparing for our departure on the 20th for America. Such dismal foggy weather; how I shall enjoy the sun once more.

Saturday, 9th. Mr. W. left in the mail at 7 o'clock, will not arrive at Ossington until Sunday morning and will remain until Thursday of the ensuing week. Julia, Mr. A. and myself took a cab, and went down to Green's to look at her plate, very pretty. We then bought elsewhere two very rich coverings for centre tables, one chocolate ground and one crimson. We made several other little purchases, two wax dolls, as we were getting in our carriage, extremely pretty. Returned home a little before five to dine.

Mrs. Paige, who had been out with Mrs. Bates, had not returned, but came home in a few moments, had been to the city, and found great difficulty in getting along. The Lord Mayor installed to day: the Thames bridges and Streets crowded while the Pageant was on the water, the dinner at the Lord Mayor's after the ceremony. Mr. W. invited but declined.

Mrs. Bates came here and proposed going to the Hay Market, to see Sheridan Knowles new play called Love, a Melo Drama, the two principal characters by Miss Tree and M^{me} Vestris. We had a private box and room communicating, where we took tea. The piece I cannot say I liked much, but the dresses and scenery were beautiful. Mr. & Mrs. Bates with

England Once More

us. The thunder storm, where her lover (Huon) was slightly stunned, and the tree destroyed, was very pretty, many parts good. We remained and saw the first part of the farce, "Don't Be Frightened." Mathews, the husband of M^{me} Vestris, took a part as an officer; we all found it very warm, and became at eleven very tired and left for home, but were detained below for a long time, awaiting our carriages or rather Mrs. Bates & Miss Van De Weyer, the latter kind enough to send it for us. We came home at twelve and retired to rest, Mrs. P. & Mr. A. taking a glass of porter, Julia and myself soda.

Sunday Morning, 10th. A very rainy and dark day. Breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine; so wet I could not go to church. Mr. & Mrs. A. went to St. Georges. I kept church at home. We dine with Mr. & Mrs. Bates at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six en famille. Mr. A. bought me Mrs. D. Le Roy's bow and arrows & target yesterday, very nice ones; a pair of gloves yet to be bought. No prospect of a clear day now; half past two.

At six Mrs. Bates sent her chariot for us, through a heavy rain. We dined with Mr. & Mrs. Bates, Monsieur & M^{me} Van De Weyer & his secretary, had a very nice time; returned home about half past nine o'clock.

Monday Morning, Nov. 11th. At eleven, went out in a fly with Mrs. Watson to a china store, to buy

Cold and Clear

milk pans, such as I saw at Mr. W. Lockhart's & Duke of Rutland's, but so expensive I did not buy them. We were out until one, buying all the "Archery Paraphernalia," and I believe I have bought every thing complete; returned home at two o'clock. Went with Mrs. Bates to Lady Ashburton's, to see her pictures, but all covered, and could not gain admission. At Mr. Hope's also refused. Went to Leslie's to see the Coronation picture, but it was at Windsor: he lives opposite Elgin Place, a small neat house. We then went to a Confectioners & Mrs. B. ate ice, gave me one biscuit Ice, but I was not well and did not eat it. We then went to 7 Conduit Street, and saw beautiful german things, baskets, screens &c. &c. of canvass, but very costly. We then went to the Soho Bazaar, and I bought Mrs. [Edward] Everett a beautiful baby cloak; infant born since I left America.

We returned, or rather Mrs. Bates brought me home a little after five, but I must add a lovely day, cold and clear, the sun bright for London. Mrs. P. and Mr. & Mrs. A. out. Mr. A. was robbed of fifty sovereigns out of his pocket, walking in Oxford Street. Col. Head, Mr. Rush, Mr. Meredith, Mr. & Mrs. Senior, Miss Rogers, called to see us. Mrs. Senior saw Mrs. Otis at the springs in Germany, Carlsbad, and said she was the principal person there. Met Mr. and Mrs. D. Bates on the Rhine going to Rotterdam. Mrs. Paige saw them all, I did not, being out all day.

England Once More

Tuesday, 12th. Day foggy. I have been busy all day packing and unpacking. Julia not well, and we did not go out. Mrs. P. and Mr. A. were out shopping. Mr. Rogers the poet called to see us and engaged me to dine with Mr. Webster and party on Monday next. I could not positively say I would go, as I await Mr. W.'s good will; I hesitated, and he said: Well, come some day; Lady Holland means to have you on Sunday and I would not wish to interfere with her.—But Monday is rather inconvenient as we leave the next day for Portsmouth to join the ship. A letter I wrote to Edward was returned to day opened, because I did not pay the postage. Mr. W. not yet returned from Ossington.

Wednesday Evening, 13th. Had a letter from my husband to day, he hopes to get home to night; went twenty miles out of his way to visit Mr. Denison, but had a chance of seeing Lincoln Cathedral by so doing. The weather today rainy part of the time; busy packing until 3 o'clock, then Mrs. Bates called to see me, and brought me a card case to remember her by; she is going to take tea with us this evening. Mr. Cogswell is coming to see us also: he boards in the same house. We took a coach and called upon Mrs. Senior, Mrs. St. John, Miss Vaughan, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Bartlett, Miss Burdett Coutts and Miss Jaudon; found the former only at home. Did not get back to our hotel to dinner until five o'clock.

Packing

Thursday Evening, Nov. 14th. Mr. W. returned at four this evening from Mr. Denison's; he brought me a bunch of flowers, a basket of splendid grapes, and a beautiful Book of Versailles, a present from Lady Charlotte to me. Mr. W. had a very agreeable visit, saw the Duke of Portland and his fine farm, invited to make him a visit: he is father to Lady Charlotte. Went to Newstead Abbey (Lord Byron's) and went through it; a small part of the Abbey still remains, the large window, but no glass; disappointed in it. The Abbey was given by Henry 8th to the Byron family: a part of the old chapel remains.

I have not been out; raining all day, or foggy. Julia & Mr. A. out for a short time, Mr. A. dined out. We have been busy packing all day. Mrs. Senior called again today, with Mr. Senior. Mrs. Bates stopped for a moment, and Mrs. Van De Weyer, the latter at the door only. Mr. Webster has a long and kind letter from Mr. Kenyon, from Florence. An invitation from Mr. Henry Inglis, for Mr. W. to dine, for me to spend this evening, or for us to breakfast with them tomorrow at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine.—All things packed, we cannot accept any invitations; obliged to decline Mr. Rogers invitation to dinner on Monday next.

Friday Evening, Nov. 15th. I have been busy preparing our trunks for the ship, Mediator, as the vessel leaves London on Sunday and we meet her at Portsmouth on Wednesday. Mr. Senior called this morn-

England Once More

ing and invited us to dine en famille tomorrow with them, at 7 o'clock in the evening. We promised to do so. They are hospitable kind people; he holds some office under government. Mr. Cogswell called this morning to see us. Mr. Starkweather, Mr. Archibald, and his grace the Duke of Rutland; said he would call again on Monday and bid us adieu. He is a very gentlemanly nice person; said he wished we were going to remain the winter, and could visit him again during the holidays. He said Lady Adeliza was preparing now for a visit from the Queen Dowager (Adelaide), that she had promised to make them a visit. He was not at home, or had scarcely been since we left, but his daughter he relied upon.

Today has been a settling of accounts from all quarters, our board, carriage hire &c. &c.

Saturday, 16th. Sent all our luggage to the ship. I found she would not leave on the 20th from Portsmouth; it would be a day later, or perhaps two, owing to the fogs in the river, and the ballast not being on board, which is Chalk. I went out with Mrs. Bates in her carriage; for a little while Julia and Mrs. P. walked. A Mr. Williams and daughter called upon us, living at 70 Portland Place; he is a Banker in the city, invited us to dine with him on Monday at 7 o'clock. Mr. Webster, Mrs. Paige and myself accepted. Julia and Mr. A. declined, or rather I did for

Kind Hospitable Persons

them, as they meant to go to Manchester on Sunday morning and remain until Tuesday morning.

We all dined with Mr. & Mrs. Senior: company, Mrs. Farrar, a nice person; Mr. Villiers, brother to the Lord Clarendon, who owns Kenilworth; Mr. Villiers, an M.P. and a great friend of the Corn Laws; Jones Loyd, Mr. Duer, Mr. Farrar & Mr. Emmons. In the evening, Mr. & Mrs. Chadwick, recently married (he is Secretary of the Poor Laws), and Mr. Phillips, our acquaintance in America. We had a very pleasant day and returned home about eleven o'clock; very kind hospitable persons.

Mr. Webster has just rec^d another note from Lady Frederick Bentinck, soliciting his autograph and expressing great kindness of feeling as regards our leaving England. I sent her one, but only his name, and that was not enough.

Sunday Morning, 17th. Mr. & Mrs. Appleton have gone to Manchester in the cars, and also to Birmingham. Mr. Webster dines with Mr. Morrison at 7 and Mrs. P. and myself eat a quiet dinner at home. Day tolerably fair. We are going to church.

Went to Westminster Abbey, and heard one of the Assistant Ministers: not a very eloquent preacher. Mr. Milman was preaching in St. Martins; we sat in his pew (Mrs. Paige and myself), Mr. Webster in one of the stalls. We sent out cards to Mr. & [Mrs.]

England Once More

Milman, as they had not returned from church. The service commenced at the Abbey at 10, at other churches, at 11 o'clock.

We called also upon Mr. Rogers; he had gone to Holland House. I was glad he had recovered sufficiently. We then came home and contented ourselves, as the walking was horrible, and it was rainy. Mr. Jaudon and Col. Starkweather visited us. Mrs. P. and myself dined alone at four o'clock off of roast beef &c. &c. Mr. W. dines with Mr. Morrison; he married the daughter of a linen draper, and is in that business himself.

Sunday Evening. Mr. & Mrs. Bates, Mr. R. Walsh, Mr. Cogswell, and young Astor, son of Wm. B. Astor, on his way to Dresden to complete his studies, dined with Mr. W. at Mr. Morrisons. Mr. Wharburton, M.P. of Bridport, and a radical, Mr. Easthope, editor of the Morning Chronicle and an M.P., ditto, Mr. & Mrs. McCulloch, the political economy man, Mr. Senior, Sir Charles Williams, Mr. Wright, the Banker & Mr. Jaudon called to see us. (I must mention an amusing circumstance. While these persons were sitting with us, the maid announced my Bath as being ready. I smiled and beckoned to her to leave the room.) Mr. Cogswell has kindly promised Professor Longfellow's new novel, and Lathrop Motley's new novel to read on board of ship.*

* Longfellow's *Hyperion*, "a romance based upon personal experience" during a journey to Europe, and John Lothrop

Farewells

Monday Morning, 18th. A rainy dull day. At home until $\frac{1}{2}$ past four and then Mr. W. & myself took a fly around Hyde Park into Piccadilly and visited the Burlington Arcade; bought a little hair brush and bottle of lavender. Mr. Milman called to see us, and brought me a very kind note from his wife, inviting us to name a day to dine with them, ere we left: but we were obliged to decline. Mr. Travers & Miss Tayloe called to see us, Mr. Vaughan of the city, Mr. Stuart of Halifax, and [the latter] invited us to visit him there next summer, when the steam ships are established. The Duke of Rutland called again, and we were driving. Mrs. P. saw him, he appointed to morrow at three o'clock to call and see us.

We dined at Mr. Williams', 70 Portland Place, a very genteel establishment. Sir Admiral Edward Codrington dined with us, a fine looking man, like Earl Gray: he has the command at Portsmouth, and hoped he would be there to welcome us, before we embarked in the Mediator. Capt Imfit is the one we met in Canada. Miss Williams, a sweet pretty girl, is engaged to a person whose name I do not now recollect; a Mr. Renny, a Mr. Stuart and ourselves, with a Miss Miles, related to Dr. Dehoy's wife, who was an Echford, formed the party. We were twelve in number, and had a very nice dinner. Some fine paintings. He is (Mr. Williams) a Banker here, spoke of James

Motley's *Morton's Hope*, the fictionized autobiography that was his first published work, both appeared in 1839.—Ed.

England Once More

King & Mr. Sam. Williams who brought him up: his son is in America, on his return is to enter the British Army.—Mr. Bates called to see us for a few moments. To-morrow we dine at Mr. Jaudon's without ceremony at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six. Mrs. Jaudon on the Continent, in Paris.

Tuesday, 19th. I drove out with Mrs. Bates; a tolerably pleasant day, the early morning particularly so. Julia & Mr. A. returned from Manchester at six, and went directly to bed; travelled all night, not particularly pleased with Manchester, a smoky dull place. Mr. & Mrs. Milman called again to day to see us, and the former brought me a book, asking my acceptance of. The Duke of Rutland called again to bid adieu. We dined with Mr. Jaudon and his sister. Mr. & Mrs. Cryder, Mr. Duer, Mr. Peabody, and ourselves, a nice genteel dinner—returned home at eleven o'clock.

We saw in the Globe our dinner at Mr. Williams' of yesterday: Mr. Webster of the U.S. Senate & Mrs. W. were to leave in the Mediator, with their suite on the 20th from Portsmouth. Our passages in the stage taken for to-morrow, but find the vessel only leaves the river, and we shall probably not leave until Friday Morning. Sir Edward Codrington called this evening to say that he had written to Portsmouth, and that we could visit the docks &c. if we pleased, he has the command there.

Mr. W. promised to write some poetry for Mrs.

Poetical Feelings

Bates and last night at midnight his poetical feelings were aroused, and he absolutely got out of his bed, and wrote four stanzas "on the memory of the heart" and then awoke me, and laughing told me what he had done. I recollected it on awaking in the morning. I had the pleasure of presenting them to Mrs. Bates. I thought them so good I was proud to do so, and enjoyed her gratification on reading them in the chariot.

Wednesday Morning, 20th. Today fine, have been very busy. At eleven A. M. went to Westminster Abbey to see Henry 7th's Chapel and Lady Nightingale's tomb, with the figure and shaft of death coming out of the tomb, and pointing it at her; it is by Roubilliac; said to be fine piece of sculpture. Saw the Poet's corner again, and walked through the nave and choir. Mr. W. and myself walked home through St. James Park & Green Park. Julia & Mr. A. walked in the city, and Mrs. P. drove home.

Vice Admiral White, Daughter and Son (in the Army) called to see me and regretted I was to leave so soon, and made many apologies for not having called upon me: his son is in Ireland, and a younger at Eaton. Mrs. Cryder & Miss Jaudon then called and Col. Starkweather & Dr. Carol. Mrs. Van De Weyer confined today with a son, great rejoicing. We dined at home, and leave to-morrow at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine. We walked up to see Mrs. Bates, but she was so tired, she had gone to bed. Mr. Bates gave us a cup of tea and

England Once More

we then returned home. I met Mr. W. on his way up there and stopped him, and got out of the fly, and walked home with him; a beautiful moonlight night. We go to Portsmouth part by Rail Road, and post the remainder. I have bought a writing desk to night, finding it indispensable to my comfort.

Leave London. Thursday Morning, 21st. Breakfasted at 8 o'clock and at a few minutes past nine had two coaches at the Brunswick Hotel, one for our luggage and one for ourselves. We drove by Westminster Abbey, Parliament House, Westminster Hall, over Vauxhall Bridge across the Thames, to the Rail Road Depot, and there took our seats for thirty miles to a place called Farnborough, a fine rail road. Left at 10, and arrived at our landing half past eleven, and then had to send for vehicles, a carriage and post chaise. Mr. W. and myself in the latter.

Our first stage twenty miles, through a wretched country, looked like the moors of Scotland. We then changed at Petersfield, and took horses for ten miles to Waterloo, rather better country. At Waterloo eight miles to Portsmouth, changed and had postillion, which I preferred. We came through a corner of Surry and through Hampshire, in the southern part of England—great counties for hops: we saw acres of poles piled nicely. Kent, in the south of England is a great hop country; passed through it on our way from Dover. We saw what they called the Downs . . .

Portsmouth

soil chalk; it is only used for sheep and they are called Downes Sheep.

We arrived at the "Quebec Hotel" Sea Common, Portsmouth, about six in the evening. Civil people, but an indifferent house, poor dinner; one chicken and four chops for five people, and white fish, fried. We slept here, and learnt that the Mediator is now at Spithead, three miles off, and that we must join her to-morrow at 9 o'clock; must go to her in a wherry. Capt. Champion came here this evening to see her off. Capt. Platt is to command her, I believe; formerly his first mate.

We all retired to rest at ten, and realise we are going to embark on the great Ocean; trust in a merciful God for a safe voyage.

Homeward Bound



LEFT Portsmouth at 9 o'clock Friday, 22nd, in a wherry, with Capt. Champion, for Spithead, three miles, where the ship lay. Boarded her; each of us ladies raised in a chair, and lowered on the deck of the ship. Every prospect of a fair wind and a pleasant passage through the Channel. We went around the east end and along the south side of the Isle of Wight, avoided the Needles, and doubtful as to the continuance of a fair wind.

About twelve the anchor was weighed and all sail set, and we bid adieu to Capt. Champion, her former commander, and soon after to the pilot, and had for forty-eight hours a fine wind and fair weather. Opposite to Portsmouth on the North side we saw Ryde Castle, Isle of Wight, and Cowes to the west end; the Royal Depot and shipping, Nelson's old ship the "Victory," and the spot where the Royal George was sunk. Her commander's name was Kempenfelt; we saw a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; nine hundred souls perished in her.

Sunday, 24th. The wind ahead all night; we have been tacking and continue so to do; more motion, and we are all ill.

Squalls

December 1st, Sunday. A fine wind and calm sea; are making our three degrees of longitude daily. We have all been on deck twice today, before dinner and after. The Capt. is adding more sail, and hopes for a fine night. Last evening (Saturday), we had continual squalls; I was greatly alarmed, and did not retire until nearly midnight. I was sleeping on the sofa, so wearied from the rolling and jumping, and was awakened by our shipping a sea, which came through our skylight, which was boarded for the night, and I was awakened by the spray. I sprang from my seat and exclaimed. But thanks to a kind Providence, after a few hours it subsided. I sent for the Capt. to enquire the state of things: he said he had reef'd top sails, and all things were snug, and advised me to go to bed. I did go but passed a restless night.

To day is our ninth day at sea: we get on more comfortably than I anticipated. We fervently hope, if the wind and weather and all things are prosperous, to arrive on our own dear soil in thirty or thirty-five days. How truly grateful we shall all be I am sure.

Our Capt is a nice person, and our first mate Mr. Knight, is also an attractive person. Our only lady passenger besides ourselves is a Mrs. Addrich, a very intelligent woman, has travelled all over Europe and America, and knows everybody and everything apparently. Irish by birth, educated in a convent in France; speaks French and German fluently; has two sons and a daughter in Phil^a; a great talker, but full of anec-

Homeward Bound

dote and knowledge, I think; a mysterious and eccentric person withal. The air today mild and delightful.

Dec. 7th, Saturday Evening. A week since I have commented on the weather. Monday & Tuesday squalls all day. Wednesday evening a tremendous blow from the N.W. driving us south. We all went on deck to see the storm; raining and a thick fog, could not see the length of the ship; this blow lasted from 3 P. M. to four in the morning. The ship rolled and tossed tremendously. Mr. W. sat up with me until half past one. I could not compose myself to sleep, but at that hour Mr. W. advised me to go to bed, and I did; and on awaking on Thursday morning found the sea very rough, but the wind abated.

For the last week the wind has been all around the compass; one blow from the S.W. To day has been pleasant. Mrs. P. and Julia on deck all the morning. I was ill, and went up for a few moments only. Not much wind; go at the rate of two or three knots only. If the weather is propitious, and we get safely on, we hope to reach the Banks by Tuesday next, and from them with reasonable success, a week's voyage. Our longitude today 42. Yesterday we met a Brig, and were near enough to show our longitude on a board. We had hoped to meet the British Queen, but I fear we shall not. Mr. W. and Mrs. Addrich, Julia & Mr. A. playing Whist, Mrs. Paige reading. Mr. W. begs me to say that we are in the Latitude 112:8' off

Fair Winds

Marshfield this night. How thankful I shall be, to get on my native soil once more.

Sunday, 8th. A fine day. Wind from the N.N. East, progress rapidly: it changed on Saturday at 4 P. M. in our favor: after the forenoon, being damp and rainy, could not take any observation, but by dead reckoning.

Monday Morning, 9th. A fair wind still continues; we are now on the Banks, a little south of them; weather cold but clear. We trust, all things continuing fair and prosperous, to arrive in New York in the course of a week.

Tuesday, 10th. We had a fair wind all last night and until eleven o'clock this morning, when it clouded over, and rained fast. The wind changed to the South, and finally about one or two o'clock died away, and left us in a calm. We are now riding the waves without wind at about four o'clock. The evening fair, and a clear beautiful sky. While at dinner a steamer was said to be in sight. The Capt immediately went on deck, and came back, and invited us to go and look at the British Queen, five or six miles off; our wonder was to meet her in Longitude 56: 30' and Lat. 43° as we are about eight hundred miles from New York. Our conjecture is, that she did not sail on the 1st as to day would be ten days; we hoped to have spoken

Homeward Bound

her, and got our American papers. The weather very mild and pleasant. The Queen is S.W. of the Banks.

Wednesday Evening, 11th. We have had a night without any wind, and of course have gained but little: at about three o'clock this morning we were awoke by a violent tempest, hail, torrents of rain, thunder and wind and lightening; it lasted from three until seven in the morning, and then partially cleared; rain and squalls all day; but Longitude 58° , could not take our Lat. No sun; the Barometer says wind; the thermometer colder, but the weather mild. We have been on Poirpoise shoal today, know it from the colour of the water, not so deep a blue. We have made about eighty miles since four yesterday, we are now nearly seven hundred miles from N. York; but a fair wind and safe voyage will soon carry us there, if we are fortunate.—Evening, 7 o'clock. Still blowing.

Thursday, 12th. A tremendous blow all night from N.W. or west, so great a blow I could not lie in my berth, and sat up all night, with my husband, until we both became so ill, we took to the sofas, so heavy a sea. The sofa in the gentlemen's cabin, which was fastened to the deck, was torn up and thrown over with two gentlemen on it; they were both carried over and bruised. It was impossible for any one to stand on deck. The gale lasted until noon, directly ahead all the time; we have gained since yesterday only one

Beaten and Bruised

degree. The sun bright today: the Capt. has taken an observation, our Lat. is $42:8'$, Lon. 60° .

This evening a little wind for us to proceed. I have slept all day long on the sofa, so much fatigued from constant illness, and rolling of the ship; trust we may have a quiet night. A fair wind would soon carry us in to the Hook, if we were only fortunate. To day has been our wedding day.

Friday, 13th. A tremendous gale from the N.N.W. set in about two o'clock in the morning, directly ahead; it continued to blow all day tremendously. We were under close reefed topsail, and mainsail, and were kept awake all night; every thing tumbling and rolling; the wind wavering. On getting up in the morning, we were all so beaten and bruised that we were ill all day from exhaustion. Friday, wind high and squally, but we had a good sleep.

On awakening this morning, Saturday, 14th, found the wind to have increased, all sails reefed and the storm stay-sail on, and were laying to a second, loosening a little, going further south than we wish: on the edge of the gulf stream in Lat. of N.York 40° , and Long. 61° . Hail and rain all day long.

The Capt invited us to go on deck and see the storm. We did so, awfully grand and sublime, I confess. It reminded me of the foaming of Niagara; my feelings cannot be described. God grant the storm may abate

Homeward Bound

this night; it has in a degree, altho' very boisterous still. We earnestly desire a North or N.E. wind, to carry us into Port. We are rather more than five hundred miles, which with reasonable success, may be accomplished in three days; $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine Saturday Evening.

Sunday Morning, 15th. A fair wind from the N.E. but a heavy chopping sea. The storm abated last night about midnight, and we set all sail. Sad to relate, this morning about five o'clock, a sailor boy, named James Western, fell from the mast and was drowned; about fourteen years old. The Capt. and both mates on deck, and were not aware of it: the second mate said he heard a noise, and enquired what it was but in a moment all was quiet; could he have supposed it was one of the crew perhaps the boy might have been saved. I pity his poor parents; but how true it is, that in the midst of life, we are in death.—The day not bright as yet, half past eleven o'clock. I hope to see the sun all day.

Dull, no sun, but the shadow of it. In the evening about eight o'clock the Capt. commenced taking in sail, as it looks squally. The storm came about nine, and raged tremendously from the S.E. We were in the gulf stream. The sea running mountains high, and the most pouring rain came down in torrents. The sea breaking over us, and the rain falling, led us to believe the water was rolling in from all sides; it

Sad to Relate

sounded exactly like it; we rolled & tossed awfully. Storm did not lessen, until about half past two, and then the Capt. came down to lie on the sofa, and left his second mate in charge. We lay to all night. I never closed my eyes: it took all my strength to hold myself in the birth. I felt very sick, and believe had a high fever.

Having burst an oil cask we are limited for light, can only have a candle; the oil is reserved for the helm. A barrel of molasses also lost, both for want of being sufficiently fastened. To cap all, we had a Jew on board, who became intoxicated, and liked to have been washed overboard; he could imitate any sound, a child crying, a bull, or ox, and after being brought and put to bed, became so unruly that the Capt had him brought on deck, and put in the refuge house and chained until he became more rational. He is to day in his birth, frightened at what had passed. The Capt thinks it was accidental; that he is not given to that sad evil.—Monday morning. I am recounting all that passed on Sunday night, Dec. 14th.

Monday, 16th. Weather still unsettled and sea very rough. Wind S.W.; are just north of the stream. I fervently trust we shall have fine weather and a fair wind: two days' fair wind would carry us to our homes, but we must be grateful that we have been thus far preserved, and hope for the best. Our Lat. yesterday was $40^{\circ}.30'$ and Long. 61° I believe. If

Homeward Bound

the sun comes out fair we shall be enabled to take an observation I trust. We are doing nothing as yet; gained a degree since yesterday I believe. We have scarcely gained anything for a week, rather lost than otherwise.

Squally all day, with a side wind, and a very heavy chopping sea; shipped a great many. Could not get up on deck in the evening, which was fine, with a bright moon. Showers through the night; proceeded gradually. Smoother, and I slept.

Wednesday, 18th. Wind ahead, obliged to make a southerly course. Day not very clear, but hope it will become so towards noon. Our Long. yesterday was $64^{\circ}30'$ Lat. that of N.Y. 40° . A shower of rain at this moment; day tolerably pleasant, walked the deck. Wind from the N.W. and on taking our observation found ourselves further south than we expected. (Lat. of Philadelphia.) The wind and a strong current carries us South. At eleven o'clock at night, we went on deck, a fine moonlight; walked for a short time, and retired at twelve. About three the wind changed, with a heavy rain. Almost North, the sea rough and ship rolls greatly.

Thursday Morning, 19th. Weather squally. Wind N, sea rough, sun not out; if we were in our course this wind would carry us to N.Y. but we must keep our courage. I hope soon to arrive.

Off Our Course

Friday, 20th. We embarked four weeks ago today from Portsmouth and were we in our Lat. we should, the Capt. says, soon be in N.Y. but we are five points off our course, south, as far as Delaware. We have had a strong N.W. wind all night, and with it rain and hail all day, in squalls. We saw a Brig to day at $\frac{1}{2}$ past three, bound our way; to-morrow we hope to get into soundings; and should the wind come from the south and bring us back to our course, we are only two hundred and forty miles from the Hook. I trust we may have a favorable change in the night, which will permit us by Sunday to reach our native land.

The moon makes it light. I have just been on deck to breath the fresh air. I called it to blow great guns, but the Capt. calls it a stiff breeze. Mr. W. & Mrs. P. playing Whist (by the latter's request to the Capt. in the gentlemens cabin), Julia and Mr. A. checkers, Mrs. Addrich chess with one of the passengers.

Saturday Evening, 21st. We have had a pretty comfortable day, altho' with a heavy wind, but not so blowy. Seven o'clock; the wind has died away; a calm, and we hope for a southerly wind; it has been bitter cold. I have been but a short time on deck, not feeling quite well. Our Lat $36^{\circ}28'$ about that of Washington. Long. 72° , within two degrees of N.Y. We are so far south and still in the gulf stream, 240 miles from Sandy Hook this morning; but we must hope for the best. We shall get in N. York soon, I trust

Homeward Bound

most sincerely. The evening calm with a light wind from the E.N.E. The sea very smooth, sails all set, common and extra.—The morning not very bright, and we all in great spirits hoping to day to reach Sandy Hook. At 12 o'clock the wind increased, but without changing its point. At 3 and at 7 A. M. it blew a gale.

Sunday, 22nd. A heavy gale from the same quarter, but we continued our course, at ten or eleven knots; but the Capt. has been obliged to take in sail and lay to; blowing a heavy gale. At one or two the wind got due E. and blew tremendously: we found ourselves on soundings, in about thirty six fathoms water. He then wore ship and stood South.

A most terrific storm. Shipped seas, our sky light down, and candle lighted. The storm lasted until eight in the evening and then the ship changed her heading, with a light wind from the south. The foresail split to pieces in the gale. We are now bound to sea, directly east, until we are certain as to the course of the wind. God grant that we may have a calm night, and a favorable wind, and soon reach our port of destination safely. I never felt more deeply sensible of our dependence on a merciful Providence, and I trust I shall ever feel grateful for his mercies.—Saturday, 21st, the longest night, and Sunday, 22nd, the shortest day.

Christmas at Sea

Monday evening, 23rd. Day dull, and slightly rainy. Wind from the N.E. and we not doing anything. Capt. not able to take an observation. The wind changed to the S.E. at midnight, and got back to the old quarter at daybreak. We must keep up our courage and hope for the best. Thirty-one days out. I trust we may have a fair wind to-morrow, and get to N.Y. before Christmas.

Tuesday, 24th. Rainy and head wind, doing nothing.

25th, Christmas. Wind ahead all day, N.W. We are in Lat. $39^{\circ}20'$. Long. 72. We were on deck, weather cold but clear. We all dined at the table. Mrs. Addrich asked to treat us to Champagne. We had roast turkey and plumb pudding, Madeira, Sherry, Port, &c. &c. We played Whist, and sat up until two o'clock. Ate ham sandwiches. Wind ahead all night.

Thursday morning, 26th. Weather clear and delightful. Last Lat. to day, $38^{\circ}40'$, Long. $72^{\circ}58'$; went south. A Spanish ship in sight from Odessa; they intimated a wish to board us, five miles off. We all left the table (breakfast) and went to see the barge, and six men rowing to us. They finally got up, and ropes were thrown over. The Capt. came on board, said they had been thirty days coasting; the storm of Sunday last sent them to sea, and they came to enquire the Lat. and Long. and to ask some beef and pork, sugar, butter

Homeward Bound

&c. We gave them a pair of ducks & chickens, some beef, pork, a little loaf of sugar, butter and a loaf of bread. The Capt. was very grateful, offered to pay for it. Two American passengers, one a Mr. Hanson of Baltimore very sick. Mr. W. sent his card to him, and we solicited the Capt. to send him a little sugar though short ourselves. We are out of brandy, whiskey, oil, molasses, and nearly candles, lemons &c.

Two o'clock. The weather has changed, or rather the wind, to day; is now S.W. I pray that it may continue so, and that we may reach our home to morrow.

Friday, 27th. After a fair wind last night, and a splendid moon, Mr. W. & myself, Mrs. P. & Addrich at midnight went on deck, and walked; did not go to bed until two o'clock. The Steward brought us in some sandwiches and a pound cake, and we had whiskey toddy, sangaree. We awoke this morning and were told we had a fine wind, seven miles an hour. I had just time to get dressed, when the cry of Pilot. Oh, conceive our delight. He boarded and brought us N.Y. papers of last Sunday.

We are now fifty miles, and I trust with good luck we may reach our native land to morrow. How thankful shall we be, I trust. To day the Weather rainy and thick, but I trust may not impede our progress.

Gen. Harrison is nominated by the Harrisburgh Convention. The State has gone right, the City Van Buren.

Postscript: Kenyon to Webster

Florence, October 28, 1839

My dear Mr. Webster

I am very glad that I desired my brother to open and read all my letters which should come to Vienna—He has thereby gained the great pleasure of reading your's, with all yours and your family's expressions of kindness and friendship towards me,—which of themselves would gratify him—and also those towards himself. I had desired him to send me only samples of the less important letters—but he forwarded me yours in bulk. I could have borne it even bulkier; but it came to brighten a rainy day (for we have rain even in Italy) the day before yesterday. Again I thank you for the feeling of friendship and better still of fellowship—to use your own word—(I like that word! it is hearty) which pervades the whole letter. Ticknor and his generous natured wife were very good natured to prepossess you all so in my favor. When I called to invite you to meet Wordsworth, not knowing that you brought a letter for me, I felt that I was taking somewhat of a liberty—but with Wordsworth for a backer—I dared. Your own

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first reception and afterwards that of your whole family put me at once at ease; and I owe to Ticknor and his Wife the possession of friendships which I would not willingly let die. For you, you know, you have been lionized and admired with us to your heart's content—perhaps to your temper's occasional discontent—but it is something better for you all to have gained liking and love in England—which you have done. Say all that is kindly from me to your excellent Wife and Mrs. Paige. It was a real pleasure to me to observe how happily—lovingly—confidentially you all lived together. Did I not travel with you three delightful days? Have I not seen you come dancing into the room; and heard you pun.

The only one of the family with whom I have any quarrel is that *now* Mrs. Appleton. She ought to have told me—or *had* told me what was brewing. Tho' I talked of being her elder-brother-chaperon, how did she know but that I might have proved an old bird-taker—altho' not with chaff? Why did She talk so sensibly and agreeably to me under those tall trees in Christ Church meadow?—Perhaps it has been lucky for me and for her conscience, that I received the first news here—by the Arno (which runs under my window). It is neither deep enough nor invitingly clear for a plunge. God knows what might have happened had the cruel intelligence reached me on the Rhine. But I forgive her—what is more I congratulate her—Do I suspect rightly that she has married *my friend*

Kenyon to Webster

Appleton—the son of Mr. A. who was in England lately with his two daughters? Whosoever it is, I congratulate Him.—I passed two hours with you yesterday morning—Not as you passed your hour of letter-writing with me, in thought and perhaps imaginary vision, but with you.—You at least as near as Marble could personify and realize you. On arriving here three or four days ago I found one of my very best and most accomplished friends here. He is an Italian married in England and habitually residing there—but he has been here for several Months. He asked me what I had been doing— Who I had been seeing in England— It was natural for me to talk of your family. He told me that he knew you too. It was from Power's bust. I went to see it yesterday morning. It stood by heads of no small claim—Clay—Calhoun That Toothless Mastiff—(a fine energetic head)—Jackson and many others. It came out nobly—tell Mrs. Webster. She need not be jealous— It was like—that in her mind will be calming. Power desires his grateful respects to you—very modestly he said that I might say (I say this to Mrs. Webster)—when I asked if there was any message to you, that no head had produced so great a sensation here. You know my dear Mrs. Webster that occasionally from within or without your husband's head does produce a sensation. It is really a fine bust, very like, and the artist has been lucky enough to have fallen on a beautiful piece of marble. It deserves to be put on a column of

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solid granite—solid as itself; not on one of those pretty shapely scagliola Hermes—very pretty too—which won Mrs. Paige's fancy at Windsor. Mr. Power tells me that he had an intention of taking off a few plaster casts before the bust is sent off to America. I put in a claim for one—subject to your approval I liked Power and he will do the new country credit. . . .

I am glad that you have seen so much of our little land; but you must come again and see more of Us—or I must come and see your land. I do not feel old myself and as my Brother said to me the other day I am rather angry when other folk perceive that I am so. He sometimes hopes to be able to run to America for a Month or two. But somehow or other we ought to meet again. . . .

Again repeating my very kind regards to Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Paige and Mrs. Appleton, I must conclude To be sure there are a hundred things I should like to ask you about—how you like our institutions—now you have seen them work at home—political, legal, ecclesiastical—whether you find our people more or less repulsive than you expected—How my tariff for waiters and post boys &c. turned out for your comfort—whether you have learned anything from our Agriculture—and how you were pleased with such farming Establishments as you saw at Belvoir. But more important than politics and law and Religion & Morals & Agriculture—did

Kenyon to Webster

you kill any pheasant, grouse or partridge? did you hook one trout?

This last flap (You will thank your stars that it is the last) I must devote to the Ticknors. Do tell them in what a state of intense occupation I was living from the 15th of June when my Aunt died till my brother and myself left London on the 22nd of August. . . . You may tell Ticknor that E[dward] K[enyon] & myself have become Massachusetts Bond holders. I consider myself a semi citizen of that "small but good, old, honest, republican state." *Esto Perpetua*, I mean, of course. . . . I recollect Everett's handwriting which I see on the bonds. Twenty years ago in this Italy I used to have letters from him. And now my dear Mr. Webster I must conclude. If you have any friends like yourselves or at all like—I need not say that I will be civil to them for your sakes if not for their own. . . . Independent of all Bonds—I mean Money Bonds—I do desire to see the two countries more & more bound together. Of course Massachusetts 5 per cents are the first bonds I think of—after them of bonds of love & friendship & fellowship!!

J. KENYON

(From a letter in the possession of the Hall Family)

Notes & Index, Biographical

Abinger. See Scarlett, Sir James

ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, Duke of Cambridge, 19, 31, 65, 66, 69, 72, 146, 151, tenth child of George III (1774-1850).

ALLEN, John, 68, political writer (1771-1843).—A literary M.D., Allen was Lord Holland's travelling companion and a perennial inmate of Holland House.

AMELIA, Princess, youngest daughter of George III, 140; (1783-1810).—Her untimely death is supposed to have been a contributing cause of her father's mental decline.

Ashburton, Baron. See Baring, Alexander

ASTOR, John Jacob, 220; (1822-1890).—Son of William B. Astor, he graduated from Columbia and in 1839 continued his studies at the University of Gottingen. He was accompanied on his European trip by Joseph Cogswell, librarian and literary adviser to his grandfather, John Jacob Astor.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Duke of Sussex, 7, 19, 31, 36, 39, 40, 65, 66, son of George III and Queen Charlotte (1773-1843).—President of the Royal Society; a liberal, with an interest in science. He married Lady Cecilia Underwood without the consent of Parliament, for which reason she was not permitted the use of the title or entrance to court.

Aumale, Duc d'. See Orléans, Henri Eugène

AUSTIN, Sarah, 9, 27, 37; (1793-1867).—The translator of Niebuhr, and other German writers.

BABBAGE, Charles, 6, 7, 26, mathematician and "scientific mechanician" (1792-1871).—One of the anticipators of modern business equipment, Babbage had long been at

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work on a contrivance (never finished) for "calculating numerical tables by machinery."

BAGOT, Sir Charles, 5, 33; (1781-1843).—Governor-General of Canada. Married, 1806, Mary, daughter of the Earl of Mornington.

BAILLIE, Joanna, 26, dramatist and poet (1762-1851).—A literary landmark of the age, she had written *Plays on the Passions* for John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

BARING, Alexander, 1st Baron Ashburton, 212, 215, banker and statesman (1774-1848).—Represented his government at Washington, and was praised by Mr. W. as "a good man to deal with, one who could see that there were two sides to a question."

BARING, Sir William Bingham, 2nd Baron Ashburton, 14, 15, 25; (1799-1864).—Husband of Lady Harriet Mary Montagu, 31, a notable lion-hunter of the day.

Barton, Cora. See **Livingston**, Edward

BATES, Joshua, 4, 5, 6, 8, 13, 14, 16, 18, 25, 27, 29, 30, 34, 40, 42, 45, 67, 69, 149, 150, 153, 155, 156, 169, 178, 190, 201, 203, 204, 205, 206, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 220, 222, 223, banker (1788-1864).—A native of Boston (his wife was a Sturgis), Bates had founded the American branch of Baring's; eventually he became senior partner, making London his home. His daughter was Mme. Sylvain Van de Weyer, wife of the Belgian Minister to St. James's, 15, 25, 151, 152, 214, 217, 223.

Bath, Marquis of. See **Thynne**, Henry Frederick

Bentinck, Lady Frederick. See **Lowther**, Sir William

BLISS, Philip, 52, Oxford antiquary (1787-1857).—Registrar of the University.

BOOTT, Francis, 152, physician (1792-1863).—An American by birth, he practiced medicine in London for seven years. He was known as one of the first to discard the traditional dress of the doctor (black coat, kneebreeches, and white neckcloth) for the conventional costume of the times.

BOUTET, Anne Françoise Hyppolyte ("Mlle. Mars"), 191, 194, 200, French actress (1779-1847).—She made her

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debut in 1799, and retired in 1841. She was at the top of her profession in France, especially in *ingenue* and *coquette* roles.

Bowdoin, Temple. See Clay, Sir William

Brooks, Peter Chardon. See Everett, Edward

BROUGHAM, Henry Peter, Baron Brougham and Vaux, 24, 29, 34, 41, 45, 46, 48, 65, 66, 178; (1778–1869).—Lord Chancellor. Married (1821) Mary Anne, 45, 46, daughter of Thomas Eden, and widow of John Spaulding, by whom he had two daughters, the younger dying in 1839. On October 21, 1839, it was reported that he had been killed in a carriage accident, and several uncomplimentary obituary notices appeared in the London papers. He was, however, at Brougham Hall at the time of the accident, and although it was true that he and two friends had met with a slight mishap while out driving, none was injured. Brougham was accused by some of having started the false rumor himself. One of the early discoverers of the pleasures of the French Riviera as a winter resort, especially Cannes.

BRUCE, Thomas, 7th Earl of Elgin, 117; (1766–1841).—The collector of the famous Elgin Marbles.

BULLER, Charles, 20, 45, 50, liberal politician (1806–1848).—Secretary to Lord Durham. His brother, Arthur Buller, was a pupil of Carlyle.

BRUNEL, Sir Marc Isambard, 32, 33, civil engineer (1769–1849).—Formerly Chief Engineer of New York. In 1839 he was constructing the Thames Tunnel.

BURDETT-COUTTS, Angela Georgina, 7, 46, 65, 66, 216, heiress (1814–1906).—She later married William Bartlett, an American 37 years her junior, and relinquished all rights to her fortune.

Burghersh, Lord. See Fane, John

Cambridge, Duke of. See Adolphus Frederick

CANNING, Sir Stratford, 1st Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, 28, 60, 61; (1786–1880).—Diplomatist, Envoy to Washington, 1820–1824. Married, 1825, Elizabeth Charlotte Alexander.

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- CARLYLE, Thomas, 20, essayist and historian (1795–1881).—The translator of Goethe.
- CASS, Lewis, 171, 172, 176, 177, 183, 184, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 203, 204, statesman (1782–1866).—American minister to France. Married, 1806, Elizabeth Spencer of Virginia, 201.
- CAVENDISH, William George Spencer, 6th Duke of Devonshire, 136, 137, 139; (1790–1858).—His country seat, Chatsworth, housed his collection of rare books and pictures. See also *note*, 136.
- CÉLESTE, Mme., 212, French actress (1814–1882).—*The French Spy* was written to display her talents.
- CHANTRY, Sir Francis, 7, 17; (1781–1841).—A fashionable sculptor.
- CHATTERTON, Lady Henrietta, wife of Sir William Abraham C., 8, 68; (1806–1876).—Praised by Newman for her “refinement of thought,” she was a prolific writer of light sketches and moral tales.
- Clarendon, Earl of. See Villiers, George William
- CLAY, Sir William, 15, 48, 50, 51, radical politician (1791–1869).—Temple Bowdoin, 48, his nephew, married his daughter.
- CODRINGTON, Sir Edward, 221, 222, admiral (1770–1851).—Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, 1839. Famous for his rout of the Turkish fleet at the Battle of Navarino.
- COGSWELL, Joseph, 216, 218–220, bibliographer (1786–1871).—A friend of Washington Irving, he helped John Jacob Astor to collect his library. He acted as librarian and adviser on books for Astor, and travelled abroad as companion to his grandson.
- COPLEY, John Singleton, Lord Lyndhurst, 29, 41, 45, Lord Chancellor (1772–1863).—Born in Boston, son of the artist, he was removed to England in infancy.
- Cork and Orrery, Countess of. See Moncton, Mary
- Cranworth, Baron. See Rolfe, Robert Monsey
- CUNARD, Sir Samuel, 37, shipowner (1787–1865).—Son of Abraham Cunard of Philadelphia. Under contract to carry

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the Royal mails, his *Britannia* made the first voyage July 4th, 1840.

Dalmatia, Duke of See Soult, Nicholas Jean de Dieu

DENISON, John Evelyn, 1st Viscount Ossington, 4, 9, 22, 152, 153, 212, 216, 217, subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons (1800–1873).—In 1824, in company with Derby, Taunton and Wharneckcliffe, Denison had made an American tour, in the course of which he and Mr. W. met and struck up a friendship. They had kept up a correspondence; and Mr. W.'s journey to England was in part a long-deferred return of Denison's visit.

DENMAN, Thomas, 1st Lord Denman, 31, 41, 90; (1779–1854).—Lord Chief Justice. Married, 1804, Theodosia Anne Vevers.

Derby, Earl of. See Stanley, Edward Smith

DERBY, Elias Hasket, 14, 16, 170, 177; (1803–1880).—Studied law with Mr. W., and subsequently became a railroad attorney. Author of *Two Months Abroad*, 1844.

Devonshire, Duke of. See Cavendish, William George

DOUGLAS, Alexander Hamilton, 10th Duke of Hamilton, 106, 120; (1767–1852).—Premier peer of Scotland. Married, 1810, Susan Euphemia Beckford, daughter of the author of *Vathek*. His son and heir was William, Marquis of Douglas, 69 (1811–1863), "the handsomest man in England." A lifelong antiquarian, the Duke was the owner of a collection of pictures, bibelots and rare books which subsequently sold for £397,562.

DOUGLAS, George Sholto, 17th Earl of Morton, 118, 119, 121, 122; (1789–1858).—Married, 1817, Frances Theodora, daughter of Sir George Rose, q.v. His ancestor, George Douglas, was one of Mary of Scotland's most ardent admirers, and assisted her in her escape from Loch Leven.

Douglas, Marquis of. See Douglas, Alexander Hamilton

DOZE, Léocadie-Aimée, 191, 200, and *note*, French actress and memorialist (1823–1859).—A pupil of Mlle. Mars, she made her debut in 1839 at the Théâtre Français. In 1854 she published *Confidences et Causeries de Mlle. Mars*. Sev-

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eral of her comedies were performed at the Théâtre Français. She was the wife of Roger de Beauvoir.

DUER, William Alexander, 6, 8, 16, 21, 64, 151, 219, 222, American jurist and educator (1780–1858).—Grandson of Gen. Wm. Alexander, claimant to the Earldom of Stirling; married Hannah Maria Denning, of a prominent N.Y. Whig family. Duer had been judge of the N.Y. State Supreme Court before his appointment (1829) as president of Columbia College.

EASTHOPE, Sir John, 220, politician and journalist (1784–1865).—Purchased the *Morning Chronicle* from William Innell Clement in 1834.

Eglinton, Earl of. See Montgomerie, Archibald William

Elgin, Earl of. See Bruce, Thomas

ELLICE, EDWARD, 15, 31, 36, 41, politician (1781–1863).—Married Hannah Alethea Grey, daughter of Charles, 2nd Earl Grey. Their son, Edward E. the younger, had been secretary to Lord Durham on the latter's Canadian mission.

ELSSLER, Fanny, 66, 178, Austrian dancer (1810–1884).—Her Parisian debut in 1834 temporarily eclipsed the great Taglioni. Outstanding for her performance of the Spanish *cacucha*.

EMPSON, William, 123, contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and in 1847 its editor. Married (1838) Charlotte, only daughter of Francis Jeffrey.

EVERETT, Edward, 152, American statesman, author and educator (1794–1865).—In 1822 he had married Charlotte, daughter of Peter Chardon Brooks, 200, 215; their son, William, was born October 10, 1839.

FANE, Cecily Jane Georgiana, 31, 64, 69, 72; (d. 1874).—Daughter of John, 10th Earl of Westmoreland, and sister of Lord Burghersh.

FANE, John, Lord Burghersh, later 11th Earl of Westmoreland, 97, 100; (1784–1859).—Aide-de-camp to Wellington, diplomat and musician. Founder of the Royal Academy of Music, and composer of seven operas in the Italian style.

FITZMAURICE, Henry Petty, 3rd Marquis of Lansdowne, 15,

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- 18, 29, 30, 37, 60, 61; (1780–1863).—Lord President of the Council. Married, 1808, Louisa Emma Fox-Strangways, daughter of Henry Thomas, 2nd Earl of Ilchester.
- FITZWILLIAM, Charles William Wentworth, 5th Earl Fitzwilliam, 121, 135; (1786–1857).
- FOX, Henry Richard Vassall, 3rd Baron Holland, 18, 65, 68, 71, 72, (1773–1840).—He restored Holland House and kept it open as a centre of literary and political life in London. Holland House was presided over by his wife, Elizabeth Vassall, 216, whose hospitality to the learned and distinguished of the day was exceeded only by the abuse she often heaped upon them. "*Elle est toute assertion, mais quand on demande la preuve, c'est là son secret.*" (Talleyrand)
- FOX-STRANGWAYS, Louisa Emma. See Fitzmaurice
- GARCIA, Pauline (Mme. Viardot), 182, singer (1821–1910).—Daughter of Manoel Garcia the elder, composer of Italian operas, singer, and teacher of the *bel canto* style. Her sister was *la Malibran*, idol of the French Romantics.
- Glenelg, Baron. See Grant, Charles
- GRAHAM, James, 4th Duke and 7th Marquis of Montrose, 111, 114; (1799–1874).—Succeeded to the title in 1836 and in the same year married Caroline Agnes, third daughter of John Beresford, 2nd Lord Decies.
- GRANT, Charles, Baron Glenelg, 38, 39, politician (1778–1866).—Colonial Secretary.
- Granton, Lord. See Hope, Charles
- Granville, Earl. See Leveson-Gower
- GRAY, Sir George, 36, 37, 46, 127, 221, statesman (1799–1882).—Judge-Advocate General.
- GRENVILLE, George Nugent, Baron Nugent, 39, patron of letters (1788–1850).
- GROSVENOR, Robert, 2nd Earl Grosvenor, 2, 22, 35; 1st Marquis of Westminster since the coronation of William IV (1767–1845).—Rebuilt Easton Hall on an extensive scale, and was also owner of Belgravia and Pimlico. He added to the Grosvenor Gallery and was famous for his stud.

Notes & Index, Biographical

- GROTE, George, 20, historian (1794–1871).—Married, 1820, Harriet Lewin, 44, 152 (1792–1878), his biographer.
- Haddington, Earl of. See Hamilton, Thomas
- HALFORD, Sir Henry (Vaughan), 41, 64, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 147, 150, 151, 152, 153, physician (1766–1844).—The ranking physician of the day; subject to frequent attacks by colleagues. Dropped Vaughan and took Halford upon receiving an inheritance from Lady Denbigh, widow of Sir Charles Halford.
- HALLAM, Henry, 7, 14, 20, 61, 139, historian (1777–1859).—His original researches first began to lift above the antiquarian plane the then rampant craze for the study of Mediaeval England. Arthur Henry Hallam, of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, was his son.
- Hamilton, Duke of. See Douglas, Alexander Hamilton
- HAMILTON, Thomas, 9th Earl of Haddington, 121; (1780–1858).—Married (1802) Lady Maria Parker, 122, only surviving child of George, 4th Earl of Macclesfield.
- HAMILTON, Sir William, 77, diplomat and archaeologist (1730–1803).—Married Emy Lyon, famous beauty. He purchased the huge marble relic known as the "Warwick Vase" and presented it in 1774 to George, Earl of Warwick.
- HARCOURT, Edward, 52, 56, 129, 133, 212, Archbishop of York (1757–1847).—Had 16 children by Lady Anne Leveson-Gower.
- HARNESS, William, 26, 47, 48, a divine (1790–1869).—Had been a friend of Byron's at Harrow.
- HASTINGS, Lady Flora Elizabeth, 35, 41, 126. See *note*, 35.
- HAWTREY, Edward Craven, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, afterwards provost of Eaton (1789–1862).—At this time a "reform" headmaster.
- HENDERSON, James Pinckney. See *note*, 170.
- Holland, Baron. See Fox, Henry Richard Vassall
- HOPE, Charles, Lord Granton, 28, 121, 123, 215; (1763–1851).—Lord President of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. His son, John, 123, 124, 126 (1794–1858) was in

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- 1830 elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, succeeding Francis Jeffrey.
- HORTON, Sir Robert John Wilmot, 30, 31; (1784–1841).—Acting for Mrs. Leigh, he destroyed the Byron memoirs. His wife was the subject of Byron's "She Walks in Beauty."
- Houghton, Baron. See Milnes, Richard Moncton
- Howard, Elizabeth. See Manners, John Henry
- Hyde, Baron. See Villiers, George William Frederick
- INGLIS, Sir Robert Harry, 30, 217; (1786–1855).—A Tory politician.
- JAUDON, Samuel, 3, 6, 7, 9, 13, 21, 27, 64, 67, 139, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 203, 212, 216, 220, 222, 223; formerly cashier of the Bank of the United States (1796–1874).—Descended from a Huguenot family of Philadelphia, Jaudon (and his wife, Margaret Peyton Alricks) had lived long abroad. One of their 4 daughters, b. 1826, was christened Julia Webster J.; and one of their 4 sons, Samuel Peyton J., b. 1828, served in later years as secretary to Mr. W.
- JEFFREY, FRANCIS, Lord Jeffrey, 118, 121, 123, 124; (1773–1850).—Founder and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, he considered that of the poets of the Romantic Revival, only Moore and Rogers would live. Married, 1813, Charlotte, daughter of Charles Wilkes of New York; and was ever afterwards a warm advocate of reconciliation with America.
- KEAN, Charles J., 26, Shakespearian actor (1811–1868).—Starred in *The Corsican Brothers*. He married, 1842, Ellen Tree, actress, q.v.
- Kent, Duchess of. See Victoria Mary Louisa
- KENYON, John, 5, 6, 7, 8, 15, 17, 27, 39, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56, 63, 68, 69, 217, philanthropist and gastronome (1784–1856).—Known to his contemporaries for his rich table and poor verse, Kenyon's substantial poetic achievements were that he helped to support Southey's family, and that he introduced Robert Browning, one of his closest friends, to Miss Barrett. See also *Postscript*, 239.
- KIRK, Edward Norris, 204, clergyman (1802–1874).—At

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one time pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Albany, he resigned in 1837 and went to Europe, preaching in London and Paris. In the latter city he aided in the establishment of the first American Protestant religious services.

KNOWLES, James Sheridan, 212, 213, English dramatist (1784-1862).

LABOUCHÈRE, Henry, Baron Taunton, 25, Whig statesman and administrator (1789-1869).

Lamb, Sir Charles Montolieu. See Montgomerie, Lady Mary Lansdowne, Marquis of. See Fitzmaurice, Henry Petty

LAWRENCE, Elizabeth Sophia, 130, great-granddaughter of John Aislable, who succeeded to the manor of Studley Royal through his marriage with a daughter of the Mallorie family. He was expelled as Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time of the South Sea Bubble. His son, William, acquired the adjoining estate of Fountains in 1768. "Mrs." Lawrence died in 1845, the property then passing to the 2nd Earl de Grey.

LESLIE, Charles Robert, 215, painter and illustrator (1794-1859).—Illustrator of the Waverly Novels and of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*.

LEVESON-GOWER, Lord Granville, 1st Earl Granville, 137, 176, 178, 182, 198, 201, 204, diplomatist (1773-1846).—English Ambassador to France. A great whist-player, he was named by the Parisians "*le Wellington des joueurs*." Married, 1809, Lady Harriet Elizabeth Cavendish, 2nd daughter of William, 5th Duke of Devonshire.

Lewin, Harriet. See Grote, George

Liddell, Hon. Maria. See Phipps, Sir Constantine

LIVINGSTON, Edward, 193, statesman (1764-1836).—A life-long friend of Lafayette, he married a Frenchwoman in 1805 (his second wife), and was American minister to France in 1833-1835. The "Mr. Livingston" to whom Mrs. W. refers, is probably his son, Lewis. His daughter, Cora, 193, married in 1833 Thomas Pennant Barton, who in June of that year was appointed secretary of the U.S. legation in Paris.

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- LOCKHART, John Gibson, 7, 23, 31, 36, 47, 102, 105, 106; (1794-1854).—Biographer of Scott, and his son-in-law. Having earned literary infamy by his attacks on Coleridge and the "Cockney School" of poetry, in later years he became editor of the *Quarterly Review*.
- LOCKHART, William, 102, 103, 104, 105, 214, brother of John Gibson Lockhart and laird of Milton Lockhart.
- Londonderry, Marquis of. See Stewart, Charles William
- Lonsdale, Earl of. See Lowther, Sir William
- LOWTHER, Sir William, 92, 95, 96, 98, 99, 100, 108; (1758-1844).—Succeeded by special patent to the viscounty of Lonsdale, 1802; created Earl of Lonsdale, 1807. In the years following, he pulled down Lowther Hall, and built the "majestic pile" of Lowther Castle. Wordsworth dedicated *The Excursion* to him. "Lady Frederick" is his daughter, Mary, who married Lord Frederick Cavendish Bentinck.
- LOYD, Samuel Jones, 1st Baron Overstone, 219, banker (1796-1883).—His father founded the Jones, Loyd & Co. Bank, which later merged with the London and Westminster Bank. He died one of the richest men in England.
- LYELL, Sir Charles, 7, geologist (1797-1875).—Like other scientists of the day, Lyell was a friend of literary men. His insistence that the processes of the past must be judged by those now in progress widely influenced thought outside his special field.
- Lyndhurst, Lord. See Copley, John Singleton
- MACAULAY, Thomas Babington, Baron Macaulay, 33, historian (1800-1859).—Had just begun (March, 1839) his *History of England*.
- Mahon, Viscount. See Stanhope, Philip Henry
- Mair, Mary Charlotte. See Senior, Nassau William
- MANNERS, John Henry, 5th Duke of Rutland, 41, 139, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 214, 215, 221, 222, landed proprietor (1778-1857).—Harriette Story Paige, in her *Journal (Daniel Webster in England)*, ed. Edward Gray: Boston, 1917), says of Rutland's property surrounding Bel-

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- voir that in his villages "he will not permit a single frame (i.e. of stockings), because he believes, that a manufacturing village is less prosperous, and moral, than an agricultural one." Married, 1775, Elizabeth Howard, 145, 148, daughter of Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle, who died in 1825. "Lady Adeliza" is his unmarried daughter, who acted as hostess for the widower Duke.
- Manners, Lady Adeliza. See Manners, John Henry
- MARRYAT, Frederick, 35, naval officer (1792-1848).—Author of *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.
- "Mlle. Mars"—See Boutet
- MATHEWS, Charles James, 214, English actor-manager, (1803-1878).—A polished comedian, but unsuccessful in his management of Covent Garden.
- MATHEWS, Lucia Elizabeth ("Mme. Vestris"), 213, 214, English actress (1797-1856).—One of the most celebrated actresses of her day, she ran the Olympic Theatre in partnership with Maria Foote until her marriage to Charles James Mathews. From 1839 she aided her husband in the management of Covent Garden.
- MAXCY, Virgil, 157; (1785-1844).—American chargé d'affaires in Brussels from 1837-1842.
- MAXSE, James, 95, 97, gentleman, of Effingham Hill, Surrey.—Married, 1829, Caroline, daughter of the 5th Earl of Berkeley. Died 1864.
- MCCULLOCH, John Ramsay, 220, Scottish statistician and political economist (1789-1864).—A follower of Smith and Ricardo, he expounded the "wages fund theory," which was enthusiastically upheld by one generation of economists, and heartily discredited by the next.
- MILMAN, Henry Hart, 23, 44, 47, 68, 90, 91, 219, 220, 221, 222, literary divine (1791-1868).—Editor and biographer of Gibbon. Afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.
- MILNES, Richard Moncton, 1st Baron Houghton, 20, 26, 28, 112; (1809-1885).—Publisher of the life and letters of Keats.
- MITFORD, Mary Russell, 56, novelist and dramatist (1787-

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- 1855).—Now chiefly remembered for *Our Village*, she also wrote *Rienzi* and other tragedies.
- MONCTON, MARY, Countess of Cork and Orrery, 38, lion hunter (1746–1840).—From Johnson and Boswell through Scott to Canning and Peel, the Countess of Cork collected the great about her; and in this, her 93rd year, her faculties were unimpaired except for a slight leaning towards kleptomania.
- Montague, Lady Harriet Mary. See Baring, Sir William
- Montgomerie, Lord. See Montgomerie, Lady Mary
- MONTGOMERIE, Archibald William, 13th Earl of Eglinton, 42, 43, 44, 72, 109, 110, 111, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1812–1861).—See Disraeli's *Endymion* for a rendering of the famous tournament, which cost Eglinton more than £30,000.
- MONTGOMERIE, Lady Mary, widow of Archibald Montgomerie, Lord Montgomerie, 109, 112, 122; mother of the 13th Earl of Eglinton, married (2) Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb, 109, 112 (1785–1860). Died 1848.
- Montrose, Marquis of. See Graham, James
- MOORE, Thomas, 7; (1779–1852).—"The Minstrel Boy." Byron's friend, who became his authorized biographer when Maginn was rejected as too frank.
- MORRISON, James, 220, merchant and politician (1790–1857).
- Morton, Earl of. See Douglas, George Sholto
- MURRAY, Sir Charles Augustus, 15, 17, 25, 29, 69, 117, diplomatist and author (1806–1895).—Master of the Household to Queen Victoria.
- MURRAY, Matilda Amelia, 33, 71, 153, maid of honor (1795–1884).—Retained her post until after a visit to the U.S. in 1854, when she resigned to publish her views as an abolitionist.
- MYDDLETON-BIDDULPH, Robert, 87, 88 (1805–1872). Married Charlotte, daughter of Richard Myddleton of Chirk Castle, of the old Welsh family of Myddleton of Gwaynenog.

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NEWTON, Sir William John, 35, 114, artist (1785-1869).—

Miniature painter in ordinary to Victoria.

Normanby, Marquis of. See Phipps, Sir Constantine

Nugent, Baron. See Grenville, George Nugent

O'CONNELL, Daniel, 45, Irish patriot (1775-1847).

OPIE, Amelia, 28, novelist (1769-1853).—Mrs. Opie's *The Maid of Corinth* is said to have drawn tears from Sir Walter Scott.

ORLÉANS, Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d', Duc d'Aumale, 162, 195; (1822-1897).—He inherited a large fortune from the Prince de Condé, who in 1830 was found hanged from the fastening of his window. A crime was generally suspected, and the princes de Rohan, who were relatives of the deceased, disputed the will. Their petition was dismissed by the courts.

Ossington, Viscount. See Denison, John Evelyn

Overstone, Baron. See Loyd, Samuel Jones

PALMER, John Horsley, 69, governor of the Bank of England (1779-1858).

Palmerston, Viscount. See Temple, Henry John

Parker, Lady Maria. See Hamilton, Thomas

PEABODY, George, 222, merchant (1795-1869).—An American by birth, he took up permanent residence in 1837 in England, and freely used his name and influence to restore American credit. His London residence was the meeting-place of English and American men of importance, and his Fourth of July dinners were political functions of note.

PEEL, Sir Robert, 65, statesman (1788-1850).—In the public eye in 1839 mainly because, when he declined to take office as Premier unless changes were made in Victoria's entourage, Melbourne and the Whigs were able to resume power.

PERSIANI, Fanni, 14, 66, Italian singer (1812-1867).

PHIPPS, Sir Constantine Henry, 1st Marquis of Normanby, 24, 29, 69, 70; (1797-1863).—A principal in the "Bed-chamber Incident" of May, 1839, when he had tried in vain

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- to form a cabinet after the youthful Queen had invited him to do so, supposedly at the suggestion of his wife, the Hon. Maria Liddell, 70, 71, who was one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber. Normanby continued in the Government as Home Secretary.
- PORTER, Anna Maria, 26; (1780-1832).—The leading historical novelist (female) of the era.
- PORTER, Jane, 38, 90, novelist (1776-1850).—Sister of Anna Maria Porter. Author of *The Scottish Chiefs*, a best-seller of the day.
- POTTER, Philip Cipriani Hambley, 47, musician (1792-1871).—Professor of pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music.
- POWER, Tyrone, 200, Irish comedian (1797-1841).
- ROGERS, Samuel, 6, 7, 28, 33, 46, 64, 68, 177, 181, 195, 202, 216, 220; (1763-1855).—The friend of Shelley, Byron and Moore, he was famous for his literary breakfast parties. "He pervades the literary atmosphere of the first half of the 19th century; its memoirs, journals and correspondence teem with allusions to him." (*Dict. of Nat. Biog.*)
- ROLFE, Robert Monsey, Baron Cranworth, 123, Solicitor General (1790-1868).
- ROSE, Sir George Henry, 118, diplomat (1771-1855).—1807, sent on a special mission to Washington concerning the *Chesapeake* affair.
- ROTHSCHILD, Jacob, 149, 200, financier (1792-1868).—Founder of the French branch of the House of Rothschild.
- RUBINI, Jean-Baptiste, 182, Italian singer (1795-1854).—Famous for his performances in the operas of Bellini and Donizetti.
- RUSH, Benjamin, 7, 19, 30, 67, 150, 215; (1811-1877).—Chargé d'affaires of the United States Legation at London. Grandson of the Signer.
- RUTHERFURD, Andrew, Lord Rutherford, 31, 123; (1791-1854).—Scottish judge. Promoted to the post of Lord Advocate, April 20, 1839. Married, 1822, Sophia Frances, daughter of Sir James Stewart, baronet.

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Rutland, Duke of. See Manners, John Henry

SCARLETT, Sir James, 1st Baron Abinger, 28; (1769-1863).

—Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

SENIOR, Nassau William, 15, 21, 25, 27, 37, 38, 47, 63, 68, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, economist (1790-1864).—A follower of Ricardo and influenced by Malthus, Senior was author of the report on which the Poor Law of 1834 was based. He served as Master in Chancery, 1839-1855. His wife, Mary Charlotte Mair, was the first female inspector of poorhouses.

SEYMOUR, Lady Jane Georgiana, 111, was one of the three beautiful granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Married, 1830, Edward Adolphus Seymour, 12th Duke of Somerset. Died 1884.

SHADWELL, Sir Launcelot, 130; (1779-1850).—The last vice-chancellor of England. He obtained his seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Ripon through the influence of Elizabeth Sophia Lawrence. President of the Society of Psychrolutes, members of which were required to bathe outdoors every day from November to March. It is said that on one occasion he granted an injunction from the waters of the Thames.

SHEE, Sir Martin Archer, 46, portrait painter (1769-1850).—President of the Royal Academy.

SHELL, Richard Lalor, 45, Irish dramatist and politician (1791-1851).

SIGOURNEY, Lydia Huntley, 204, American authoress (1791-1865).—Her moral and didactic tales attained wide circulation in England and on the Continent.

SMITH, Sydney, 5, 25, 27, 31, 39, 44, 45; the wit (1771-1845).—Besides his activities as Canon of St. Paul's and inventor of a "universal scratcher" for cattle, Sydney Smith gave weekly suppers for the Whig lawyers and literati of the day. *The Ballot* (1839) was a pamphlet in which he attacked the subject.

SMOLLETT, Tobias, 113, novelist (1721-1771).—Born at Dumbarton, he is buried in the English cemetery at Leg-

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horn, Italy, but three years after his death, his cousin, Commissary James Smollett, erected a monument to him on the banks of the Leven, with an inscription by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

SOMERSET, Duke of. See Seymour, Lady Jane Georgiana

SOULT, Nicholas Jean de Dieu, Duke of Dalmatia, 172, 177, 178, 198, 201, Marshal of France (1769–1851).—Created Marshal by Napoleon I in 1804, he led the decisive attack on the Allied centre at Austerlitz, and played a part in subsequent campaigns of the Grande Armée. After the abdication of Napoleon, he turned Royalist, but rejoined his old master during the Hundred Days. He was Chief of Staff at Waterloo. At the Second Restoration, he was exiled, but was recalled and reinstated in 1820. Louis-Philippe made him a Marshal-General, and he held the Ministry of War from 1830–1834. He was Ambassador-Extraordinary to the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838. He survived the Revolution of 1848 by a diplomatic declaration of his republican principles.

SOUTHEY, Robert, 94, poet laureate of England (1774–1843).—His first wife, sister-in-law of Coleridge, died insane. In June, 1839, he married Catherine Bowles, a poetess, returning from his wedding trip in a state of mental exhaustion that ended only with his death.

STANHOPE, Philip Henry, 5th Earl Stanhope, 47, historian (1805–1875).—Known at this time as Viscount Mahon.

STANLEY, Edward Smith, 13th Earl of Derby, 2, 31; zoologist (1775–1851).—At Knowsley he formed a menagerie which at his death contained 94 species and 345 head of mammalia, 1272 birds comprising 318 species. His son, Edward Geoffrey Smith S. (1799–1869), who succeeded him, was a Whig politician of note. In 1824 he had travelled in the U.S., where he and Mr. W. met.

STEPNEY, Lady Catherine, 31, 38, novelist (d. 1845).

STEVENSON, Andrew, 5, 7, 8, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 31, 35, 39, 72, 150, the United States Minister (1784–1857).—A Democrat, Stevenson had been Speaker of the House.

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- STEWART, Charles William, 3rd Marquis of Londonderry, 22, 50, 111, 112; (1778-1824).—A brother of Castle-reagh, he was a diplomat and a general in the Peninsular Wars. His second wife was Frances Ann Vane-Tempest, an Irish heiress. On their marriage in 1819, he took the name of Vane.
- Stewart, Sophia Frances. See Rutherford, Andrew
- STUART, Sir Charles, Baron Stuart de Rothesay, 95, 98; (1779-1845).—Married Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of the 3rd Earl of Hardwicke. Daughters: Charlotte, wife of Charles John, Earl of Canning and Louisa, wife of Henry, 3rd Marquis of Waterbury.
- STUART-WORTLEY, Lady Georgiana, 31, 42, 45; (1804-1880).—Daughter of Dudley, 1st Earl of Harrowby, and wife of John Stuart-Wortley.
- Sussex, Duke of. See Augustus Frederick
- TAGLIONI, Marie, 14, 20, danseuse (1809-1884).—Half Italian, half Swedish, she monopolized the praise of London and Paris by dividing her time between them. Rather than face competition at the advent of younger rivals, Taglioni retired at the height of her fame.
- TALFOURD, Sir Thomas Noon, 41, jurist and author (1795-1854).—Executor of Charles Lamb.
- TAMBURINI, Antonio, 182, Italian singer (1800-1876). Dandini in *Cendrillon* was his outstanding role.
- Taunton, Baron. See Labouchère, Henry
- TEMPLE, Henry John, 31, 70, 3rd Viscount Palmerston, statesman (1784-1865).—Foreign Secretary.
- THYNNE, Henry Frederick, 3rd Marquis of Bath, 212, married Harriet, daughter of Alexander Baring, q.v.
- TICKNOR, George, 44, American author (1791-1871).—A life-long friend of Mr. W., and his literary executor.
- TREE, Ellen (Mrs. Charles Kean), 151, 212-213, actress (1805-1880).—Earlier in 1839, she had toured America in Shakespearian repertoire. On her return she appeared as the original Countess in Sheridan Knowles' *Love*.
- Underwood, Lady Cecilia. See Adolphus Frederick

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- VAN BUREN, Abraham, 7, 9, 21, 22, 31; (1807-1873).—Son of Martin Van Buren, he married, 1838, Angelica Singleton.
- Van de Weyer. See Bates, Joshua
- Vane. See Stewart, Charles William
- Vassall, Elizabeth. See Fox, Henry Richard Vassall
- VAUGHAN, Sir Charles Richard, 32, 55; (1774-1849).—Former Minister to the United States.
- Vaughan, Sir Henry. See Halford
- VAUGHAN, Sir John, 41, 153, jurist (1769-1839).—Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His daughter is the "Miss Vaughan" to whom Mrs. Webster refers, 138, 139, 141, 142, 143, 146, 147, 216. Brother of Sir Charles Vaughan and Sir Henry Halford, q.v.
- "Mme. Vestris." See Mathews, Lucia Elizabeth
- Viardot, Mme. See Garcia, Pauline
- VICTORIA MARY LOUISA, Duchess of Kent, 19, 58, 70, 71, mother of Victoria (1786-1861).—Widow of the fourth son of George III.
- VILLIERS, Charles Pelham, 219, statesman (1802-1898).—In 1839, he was hailed as Parliamentary leader by the Anti-Corn-Law League, owing to his motion introduced in the House. A Benthamite and a life-long proponent of Reform.
- VILLIERS, George William Frederick, 15, 44, 74, 141, 219; 4th Earl of Clarendon and 4th Baron Hyde (1800-1870).—Lord Privy Seal.
- WALSH, Robert, 183, 220, American author (1784-1859).—Resident of Paris from 1836, and United States Consul, 1845-1851.
- WARBURTON, Henry, 220, politician (1784-1858). A philosophic radical, a friend of Ricardo.
- WELLESLEY, Richard Colley, Marquis Wellesley, 27; (1760-1842).—Former Governor-General of India, and brother of the Duke of Wellington. Married, 1825, Marianne Caton Patterson, granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

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Westminster, Marquis of. See Grosvenor, Robert

Westmoreland, Earl of. See Fane, John

WHEWELL, William, 20, 28, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge (1794-1866).—A scientific writer, Whewell had published (1833) the first of the series of 8 *Bridgewater Treatises* on "The Goodness of God as Manifested in the Creation." His subject was astronomy.

WHICHCOTE, Sir Thomas, 6th baronet, of Aswarby Park, Lincolnshire, 96, 98, 100; (1813-1892). Married, 1839, Marianne Beckett.

WHITAKER, Thomas Dunham, 130; (1759-1821).—Topographer and author of *History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*, from which the passage on the derivation of "Fountains" is quoted *verbatim*.

WIGGIN, Timothy, 45, 194, 202, banker (1773-1856).

Wilkes, Charlotte, See Jeffrey, Francis

WILLIAM II, then prince of Orange, 157, 158; (1792-1849).—Son of William I, king of the Netherlands. In 1816 he married the Grand Duchess Anna Pavlovna, sister of the Tsar Alexander I. In 1830, on the outbreak of the Belgian revolution, he went to Brussels, and attempted to bring about a peaceful solution. In 1831 he commanded the ten-days' invasion of Belgium. In 1840 he ascended the throne as king of the Netherlands on the abdication of his father.

WORMELEY, Ralph, 176, 203, admiral of the British Navy (1785-1852).—A native of Virginia, he married the niece of Commander Edward Preble, of the United States Navy.

Wortley See Stuart-Wortley

WYATVILLE, Sir Jeffry, 59, architect (1766-1840).—"Restorer" of Windsor Castle, he replaced the accretions of time with monuments to the taste of George IV.

WYNN, Sir Charles Watkin Williams, 86, politician (1775-1850).—A friend and benefactor of Southey.

York, Archbishop of. See Harcourt, Edward

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